

The Australian

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August 15, 1956

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE



"MY GARDEN," By The Duke of Windsor. Pages 14-18

Take the "dead tired" feeling out of ironing and pressing!

THOUSANDS OF WOMEN BLESS THE DAY THEY DISCOVERED THIS REVOLUTIONARY NEW WAY TO IRON



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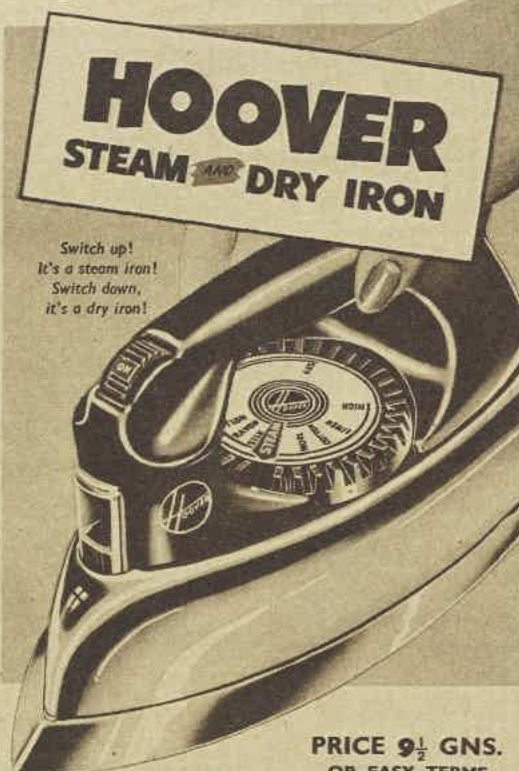
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HOW THE HOOVER STEAM IRON WORKS

Steam is formed by water dripping from the tank on to the hot interior of the iron, one drop at a time. Grooves in the sole-plate of the iron are arranged to distribute the steam evenly. With the Hoover Iron, heat and moisture — not weight — do the job.



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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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AUGUST 15, 1956

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AUSTRALIANS OLD AND NEW

RECENT statements by spokesmen for migrant organisations have made it clear that naturalised migrants deeply resent still being called New Australians.

The immigration programme has never sought to obtain merely additional workers for the years of national expansion. It has aimed at acquiring not only migrants but future Australian citizens as well.

Figures show that in recent years increasing numbers of migrants have taken Australian citizenship.

When a migrant becomes naturalised, the Government, and no less the migrant's workmates and neighbors, can congratulate themselves.

It is as though a first instalment of a story has had a happy ending—one they have all helped to bring about.

The next instalment can be equally successful only if the most recent member of the family doesn't have to wear a tag.

There is giving as well as taking in this relationship, as in all others.

In acquiring Australian citizenship migrants are gladly accepting the full responsibilities and obligations of the natural-born Australian.

In effect they show themselves willing to share in the good times and the bad.

That should put a definite end to the discussion of when does a New Australian cease to be "New."

It can be argued of course that the migrant's friends are the only ones who know he has been naturalised.

Perhaps it would help all round if Australians got into the habit of thinking of those who have migrated as people who happen to have been in the country less time than themselves.

When you definitely throw in your lot with a family, you don't expect still to be called "mister."

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Our cover:

Our cover this week shows a surprisingly white-haired Duke of Windsor in his garden at "The Mill," the Windsors' home at Gif-sur-Yvette, in France. "The garden looks bluish in July," writes the Duke about our cover photograph. "Here is valerian and Lychnis chalcedonica, with blue lupin and delphiniums."

This week:

Princess Anne, who is six on August 15, has been described by English artist Ulrica Forbes as "the best-behaved child I've ever drawn." On page 33 this week Miss Forbes describes the sittings she had with the Princess when she was commissioned to draw her by the Queen Mother.

Next week:

The meeting of America's Marilyn Monroe with Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh was an historic one in the theatre world. Marilyn, with her new husband, Arthur Miller, is in England to make a film with Olivier. Next week we publish two pages of color pictures of the famous couple's meeting.

Homemakers will be interested in a special feature next week—three pages showing a variety of interesting curtain arrangements with how-to-make instructions.

We salute approaching spring next week with two pages of spring evening gowns from the houses of Balmain, Dior, and Lanvin. All are romantic and pretty.

This week we begin the life story of fabulous English film star Diana Dors. Next week's instalment reveals how the exotic actress achieved movie fame.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- A member of an opera company may say it to his girlfriend with a fish product (9).
- What an acrobat can do without a cat (3).
- Cat gone skin (7).
- A sea-ear the head of which contains more (8).
- Thousand can break up Lear for a kingdom (5).
- Rout now (Anagr. 7).
- Unable to produce a peculiar dialect (4).
- Upper part of a reversed vessel (3).
- Father's tea irreverently gone (4).
- Meat gently simmered by a slow fire (7).
- I join a magician in a picture (5).
- Very rich man, though, judged by his name, he is hardly worth more than a shilling (5).
- A very special way to draw a circle containing a rib (7).
- Become unburned in the vast Antarctic (3).
- Attendants kept ear in rest (9).

Solution will be published next week.

DECORUM P R A
A D P A L A R M
ARROWROOT I P
T U O T E N S E
CHEROOT E C R
N U T G R O O V E
R U M N A S
ENNEAD A T
G C H N B L O S S O M
A R L E S L E U
L A A L T E R N A T E
I N T E R G E S E
A E D M E T E O R S

Solution of last week's crossword.



DOWN

- Render oneself liable in a worthless dog (5).
- Inherent in the seed of a plant (7).
- Unit of weight containing a sheep (6).
- Amusements procured by wine in a steamer (6).
- Famous lover (5).
- One in a short nobleman is the nobleman himself (7).
- Use sparingly loemen in zoo (9).
- Small private room (7).
- A carpet I've is disposed to loving (7).
- Napoleon's general assassinated in Cairo (6).
- Chinese fruit the centre of which would make you scratch (6).
- Burn a word which is pertaining to the city (8).
- 2, 4, 6, 8, etc., places on a lever (5).

The SINISTER STRANGERS

Instalment two of a four-part mystery serial By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

YOUNG RANGER LINCOLN SAWTELL, on duty in the Yosemite National Park, grows suspicious when, closely following one another, various unusual personalities arrive at the Park. They are haughty MRS. LETITIA POTWIN, with JOAN VANDERLEE, her attractive chauffeur-maid; LI SEOW YEN, stately Chinese; JOHANNES VAN DER POOT, a dwarfish Dutchman, with KATRINA, his exotic daughter; ZAHARADOS, a Greek, whose boy servant is an expert knife-thrower; NATURE BOY NUSSLER, a wrestler.

Various incidents suggest that these people are not ordinary holiday-makers, and, after reporting his suspicions to the chief ranger, Linc is assigned to keep an eye on them.

There is the further mystery of a hidden whistler, whom Mrs. Potwin, the Chinese, and Van der Poot all call "THE WARBLER," saying that his presence foretells death. Linc also, by trailing Nussler one night, discovers that he has three Chicago gangsters awaiting his orders in a cottage in an area that is within the Park, but not under its control.

Next morning Li Seow Yen warns him that Zaharados' boy was spying on him at the time. As they speak, a knife whizzes between them, narrowly missing them both. NOW READ ON:

I WALKED through breakfast odors to Camp Curry, for I thought that an unexpected social call upon Zaharados might be instructive. I cut through the arena and rapped on Zaharados' door. There was a silence, then a shuffling towards the door, which was opened by the Greek, dressed in a flowing robe.

His eyes peered at me through wrinkles of fat. He blinked; then smiled in his oily way and stepped back.

"It iss Mr. Sawtell," he said. "You come to see Zaharados so early in the morning. Would you come in? Coffee, eh? I make the coffee after the fashion of my own country. You like?"

"No coffee," said I, stepping over the threshold. "I came to return a piece of property."

With that, I tossed the knife on the table among a mass of papers, one of which I noted was a map—a large-scale map of some region that, at a glance, I did not recognise. He stared at the knife, walked to the table, and

swiftly folded the map, upon which were markings in red pencil.

"You return?" he asked, with raised brows and spread hands, the picture of bewilderment.

"Belongs to your fat boy, doesn't it?" I asked. "Where is he?"

"In bed." He replied to the second question first. "He is disordered all the night, but now he sleep . . . No, this knife he does not belong to my boy. This is Birmingham, not good. The knife of my boy is Damascus."

"In bed, is he?" I asked. "But he has been out this morning."

"Not so," he said. "The stomach, it is very seck all the night. Now he sleeps."

"I'd like," I said, "to have a look at him." Zaharados perked his head to one side and hunched his shoulders.

"What is this?" he asked. "The police inspection? In Turkey we expect this. In

To page 49

"We ain't lost and we ain't worryin' about no bear," the gangster said, eyeing Linc and Joan grimly.





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mothers have been
thankful for

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MADE IN SCOTLAND FINLAY'S FAMOUS SHEETS

MR. MORGAN'S

AS Henry Morgan, on his customary morning inspection of the stores, came down the main staircase to ground-floor level—domestic hardware, soft furnishings, lingerie, stationery, and fancy goods—there was a commotion going on just inside the entrance door.

A middle-aged woman customer was raising her voice and gesturing, while several embarrassed shopgirls stood around. Henry saw that Mrs. Roberts, the store detective, was talking patiently, persistently, firmly to the woman.

Looking across the store, Mrs. Roberts saw him, and nodded. Henry sighed. This was a part of his job that he hated; it upset him. And he resented that it should happen on this day of all days. Everything should be happy today.

However, no help for it. He turned abruptly towards the lift and told the girl to take him up to the offices, top floor. She smiled at him. She was a little blonde—brassy, provocative. He had seen her every day for a year or so and had never noticed her before. Though he was a man living in a world of women, he had never much looked at them. Too busy.

But today was different. He smiled gently at the lift-girl.

When he got to his office, with the broad windows overlooking the London rooftops to the park beyond, he sat in the leather chair behind his big, flat mahogany desk and Miss Jules, his secretary, came quietly in.

"Hold everything off for a while, Miss Jules," he instructed. "Mrs. Roberts has caught a shoplifter. She'll be bringing her up in a moment."

"Oh, what a nuisance for you," sympathised Miss Jules, and went out.

Henry, waiting at his desk, gazed at the door after her, speculatively. Not a bad-looking girl, Miss Jules. Then he laughed quietly to himself. Girl? She must, he supposed, be in her thirties.

She had been with him for nearly ten years, always there, always efficient, never obtruding. He began to wonder idly what her life was really like, and realised that he knew practically nothing about her.

Once a year, at the staff ball, he dutifully took the floor with her. That was their only intimacy. He could not even remember her first name. Sophie, was it, or Sheila? He rather thought it was Sheila.

There was a gentle tap on his door and Mrs. Roberts came apologetically in.

"The usual trouble?" he asked. "Is there any doubt?"

"Not really, sir. I had been watching her for about half an hour. It was in the lingerie. She has a shopping-bag, and I'm sure she has at least three things in it. I saw her finally pick up a nylon petticoat. Then she sauntered off to the door and I stopped her. She's making the usual protests."

"Angry innocence?" he asked. "Just wanting to see the color in the daylight?"

Mrs. Roberts allowed herself a thin smile. She had, Henry realised, a rather attractive smile. He wondered who Mr. Roberts was, and what he did, and whether he was still in love with her. Not much of a chap, thought

Henry, to let his wife go out to work. If he, Henry, ever married—and the thought hummed pleasantly—his wife would never work.

"That's it, sir," Mrs. Roberts agreed.

"Is she well-off? She looks well-off."

"I expect so. She gives a Knightsbridge address and says her husband's an important man, and he'll give us what for."

"Ah, well," sighed Henry, "bring her in. By the way, what's her name?"

"Mrs. Bruce, she says."

While he was waiting for the woman to be brought in, Henry said firmly to himself: I must not get worked up

about it. It is all quite unimportant to me, especially today. Because today Rosemary is coming home.

Mrs. Bruce swept angrily into his office, with Mrs. Roberts fadingly in the background. In one hand Mrs. Bruce grasped a nylon petticoat, in the other a shopping bag. She flung the petticoat on to his desk and demanded, "Are you the manager? Is this how you treat your customers? I have never been so insulted in my life. When my husband hears of this you'll regret it. I suppose you realise you are in for very heavy damages?"

"Suppose you take a seat, and we'll



BATTEN

HAPPY DAY

Sometimes he wondered if success had given him everything he wanted

BY DUDLEY BARKER

talk it over quietly," said Henry wearily. Mrs. Bruce hesitated, then sat down.

"Now, Mrs. Roberts," said Henry. Mrs. Roberts monotonously recited what she had seen. Mrs. Bruce fumed. "A farrago of lies," she burst out.

"But, Madam," Henry pointed out, "you were walking out of the store with this petticoat in your hand and you had not paid for it."

"I was taking it to the door to see the color in daylight."

"And the other things that this lady says she saw you put into your shopping bag?"

"Not a word of truth in it."

Henry sighed. "There has perhaps been a misunderstanding. If so, we can clear it up straight away. If you should be so kind as to empty the contents of your shopping bag . . ."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," replied Mrs. Bruce. "The very suggestion is an insult."

"Very well. Mrs. Roberts, please ask Miss Jules to get the police on the phone."

Mrs. Roberts nodded and went out. Henry watched the woman, the fear crossing behind her eyes. For a few moments she struggled to keep up the pretence. Then she began to sob. "Please don't call the police. I'm sorry. I don't know what made me do it; I must have been mad. I will pay. Please, please," she begged, "stop your girl calling the police."

Henry pressed the buzzer for Miss Jules. "Defer that call, Miss Jules, and ask Mrs. Roberts to come back."

Under Henry's guidance, Mrs. Bruce picked up her shopping bag and emptied it hesitantly on to his desk. Several pieces of lingerie toppled out, crumpled; all youthful, pretty, frilly; all pathetic, lying there on his desk, with the middle-aged woman staring at them, the tears and mascara staining under her eyes, and her hat a little askew.

The underclothes would not even fit her, thought Henry, with a quick professional glance at Mrs. Bruce's figure. They were things for a girl in her twenties. A girl in her twenties! His thoughts wandered pleasantly off towards Rosemary, but he sharply recalled them.

"You spoke of your husband," he said. "Would you like me to telephone him?"

The woman wept again. "Does he have to know? It will kill him. Let me pay for the things. Let me pay, and go."

"You must realise I can't do that, Madam. Tell me where I can phone your husband."

She told him and then, with a little choking sound, fainted. Henry hastened round his desk and, with Mrs. Roberts, lifted her into a chair. She was heavy and flabby, and her hat fell off.

Miss Jules came efficiently in with a glass of water and a smelling bottle. When the woman came round, moaning, Henry told Mrs. Roberts to put her into the ladies' rest-room and make her lie down. With a feeling of relief that his office was cleared of her, he told Miss Jules to telephone the husband and asked him to come to the store. "Don't tell him what has happened. Say his wife is here, unwell. When he arrives, show him straight in to me."

Miss Jules hesitated.

"Well, what is it?" he asked her.

"I just can't help feeling sorry for her," said Miss Jules. "Poor thing, she seems so . . ."

"We must keep personal feelings separate from business, Miss Jules," said Henry primly.

He set to work methodically and swiftly, putting all other thoughts from his mind. Work was his strength. Other men had outside interests, but not Henry Morgan. The subtleties of buying and selling, the intricate management of the community which made up the staff of the store—these had been life enough for Henry. Until recently.

But he must not think of Rosemary now. He was at work.

Half an hour later the woman's husband had arrived. He was handsome, grey-haired, an obviously successful man of business. Henry placed his tailor at a glance, and noticed that his shoes were hand-made. Good. He could talk sensibly to a man like this.

"I am told that my wife has been taken ill," said Mr. Bruce. "Please tell me at once what has happened. And where is she?"

"She is lying down in the ladies' rest-room," said Henry, "and is being well looked after. Take a seat, won't you, please? You must prepare for something of a shock." Then he told him. The man looked amazed, then indignant, and at last he sank his head in his hands.

"What else can I do?" asked Henry uncomfortably. "Put yourself in my position. I don't know what your line is . . ."

"Shipping."

"Then I daresay that you suffer, as we do, from depredations. If you catch the—er—person concerned, what do you do? You prosecute."

The other nodded, his face drawn. "But this is my wife," he said desperately. "I can't believe it. She lacks nothing, she wants for nothing. It must be some sort of breakdown. We have children—grown up, married, with children of their own. We live a happy family life. It baffles me . . . Mr. Morgan, for pity's sake."

"Every year," said Henry, "our losses from theft amount to several thousand pounds. Of all my duties, this is the one I most detest, Mr. Bruce. But what else can I do?"

The man got up. "Give me a little time. I must consult my lawyer, my doctor. Give me a little time. May I go and see my wife?"

"Of course," said Henry, ringing for Miss Jules. The husband followed her out, his shoulders sagging.

What hazards there are, thought Henry, in marriage, children, domestic life. And yet he felt a curious, sneaking envy of the man who had just gone out. This was disaster, but he must also have known joys.

Henry glanced at his watch and made a sudden decision. He urgently wanted to see Rosemary, though he was not quite sure why. He was to have met her for lunch. Instead, he would meet her off the train. He rang again for Miss Jules, told her he was going out and would not be back until the afternoon.

"What about these people?" asked Miss Jules.

"They'll have to wait. See that some food is sent in to them, and tell them I had to go out."

Miss Jules braced her courage. "Do we have to prosecute?" she asked. "They are so pitiful."

"We deal in drapery, Miss Jules," replied Henry, "not pity."

He was sorry for that chap, he told himself as he made for the lift, but as for the sentimental attitude that Miss Jules was taking . . .

As he rode in a taxi to the station he told himself that he was going to see Rosemary. He tasted the pleasure of the thought and let his memory wander back to other times he had seen Rosemary.

The first time she had been in her christening robes. Henry smiled wryly at the recollection. There was Tom Higgs, her father, and the girl he had so rashly, in Henry's opinion, married. Henry privately congratulated himself that he had no such entanglement.

The two of them had started level, Henry in drapery, Tom in a dried-fruit importer's in the city. It was, indeed, in the Bayswater lodging house where each had a room that they first met and became friends, confiding their ambitions of wealth and success to each other.

Henry had stuck to his, moving steadily upwards, studying at nights and weekends; even his holidays, for years now, he had spent at trade conventions, which were all thoughtfully arranged at seaside resorts. And there was his solid success as reward—managing director at forty-five, and private investments of a little more than £30,000.

It was a different story with Tom. He had been forced to

retreat with his young wife to a small house in an outer suburb. All his life Tom was struggling to meet expenses. When his one chance came of a gamble with his career that might have put him at the top, Tom had not dared to take it.

"I can't risk it," he told Henry, "with the responsibility of May and Rosemary on my hands. Family man, you know."

So Tom was still a respected, overworked, underpaid employee. On the ever fewer occasions when Henry went out for a meal to Tom's home, it seemed to him that Tom looked older and more tired, and that May, who had put on a lot of weight, grew more envious of other men's success.

But, of course, as Henry saw, there was a little compensation in Rosemary. First a little girl with pigtails, then a scraggy schoolgirl who called him "Uncle Henry."

They remained friends, he and Tom, but they saw less and less of each other. Henry had not been out there for four or five years, he realised with a slight sense of guilt when Tom rang him up one day and asked a favor.

"It's Rosemary," said Tom. "She has got some silly idea in her head that she wants to be a fashion model. You know what girls are. Well, that sort of thing's in your line, so I wondered if she could come and have a chat with you."

"Of course," replied Henry. "But she's a

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Rosemary threw her arms round him and said, "Goodness, it's simply wonderful to see you."

Balmy birds these

Honeymooners

All the world may love a lover.
We take care of him—and her.
We (figuratively, of course) hold their hands,
smooth their brows, all but comb the confetti
from their hair, behaving the while (you
understand) as though they are just one more
couple, ever so long married.
They're so oblivious, bless 'em, but so
appreciative . . .
Of the hostess's solicitous attention . . .
Of the on-wings-of-song airborneness . . .
Of the deep, deep-depths of our seating . . .
Of the all but imperceptible hum of the props,
sounding to them like the cooing of turtle doves . . .
Of the atmosphere of well-being for which *he*
looks responsible . . .
Of the speed with which we whisk them to where
their honeymoon will be spent.
Oblivious? Not altogether.
Later, when the great, big world of reality
closes in on them again, they recall that
flight. Bit by bit they remember all those
calculated aids to their comfort which translated
that flight into a happy recollection.
And, in the course of time, they brag about us,
so that, whenever an air trip is indicated, they
remember how happy was that honeymoon flight,
and always—



. . . they fly

QANTAS

AUSTRALIA'S OVERSEAS AIRLINE

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It made a difference

She was lonely and he was shy . . . a charming short short story

By ALICE BLISS

ILLUSTRATED BY CONDON

LUCY, coming home alone from a film, walked along the dark footpath and wept. She was lonely and she wept because she wanted a husband. Her parents were far away, and she was alone.

Then she saw Miaou for the first time. Miaou, as Lucy named her later, was asleep, outside a picture theatre, on the bare pavement.

"Can't you find anything better than that?" she asked, stopping.

Miaou uncurred herself, yawning. Lucy stooped down and petted her.

"Poor kitty," Lucy said. "Nobody to feed you." She turned to walk on and, appreciating the petting she had received and wanting more, Miaou followed.

"Go back, don't follow me," Lucy turned Miaou's head in the reverse direction. "I can't keep you."

She walked on, but when she looked back Miaou was still following at a discreet distance.

At the door of the old house wherein Lucy had a flatette, Miaou caught up and wrapped herself about her legs while Lucy debated what to do. "Oh, well, a little milk won't hurt."

So Lucy admitted the viper into her nest and fed her on milk. Miaou promptly made herself at home.

In the morning Miaou was so glad to see her and purred so hard that Lucy only put her outside the flat when she went to work.

Miaou was waiting for her when Lucy arrived home and followed her inside, rubbing around her legs and purring while Lucy cooked tea in the tiny kitchen. Miaou had her meat and a saucer of milk on the floor while Lucy ate her dinner. Afterwards she insisted on getting into Lucy's lap.

Miaou purred, her eyes tightly closed. It made a difference, Lucy soon discovered, having even a cat to come home to, and she no longer felt so lonely.

As for Miaou, she thrived, she filled out and became plump. Her fur was much softer now and she spent the long daytime hours sleeping on the shed-roof behind the house.

About this time an elderly couple who had the upstairs flat moved. A young man took their old flat. Lucy hardly ever saw him. He was gone all day and went out often at night.

Miaou liked his room, though, and often went up the outside stairs, and got through the window. She spent hours sleeping on his bed. He never noticed.

That's why Miaou couldn't understand his agitation when she had her kittens on his bed. He was really irate when he found her.

"Well!" was all he said, and he disappeared. Miaou, feeling mildly uncomfortable, dutifully washed her multi-colored offspring.

Presently Lucy came. She had just got home and was still carrying parcels. "Oh!" she said in surprise and dropped them. "Oh, I am so sorry!"

She gathered the whole family in her arms, prepared to transport them downstairs, saying in passing: "Be right back. Clean up."

John didn't wait. With a grim expression on his face, he began stripping the bed.

Lucy was soon back, cleaning and never ceasing to apologise as she

did. "Miaou, that's her name. I picked her up—well, she picked me up—outside the pictures one night. I never dreamed she was going to have kittens. I thought she was just getting fat."

John grinned suddenly, his pale face relaxing, and then he laughed. He had a hearty, infectious laugh, and Lucy joined in without exactly knowing why.

Lucy put a clean spread on. "There!" She surveyed her handiwork.

"Thanks very much," he said. He was a very pleasant-looking young man, Lucy decided.

In the morning Lucy heard John walking about over her head. She heard him break a dish and she felt sorry for him. "Poor thing! I'll bet he never gets a decent meal."

The next day Miaou laboriously transported her offspring, one by one, back to John's bed, and there he found them when he came home. He groaned when he saw them and, picking them up in his arms, took them all downstairs to Lucy.

"Oh!" Lucy was horrified. "Oh, you bad, wicked cat."

John glanced around the flat and made haste to go.

"He is shy," Lucy thought and, because he was so shy, she suddenly felt bold and asked, "Would you stay for dinner?" She held her breath because she wished so much he would. He was about to refuse automatically when she added, "It's almost ready."

Shyly he said, "Yes, thank you." So Lucy happily prepared dinner for two, chattering the while about her family, and how much she missed the farm.

John, it turned out, was from farming stock too, and, oddly, also missed living on the land.

As John left, Lucy cautioned him, "Better lock your window to-morrow."

John locked his window the next day, as instructed, and Miaou, on going up, found her way barred, so she compromised by moving her hardy offspring on to the top step.

After work that evening Lucy saw John stopping his car for her and she ran over and got in.

"Thanks," she said. "Miaou kept me awake all night; she insists on sleeping on my neck." He laughed. He was too shy to talk much, but Lucy loved his laugh.

Lucy discovered Miaou and her family first and ran to take them down. John, laughing all the while, took the kittens one by one as she handed them to him. After depositing them in their basket he sat down and they talked.

Lucy was happier than she had been for months, but the next day her happiness took a nose-dive. When she met John on the tram coming home he told her that he was off that night to the country for two weeks.

Two weeks is a long time, thought Lucy sadly, and Miaou could easily get out of her enchanting habit of taking the kittens up to John's door.

That was, unless . . .

The time passed and the day that Lucy was quite sure John was due to arrive home he did, in fact, get

back to find Miaou as usual camped on his steps with her now quite sturdy kittens.

Silently he gathered them up in his arms and went down to Lucy's room. "Here's your family," he said when Lucy opened the door and gave a surprised gasp to see him standing there. "Don't say they've spent all their time since I left on my doorstep?"

Lucy blushed a little as she took Miaou in her arms and put the kittens into their basket.

"Yes," she nodded. John decided Lucy made a pretty picture sitting there with Miaou in her arms and the kittens in the basket.

"Would you like to stay for tea?" Lucy asked shyly, looking up at him.

"No," he replied too quickly and, seeing her face cloud, added, "I would like to take you to dinner if you'd like to go."

Lucy was instantly all practical. "But the food will spoil! I mean, I've bought it now and . . ."

He smiled and Lucy felt everything relax inside her. "Pity to waste it," he pronounced. "You cook the dinner and we'll eat it. And then you go with me to the pictures."

Lucy nipped Miaou's alert ear. "She sounds like a steam calliope, don't you think?" John's hearty laugh followed her as she crossed the room and entered the kitchenette to prepare tea.

When John went upstairs to get his coat Lucy gave Miaou a large chunk of liver for her supper. "That's for being such a co-operative Miaou," she said.

In the morning Lucy waited for John to leave the house. Then, unconcernedly, she crossed to the front of the house and, ascending the side stairs, retrieved a small muslin bag of catnip which she had placed on the top step two days before.

On her return she dropped the bag into Miaou's bed, who began to purr loudly. "Won't need it any more, so it's all yours. Dear Miaou."

(Copyright)

John couldn't help thinking how pretty Lucy looked holding Miaou in her arms.



FALLEN ANGEL

He was the most
amazing trapeze
artist in the world
... an intriguing
circus story

BY EVAN
HUNTER

HE first came in one morning while I was making out the payroll for my small circus. We were pulling up stakes, ready to roll on to the next town, and I was bent over the books, writing down what I was paying everybody, and maybe that is why I did not hear the door open. When I looked up, this long, lanky fellow was standing there, and the door was shut tight behind him.

I looked at the door, and then I looked at him. He had a thin face with a narrow moustache, and black hair on his head that was sort of wild and sticking up in spots. He had brown eyes and a funny, twisted sort of mouth, with very white teeth, which he was showing me at the moment.

"Mr. Mullins?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, because that is my name. Not Moon Mullins, which a lot of the fellows jokingly call me, but Anthony Mullins. And that's my real name, with no attempt to sound showmanlike; a good name, you will admit. "I am busy."

"I won't take much time," he said very softly. He walked over to the desk with a smooth sideward step, as if he were on greased ball-bearings.

"No matter how much time you will take," I said, "I am still busy."

"My name is Sam Angeli," he said.

"Pleased to meet you, Mr. Angeli," I told him. "My name is Anthony Mullins, and I am sorry you must be running along so quickly, but—"

"I'm a trapeze artist," he said.

"We already have three trapeze artists," I informed him, "and they are all excellent performers, and the budget does not call for another of—"

"They are not Sam Angeli," he said, smiling and touching his chest with his thumb.

"That is true," I answered. "They are, in alphabetical order, Sue Ellen Bradley, Arthur Farnings, and Edward the Great."

"But not Sam Angeli," he repeated softly.

"No," I said. "It would be difficult to call them all Sam Angeli, since they are not even related, and even if they were related it is unlikely they would all have the same name, even if they were triplets, which they are not."

"I am Sam Angeli," he said.

"So I have gathered. But I already have three—"

"I'm better," he said flatly.

"I have never met a trapeze artist who was not better than every other trapeze artist in the world," I said.

"In my case it happens to be true," he said.

I nodded and said nothing. I chewed my cigar a while and went back to my books, and when I looked up he was still standing there, smiling.

"Look, my friend," I said, "I am sincerely sorry there is no opening for you, but—"

"Why not watch me a little?"

"I am too busy."

"It'll take five minutes. Your big top is still standing. Just watch me up there for a few minutes, that's all."

"My friend, what would be the point? I already have—"

"You can take your books with you. Mr. Mullins, you will not be sorry."

I looked at him again, and he stared at me levelly, and he had a deep, almost blazing way of staring that made me believe I would really not be sorry if I watched him perform. Besides, I could take the books with me.

"All right," I said, "but we're only wasting each other's time."

"I've got all the time in the world," he answered.

We went outside, and sure enough the big top was still standing, so I bawled out Warren for being so slow to get a show on the road, and then this Angeli and I went inside, and he looked up at the trapeze, and I, very sarcastically, asked, "Is that high enough for you?"

He shrugged and looked up, and said, "I've been higher, my friend. Much higher." He dropped his eyes to the ground then, and I saw that the net had already been taken down.

"This exhibition will have to be postponed," I informed him. "There is no net."

"I don't need a net," he answered.

"No?"

"No."

"Do you plan on breaking your neck under one of my tops? I am warning you that my insurance doesn't cover—"

"I won't break my neck," Angeli said. "Sit down."

I shrugged and sat down, thinking it was his neck and not mine, and hoping Doctor Lipsky was not drunk as usual. I opened the books on my lap and got to work, and he walked across the top and started climbing up to the trapeze. I got involved with the figures, and finally he yelled:

"O.K., you ready?"

"I'm ready," I said.

I looked up to where he was sitting on one trapeze holding the bar of the other trapeze in his big hands.

"Here's the idea," he yelled down. He had to yell because he was a good hundred feet in the air. "I'll set the second trapeze swinging, and then I'll put the one I'm on in motion. Then I'll jump from one trapeze to the other one. Understand?"

"I understand," I yelled back. I'm a quiet man by nature, and I have never liked yelling. Besides, he was about to do a very elementary trapeze routine, so there was nothing to get excited about.

He pushed out the second trapeze, and it swung away out in a nice clean arc, and then it came back and he shoved it out again and it went farther and higher this time. He set his own trapeze in motion then, and both trapezes went swinging around up there, back and forth, back and forth, higher and higher. He stood up on the bar and watched the second trapeze, timing himself, and then he shouted down, "I'll do a somersault to make it interesting."

"Go ahead," I said.

"Here I go," he said.

His trapeze came back and started forward, and the second trapeze reached the end of its arc and started back, and I saw him bend a little from the

knees, calculating his timing, and then he leaped off, and his head ducked under, and he went into the somersault.

He did a nice clean roll, and then he stretched out his hands for the bar of the second trapeze, but the bar was nowhere near him. His fingers closed on air, and my eyes popped wide open as he sailed past the trapeze and then started a nose-dive for the ground.

I jumped to my feet with my mouth open, remembering there was no net under him, and think of the mess he was going to make all over my tent. I watched him fall like a bullet, and then I closed my eyes as he came closer to the ground. I clenched my fists and waited for the crash, and then the crash came, and there was a deathly silence in the tent afterwards.

I sighed and opened my eyes.

Sam Angeli got up and casually brushed the sawdust from his clothes. "How'd you like it?" he asked.

I stood stiff as a board and stared at him. "You're—you're—" I stammered.

"How'd you like it?" he repeated.

"Doctor Lipsky!" I shouted. "Doc, come quick!"

"No need for a doctor," Angeli said, smiling and walking over to me. "How'd you like the fall?"

"The—the fall? I—I— You mean—"

"The fall," Angeli said, smiling. "Looked like the real McCoy, didn't it?"

"Wh-what do you mean?"

"Well, you don't think I missed that bar accidentally, do you? I mean, after all, that's a kid stunt."

"You—you fell on purpose?" I gulped and stared at him, but all his bones seemed to be in the right places, and there was no blood on him anywhere.

"Sure," he said. "My specialty. I figured it all out, Mr. Mullins. Do you know why people like to watch trapeze acts? Not because there's any skill or art attached. Oh, no." He smiled, and his eyes glowed, and I watched him, amazed.

"They like to watch because they are inherently evil, Mr. Mullins. They watch because they think that fool up there is going to fall and break his neck, and they want to be around when he does it." Angeli nodded. "So I figured it all out."

"You—you did?"

"I did. I figured if the customers wanted to see me fall, then I would fall. So I practised falling."

"You—you did?"

"I did. First I fell out of bed, and then I fell from a first-story window, and then I fell off the roof. And then I took my biggest fall, the fall that—"

But I'm boring you. The point is, I can fall from any place now. In fact, that trapeze of yours is rather low."

"Rather low," I repeated softly.

"Yes."

"What's up?" Doctor Lipsky shouted, rushing into

To page 43

"Sue Ellen," I said softly, not knowing Sam was watching us, "there's something I've wanted to tell you for a long time."



Raisin Joe asks:

DID YOU SEE THIS?



"THE HERALD"
MELBOURNE.

ROBIN'S COOKIES RECIPE

Seven-year-old Gippsland girl, Robin Williamson, today announced her recipe for "sultana-coconut cookies".

Her cookies tickled the palate of an American chef who visited her parents' home at Rosedale, 111 miles from Melbourne. Master Chef Paul Laesecke, of the Heinz Co., was so impressed he is sending the recipe off to America.

This is what you need:
One cup of flour; 1 level teaspoon spice; 1/4 teaspoon bicarbonate of soda; 1/4 cup coconut; 1/4 cup cereal; 1/2 cup sultanas; 1/2 cup sugar; 1 egg; 1 tablespoon golden syrup; 3 tablespoons butter; 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind or a few drops of lemon essence.

And this is what you do:
Sift flour into a basin with spice and bicarbonate of soda. Add sugar, coconut, sultanas, and cereal. Mix. Beat egg and add syrup and melted butter. Mix everything together. Place mixture in teaspoonful on a greased tray, and bake in a moderate oven for 15-20 minutes. Leave cookies on tray until nearly cold, then store in airtight tin. That's the recipe — and Mr. Laesecke thinks it has a chance of being included in the "Bible" of American chefs, the recipe book published by the American Culinary Federation.

Your kiddies will love these cookies. Tell them the story of how a seven-year-old made them, working in the kitchen just like they do.

AND

Robin's cookies have plenty of food and energy value too, they're chock full of sultanas. Remember deliciously sweet dried fruits are a No. 1 source of natural sugars and vitamins, good for teeth and stamina.

YOUR RECIPE COULD WIN £1,100 IN THE WOMEN'S WEEKLY COOKING CONTEST

A recipe making the best use of Dried Fruits — Currants, Sultanas and Seeded Raisins — will win one of the sections — it could be yours. Special prizes could boost your winnings to £1,100. Check this issue for full details.

HAVE YOU RECEIVED THIS FREE RECIPE BOOK?

The A.D.F.A., Dept. W.W. (15/8), Box 4524, Melbourne. Please mail me a FREE copy of "100 Tested Recipes for Currants, Sultanas and Seeded Raisins". I enclose 6d. in stamps to cover mailing costs.

Name _____
Address _____



Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

I SHOULD like to express my admiration of the women of outback Australia who have been battling against incredible hardships during repeated floods. Coming from the comfort and comparative luxury of life around Sydney, I can only wonder at and applaud the courage and cheerfulness with which these women have overcome what, to my eyes, appear as overwhelming odds.

With no roads open, surrounded by floodwaters and plagues of frogs, snakes, and all kinds of insects, these women not only manage to supply their menfolk and families with meals as usual, but also keep their spirits high in a time of great distress and suffering.

On top of all this, these grand women can find the time and the means to help a needy neighbor or the stranger who has lost his way.

£1/1/- to Bonnie M. Smith, Moree, N.S.W.

WHILE shopping last month I was amazed to see two stores advertising Christmas cards. Surely when this happens as early as July it is time for a ruling about how soon Christmas goods may appear in shops. So much joy is taken away from the festive season if it is drawn out for six months of the year.

10/6 to Mrs. J. Hodgson, Pearcevale, Vic.

I THINK a word of praise is due to the young mothers of today who pass on children's outgrown clothing to their friends. False pride has gone by the board, and most mothers have realised that in these days of high living costs "swapping" of children's clothes saves many pounds.

10/6 to Mrs. D. Miller, Lindisfarne, Tas.

HOW many people know the origin of the phrase "Pay on the nail"? It comes from the old sea-port city of Bristol, England, where there still stand several flat-topped bronze pillars (nails) about 3ft. high set in the pavement of a main street. Merchants used to barter and pay direct for merchandise while resting their goods on the flat tops of these nails. An inscription around the nail-tops tells this story.

10/6 to E. J. Williams, Hurstville, N.S.W.

IT seems a pity that by joining a group exclusively for women one is continually subjected to jokes about "hen parties" and badgered by other uncharitable references. Most of it is probably fun, but it often deters lonely women from joining these organisations, thus depriving them of companionship.

10/6 to Kathleen Felton, Brisbane.

IS it any wonder employers despair of keeping female staff these days? Two 17-year-old typists recently resigned from a city firm which had paid for the cost of their training, giving as their reason that "the office had no boys."

10/6 to Mrs. C. Bunnett, Highett, Vic.

WE all like to receive letters. Whether we live in crowded cities or, like myself, in an isolated country area, we all listen for the postman's whistle, the sound of the mailman's lorry, or, as in my case, wait to see what the "mixed" train has brought. Yet how many of us write them? Is it because we doubt that another person could find our thoughts and everyday doings interesting? Is it the fear of expressing ourselves badly that holds us back? Or is it sheer laziness?

10/6 to Mrs. D. Crosier, Elalie, North Coast Line, Qld.

Luxury of "King Spud"

CONGRATULATIONS to J. Bennett (The Australian Women's Weekly, 18/6/56) on his amusing letter regarding "His Luxury, King Spud." While reverently preparing "him" (singular, as we are only ordinary people) as the highlight of our evening meal, instead of my usual grumble I find myself actually smiling as I regard his "nicely wiped eye." So thanks for brightening this housewife's lot.

10/6 to Mrs. B. Hall, Clifton Hall W.8, Vic.

Family affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

SCHOOL-HOLIDAY outings for youngsters are a "must," but often a headache for mother from the financial angle.

My two children never ceased to enjoy a day at the docks and river wharves. I'd watch the papers for a day when a varied group of vessels was in port, pack a picnic lunch, and we would wander about watching loading and unloading. Sometimes—these were "super" days—we'd be able to get a permit to board a ship.

Then later, at home, with atlas and encyclopaedia, we'd look up information regarding the home ports from which the giant liners, the tankers, and the cargo and timber vessels had come.

The children excelled at school in general knowledge. Now grown up, they remember as a bright spot in childhood days "going down the wharves."

£1/1/- to Mrs. W. Dickens, Preston, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

MY wife was reading Barbara Hutton's memoirs in The Australian Women's Weekly.

"Barbara Hutton says, 'I like to look well dressed and jewelled as much as any other woman,'" she remarked.

"Well, she can afford it," I said. My wife put the paper down and looked thoughtful.

"Barbara's right, you know," she went on. "A woman does like to look well-jewelled. I wish I was well-jewelled myself."

"I wish I owned a chain of five-and-ten-cent stores," I said.

"It isn't just that I'm not well-jewelled," she continued. "I'm not jewelled at all. I haven't got a diamond or ruby to my name."

"The Bible says a good woman is above rubies."

"I'm not above them. I wouldn't knock a few rubies back—even small ones."

I began to feel uneasy.

"Look here, do you think I'm Aladdin?" I asked.

She gave a rather hollow laugh. "Hardly," she said. "But there's no harm in mentioning jewels for once."

PLASTIC IS A MAN'S BEST FRIEND

"Do you want me to buy you a diamond necklace instead of paying for the washing-machine?"

"No. But I think you've got too used to me being unjewelled. Just remember I'd like to be well-



jewelled if I got the chance."

In town next day I looked in some jewellers' windows.

The prices were most discouraging.

Nobody seems to supply cheap diamonds and sapphires for the working man. It's small wonder

that the masses are so ill-jewelled nowadays.

To cheer myself up I went into a chain store.

There I noticed a line called the Beutec Do-It-Yourself Necklace Kit.

It was a box of little white plastic links. You can string them together to make your own necklace. Price 1/6.

It wasn't exactly jewellery, but I thought the plastic necklace would look pretty, so I bought a Kit and took it home to my wife.

"Thanks, Aladdin," she said. "You've excelled yourself. They'll call me the plastic Barbara Hutton. The Rich Little Poor Girl."

"There's no need to sling off," I said. "Remember, you don't get such a bad time as Barbara got from Count Haugwitz-Reventlow and Porfirio Rubirosa."

She conceded this point and unpacked the box of links.

I helped her to make the necklace. It looked quite good.

"Oh, well," she sighed, glancing in the mirror, "if I'm not going to be well-jewelled, I suppose it's something to be well-plasticed."



WONDERFUL AUSTRALIA

LIFE ON A "FLYING SAUCER." Boys and girls from New South Wales country areas try life in the "upper stratosphere" during a ride on the Flying Saucer at Sydney's Luna Park. They were some of the 150 children who had never been to the city and who spent three excitement-filled weeks in Sydney as guests at the annual camp of the Far West Children's Health Scheme. They saw the Harbor (and the Bridge) and an overseas ship. They rode up and down on escalators. They visited theatres and Taronga Park Zoo. And they went to the beach, a novelty for 10-to-12-year-olds who had never seen the sea. The Far West Children's Health Scheme was inaugurated in 1931 by the Rev. Stanley Drummond. Its camps are designed to give the children a change from their homes in dry, inland districts, and at the same time provide an opportunity for them to have medical and dental examinations. This picture is by staff photographer Clive Thompson.

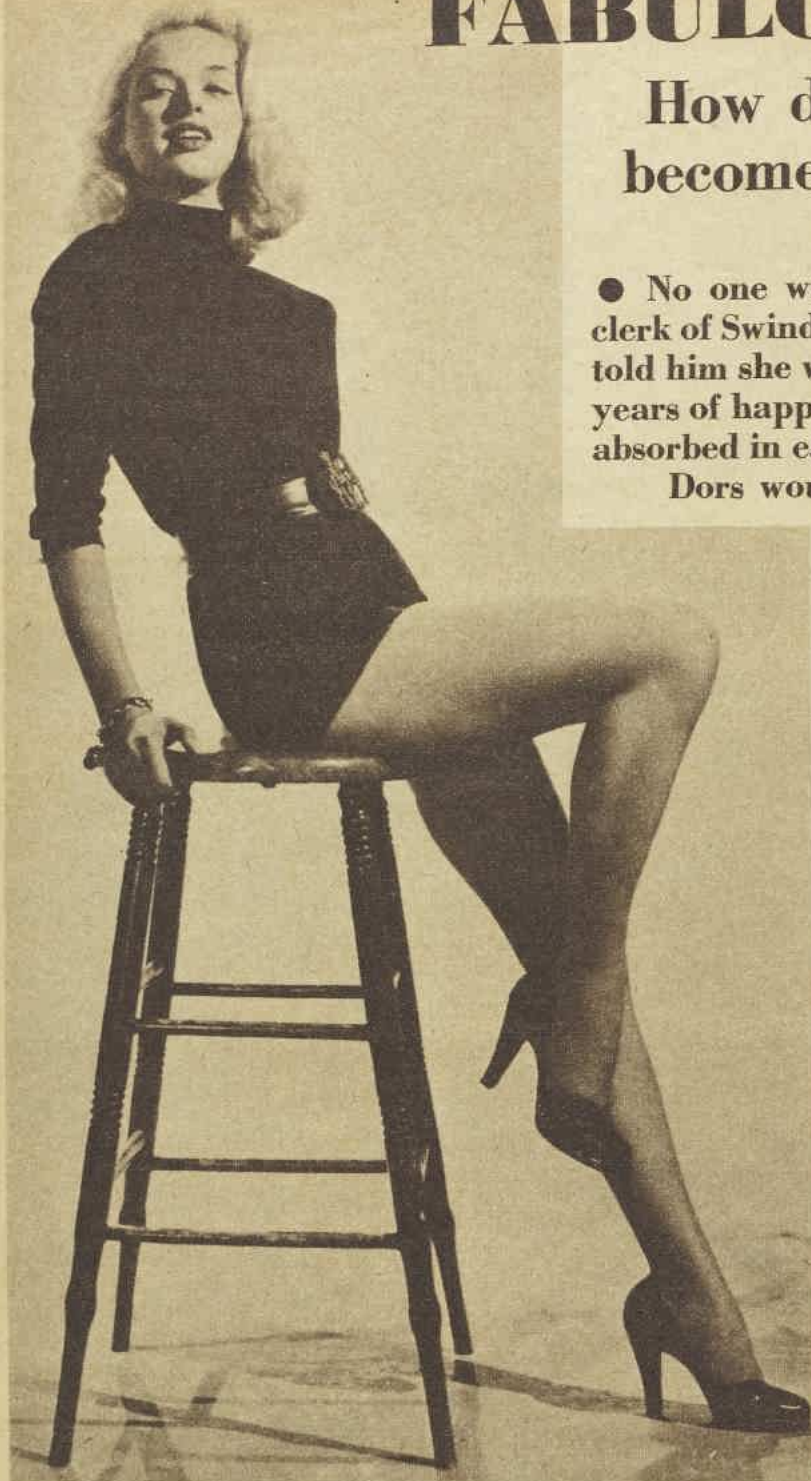
● We are publishing a new book from this series. Order coupon will be available soon.

FABULOUS MISS DORS

How did Win and Bert's baby Di become England's Marilyn Monroe?

By OLGA FRANKLIN

● No one was more astonished than Albert Fluck, railway clerk of Swindon, England, when his wife, Winifred Maud Mary, told him she was to have a baby. Winifred was 42, and after 13 years of happy married life, with this handsome couple quietly absorbed in each other, no one could have foreseen that Diana Dors would choose just then to make her entrance.



It was a shock on a par with the sort of shocks this vital child was to bring to the waiting world. And not really convenient for anyone.

The birth was arranged at The Haven, a small nursing home up the road run by an elderly lady. It was difficult. And it clashed with another event in the life of Albert Fluck, whose heart was fluttering anyway since his 1916 wound with the Royal Warwickshire Regiment.

There was Winifred off to The Haven, leaving Albert to struggle with his first speech as worshipful master of his local masonic lodge.

These events, one on top of another, shook the neighborhood.

Nor was it easy for "Bert," who had loved Winifred ever since he first saw the well-built, beautiful girl so smartly dressed in Swindon post office, where she worked.

So the first and only Miss Diana Fluck was brought to their semi-detached house in Marlborough Road, where Winifred fed the baby herself—and nobody could have guessed that it was the end of an era.

The quiet, anonymous life of the Fluck family had ended for ever.

Gone was that modest routine, with Bert playing the piano for the Swindon Empire orchestra, and the football match every Saturday (since

1908), the neighbors, and the garden with its rose-beds.

No longer would he be known as placid Bert Fluck with the good looks and the good humor and the big but attractive wife.

Soon he would be known as the father of that Diana, the little girl who was different, with the flair for dress and the fast flare of temper.

First instalment of the two-part life story of Diana Dors

Still no one could have guessed that the voluptuous blonde who 25 years later was to rock Hollywood with her wit and dazzle would be the fruit of this quiet, ageing union.

For Albert Fluck and his wife the biggest thrill was the annual jaunt to Weston-super-Mare.

There in Miss Hacker's lodging-house, Meadow Villas in Orchard Street, they had

a room up and a room down—and a glorious week by the seaside.

How then did little Miss Fluck turn into big Miss Dors?

How did Diana do it? How did she, reared in that red-brick town of dead-end refinement and unambitious, ugly dwellings, travel so far?

Is it part of her secret, like the good complexion that all Swindon girls have from the sweet air blowing from the Wiltshire Downs?

Or did she, one wet Sunday, stare from the window of the little semi-detached grey house, with its garage that never housed a car, into the dull little road and resolve to go as far, far...

I went back to Swindon to find the answer. I went to the whole world of Albert Fluck, the world of railway shunting-yards, an hour's break for a hot midday dinner, tea and a game of cribbage... and bed, with the trains whistling by throughout the night.

I found him alone, in the spotless little house where Diana Dors spent her early life.

Winifred died two years

A ONE-PIECE costume (see above) has been Diana's favorite ever since she was two. Then, however, she wore them only at the beach. Now she seems to favor them whenever there's a camera about.



EVERY JULY for 10 years—from when she was two—Mr. and Mrs. Fluck took Diana to Weston-super-Mare for their annual holiday.

DIANA was a favorite of the landlady, "Aunt Bessie." Di (three in these pictures) "had quite an air," Aunt Bessie's sister Minnie said.

MINNIE HACKER, who, like her sister, was fond of baby Di, said when she wasn't at the beach she used to play and sing on the tiny lawn.

"I UNDERSTOOD she was taking elocution lessons," she added, finishing her word picture of the now famous shapely Miss Dors.



HOLLYWOOD MARRIAGES make Bert Fluck mad. "Why do they bother to get married at all?" he asked. "I shall never marry again, ever," he added.

A shock from the start

ago, and Auntie Kit, her sister, Mrs. Katharine Evans, now also a widow, looks after the house.

"I suppose," said Bert Fluck, as he opened the door into the tiny hall, "you've come about Diana."

"I told him, 'It's you I've come about.'"

For the odd thing is that though Diana's face and figure are known throughout the land, equally now in the U.S., and her Cadillac and her country house, her £12,000-a-year income and her swimming-pool, her mink bikini and her aeroplane—yet her father, Albert Fluck, that soldierly figure with the smile and the charm he gave his daughter, is quite unknown.

Why?
"Because I prefer this life," Albert Fluck explained. "I couldn't stand that sort of racket life that Diana lives. I would never leave Swindon. But Diana's housekeeper just phoned to invite me to stay for a week at Diana's place."

His job now? Albert smiled, said roguishly with that famous Dors humor that captured America:

"I am now Second-in-Charge of the Statistical Section Regional Accounts Department, Swindon railway . . . and that should fill half the page for you."

Listen to Bert's own story; no doubt here, this is the Dors' daughter's father speaking.

"I liked dancing, especially waltzes in the old days," said Bert, who, standing about five feet, tall in his shoes, looks like a tall, lean Victor Sylvester. "Not boogie-woogie stuff, but the dreamy kind. No one ever dared to say that I missed a dance."

Then heart trouble, following the war wound: "I tried to commute part of my

SWINDON MOTHERS all had their little girls photographed on a tiger skin. At right is Di at five months. Above, Di sticks to Swindon tradition, and poses for another tiger-skin photograph for the Fluck family album.

disability pension in 1931, but they turned me down on medical grounds, which meant I would not live more than 12 years more.

"The doctor told me I mustn't drink or smoke, go to the theatre or concerts, and must not play the piano because it might stir my emotions."

"What did I do? I changed my doctor."

Films?
"I only go to see Diana's."

Said Mr. Fluck: "Diana is like her mother. She was beautiful, with lovely brown hair. Was I peeved when that wretched shingle or bob came in, and she had it cut off!"

Bert stared at the portrait of Winifred on the mantelpiece.

"I shall never marry again," he said. "Ours was a wonderful marriage."

"These Hollywood marriages make me mad. Why do they bother to get married at all?"

Bert plans to retire next year and live on his pension.

"Will Diana help? That's a leading question. I want to live in my own way."

"Diana has proved herself and I'm proud of it. I'm glad she's made the most of her shape."

"I hope she'll accumulate some money and give up the films. It is all much too exhausting. I'd like her to do only an occasional film."

"Diana's all I've got now. But having proved herself, she's still Diana, and I'm glad of it."



DIANA'S MUM . . . Winifred Fluck, who was famous for her beautiful long brown hair. "I was peeved when that wretched shingle came in," said Mr. Fluck.

CERTIFIED COPY OF AN ENTRY OF BIRTH

This certificate is a true copy of the original as it appears in the Register of Births for the District of Swindon, in the County of Wiltshire.

REGISTRATION DISTRICT SWINDON									
BIRTH in the Sub-district of Swindon Borough in the County of Wiltshire									
No.	When and where born	Sex	Age	Name, and surname of father	Name, Christian and maiden surname of mother	Occupation of father	Signature, description, and address of informant	When registered	Signature of Registrar
70	Twenty-third October 1931 Raven Raven Farm House Vestry Road U. K.	Girl		Albert Edward Fluck	Winifred Mary Fluck	Ballroom Clerk 250 Marlborough Road Swindon	A. E. S. Fluck 250 Marlborough Road Swindon	Thirtieth October 1931	Harry T. Kirby Registrar

CERTIFIED to be a true copy of an entry in the certified copy of a Register of Births in the District above mentioned.

Given at the General Register Office, Somerset House, London, under the Seal of the said Office, the 9th day of July 1956

BB 535304



Given at the GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE,
SOMERSET HOUSE, LONDON.
Application Number: 314160

In our issue of June 27 United Artists offered readers a post-free copy of their 28-page colored movie booklet. The offer was limited to 20,000 copies.

The response was so great that the original print was soon exhausted. In an attempt to fulfil requests already received from all over Australia and New Zealand, United Artists has now decided to make available a further 30,000 copies of the booklet.

"The one thing I can't stand is snobbery—of any kind."

Bert loves his job, he said, though he has to climb 70 stairs each day, which is bad for his heart. Holidays? "It'll be Weston-super-Mare for me again; I love the place. I like to do the same things; if Miss Hacker's still there I'll bet I go back to her digs as well."

How did Diana and her mother talk him into letting her go to London when she was only 15?

Bert was not overhappy in retrospect. He seemed to be remembering anxious moments in the years gone by. Finally he said: "Her mother always encouraged her art. She used to make a few guineas from an occasional bit part, but she never saved a bean. Back she would come at weekends. But she's only been once since her mother died. 'I admit there was a

time when I worried about her. But all's well that ends well."

"He's her bodyguard. I would not like her to be in Hollywood without a bodyguard."

"That's why we wouldn't let her go there last time. There were too many conditions. She must go alone; they said no husbands wanted."

That was not good enough for Albert the father or Dennis the husband. "Dennis and I would never allow Diana to go unprotected. She needs his protection."

Husband Dennis is giving the former Miss Fluck plenty of support while she is in America just now.

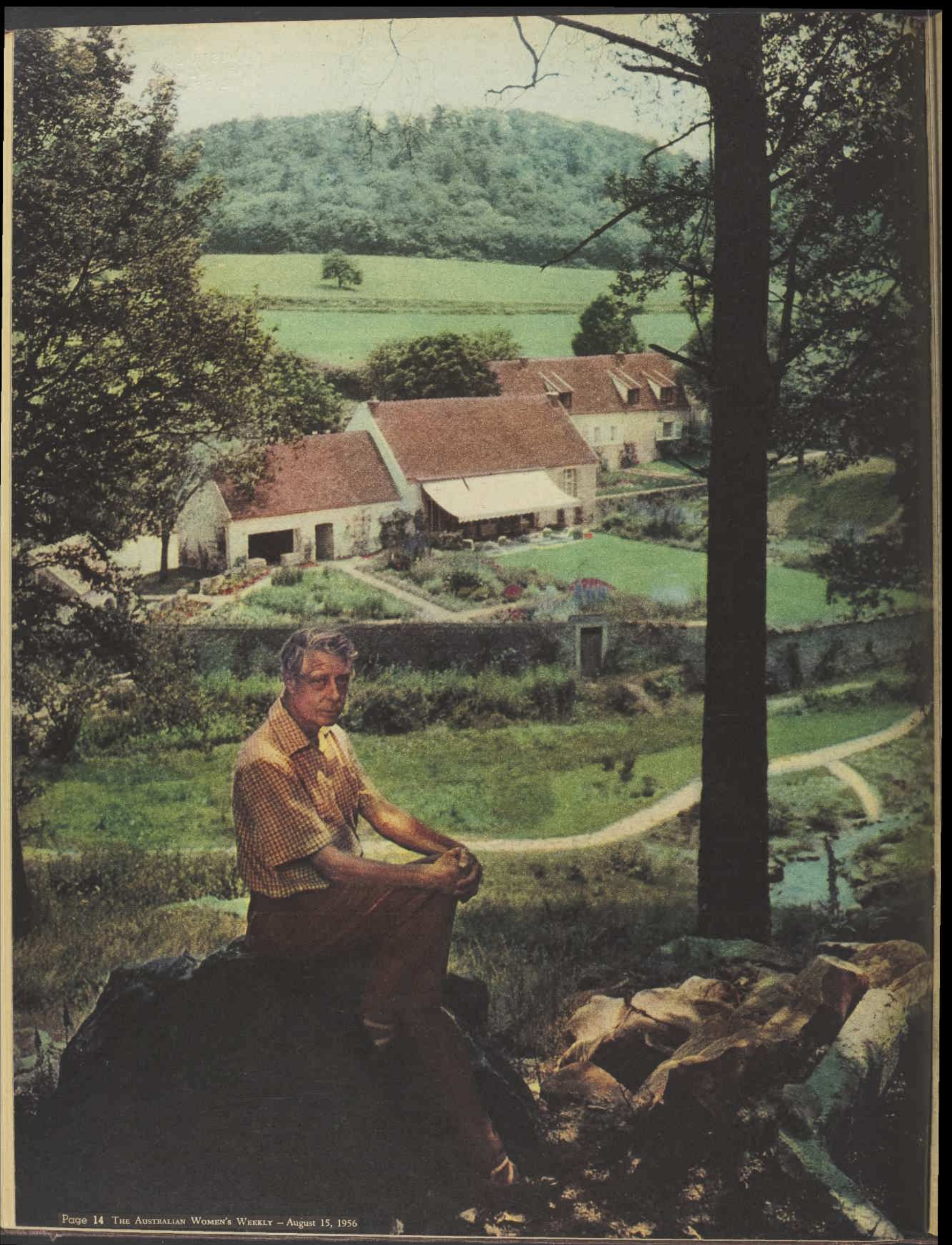
While Marilyn—under the influence of her new husband, playwright Arthur Miller—is giving up her skin-tight dresses and stepping out in tweeds, casual shirts, and country shoes.

Said Bert Fluck: "Marilyn Monroe, that's different. She's got a universal reputation, even though until now some people have thought of her as just a dumb blonde. But Diana can act, she's been properly trained."

Bert pondered the whole problem of beauty and brains for some minutes, then he said, sadly:

"I may never see Diana again. She phoned from Los Angeles. 'I may not come back,' she said. But one thing I know. She'll NEVER take American nationality. Not my Diana."

● NEXT WEEK: Diana, expelled from school, goes on to bigger and better things.



My Garden

By H.R.H. The Duke of Windsor

● A half-hour's drive from Paris near a village called Gif-sur-Yvette, off the northern side of the lovely valley of the Chevreuse, there is an ancient mill. It sits in the smaller valley of the Merantaise, astride this stream which used to turn the mill wheel. And it is here that the Duchess and I spend weekends and most of the summer. And this is where I have tried to make a garden.

It is a very tranquil place, where one can garden as one should, in old clothes, with one's hands among familiar plants. While its flowers grow it gives us different pleasures. For me, it is a fascinating place where I can immerse myself in day-to-day detail.

For the Duchess, who has the eagle eye of the experienced interior decorator, it is a source of supply for the vases which dot every room in The Mill. To discourage her from denuding my herbaceous borders I have had to provide ample cut-flower space in the kitchen garden.

For our four pug dogs it is a private playground. Although there is plenty of lawn on which they can work off steam, they much prefer wild chases through the flowers, and now the youngest, Davy Crockett, has invented a special game of his own. I have procured some metal tags—I write the names of the plants and flowers on them and stick them in the ground to check my memory.

He, as though to tease me, grabs the tags and leaves them in different parts of the garden. Needless to say, I have to call my gardener to help stick them back in the right places. At least this annoying whim of Davy's is teaching me more about my plants.

I think my deep enjoyment in gardening must have been latent; at least I did not inherit it. My grandfather, I remember, liked gardens in a very grandiose sort of way. His interest in them was sporadic and generally reached its peak during visits of his old friend the first Lord Redesdale, a great arboriculturist, who used to talk him into planting schemes in the grounds of Windsor and Sandringham.

My father's interest was even less; he liked best shooting, and after that collecting stamps. And while my mother liked flowers and used to take me as a child to admire the famous herbaceous borders at Hampton Court, near London, she liked them best in vases in their cut-flower state.

This was perhaps fortunate, for kings and queens rarely have opportunity to indulge in practical gardening.

Of course, all the Royal estates had fine gardens, and I remember those at Sandringham and Windsor as vast impersonal places, where we as children were not encouraged to play. They made a fine show in summertime, but people did not really live with them.

This kind of long-distance gardening always seemed a bore to me. By 1930, after 10 years of travelling all over the world, I had seen more gardens—and more elaborate gardens—than most men can see in a lifetime. Some were beautiful, some were impersonal.

They all confirmed my earlier impressions.

● Opposite page: The hill above the rock garden gives a good view of The Mill and of my neighbor's poppy-spotted field in the distance. Upper left is the guest cottage. In the centre, with the awning, is my big room which we call "The Barn." And that wide opening just above my head is the outdoor dining-room where we often eat in summertime.

A garden is a mood, as Rousseau said, and my mood was one of intimacy, not splendor.

It was not until that year when my father lent me Fort Belvedere in Windsor Great Park that I had a chance to try out some of my own ideas. There, at "The Fort," as I have set forth in my memoirs, "A King's Story," I became a "dirt gardener" with a vengeance.

The Fort was surrounded by a hundred-acre wilderness when I arrived, and I enthusiastically set about my work hacking up laurels, which I hate, installing herbaceous borders, and exhausting my weekend guests.

It was at The Fort that I first became fascinated with the problems of landscaping, and in the space of six years I patiently, and to a great extent with my own hands, transformed this wilderness into a tidy and organised landscape of shrubs and flowers until it conformed to the noble countryside that stretched through birch and giant cedar down to the vistas of Virginia Water.

It was from The Fort that I handled the negotiations leading to my abdication in



● Here I am supervising work in a corner of the garden at Government House in Nassau in 1942. At the right is Wilson, our head gardener. (At this time the Duke was Governor of the Bahama Islands.)



● When my father lent me Fort Belvedere in Windsor Great Park I had a chance to try out some of my own ideas on the hundred-acre wilderness surrounding it. In six years I transformed this, to a great extent with my own hands, into a tidy landscape of shrubs and flowers.

1936, and there and then my first gardening activities came to an abrupt end.

They resumed to some extent when, as Governor of the Bahama Islands, I went to Nassau in 1940, and I look back on my gardening activities there with some amusement as well as pride.

New Providence, on which Nassau is located, is a coral island covered with a thin layer of soil. Its only source of water is the variable rainfall. I saw when I arrived at Government House that its monotonous lawns and uninspired sprinklings of tropical shrubbery needed badly to be livened by some imaginative touches.

I longed to start to work with my own hands, but I was Governor, there was a war on, and I lacked the privacy of The Fort. Still, I felt that something had to be done.

For raw materials I had Nassau's bright flowers to work with and the coral just under

the earth. And for help I had the prisoners from the local gaol, a detachment of which by ancient tradition was assigned to tend the Governor's grounds.

We put in white, red, and orange hibiscus for splashes of color. We raided the Government nursery for plants, and, scraping away the top-soil from the coral, we made three pools to relieve the monotony of the lawns.

The coral proved to be nearly watertight, and a few applications of cement here and there soon plugged up the leaks. We piped in the precious "city water," but on account of the precarious supply it was only turned on when we had visitors.

Knowing from experience that negroes work better when the boss is around, I would install myself under a huge umbrella in view of the project in hand, surrounded with briefcases that held my official papers.

As I did my homework the prisoners did

their spade work, excavating and planting, under the watchful eye of two armed guards. After a while some of the prisoners seemed to enjoy and take an interest in their assignment. For me it would have been more pleasant to work with flowers than with the papers.

This phase of my gardening career came to an end in 1945, when the Duchess and I returned to France. We had rented a villa, "La Croc," at Cap d'Antibes, Cote d'Azur, on the French Riviera. Cote d'Azur gardens are planned for February and March, when we were seldom there.

But in the hot months there are only certain things that one can raise, like gladioli, which I find dull. When we gave up "La Croc" our gardening ceased until we found The Mill.

Some people take their pleasure in the marvellous growth of plants; they like them as living specimens and enjoy just watching them sprout and grow and bloom.

Others, while loving the plants no less, get their main pleasure from using flowers in relation to their surroundings, seeing them as masses of shape and color and the garden as a whole as an artistic composition.

I belong to the second group. For me, the setting is the important thing, and deft and imaginative use of the setting is the key to the whole success of the garden.

When I first saw The Mill I knew that this setting was ideal. First, there was the quiet and pleasant valley, sheltered by woods of oak, sweet chestnut, and Scotch fir.

Second, there was the water. The Merantaise separates into two small streams that flow down the valley and meet at The Mill itself.

Continued on page 18

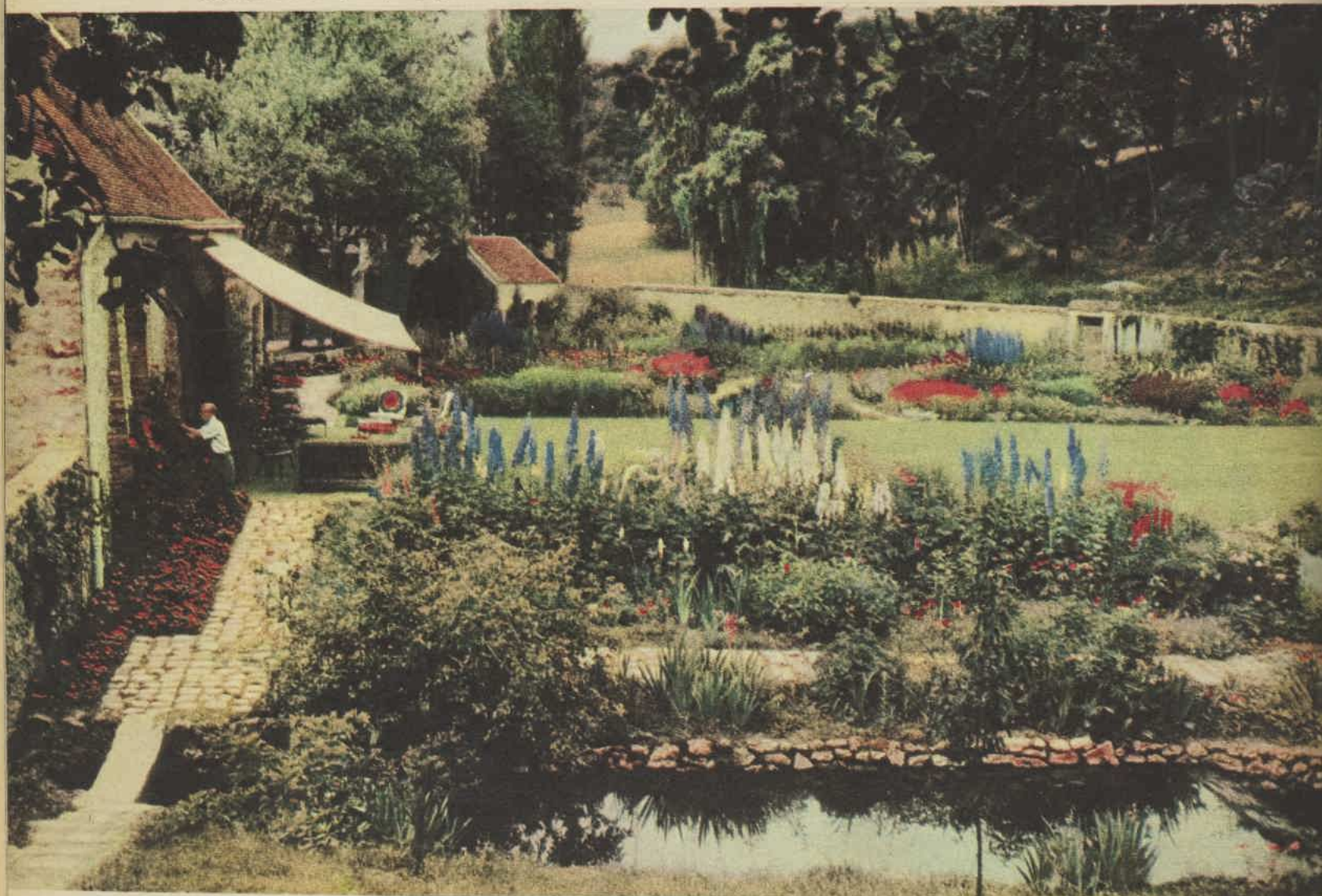
A DREAM COME TRUE



● Main entrance to the property has an old covered gateway with oak doors and a cobbled drive which leads to the main building. The sundial over the front door was put there when The Mill was restored about 1732. In the foreground is one of our four pugs.



● Below our guest cottage I am trying out a bed of these miniature roses, which will eventually go into my rock garden. They tell me that these miniature hybrids all descend from one plant found in a Swiss window-box. Behind me on the wall is a Paul's Scarlet rose, planted only a year ago.



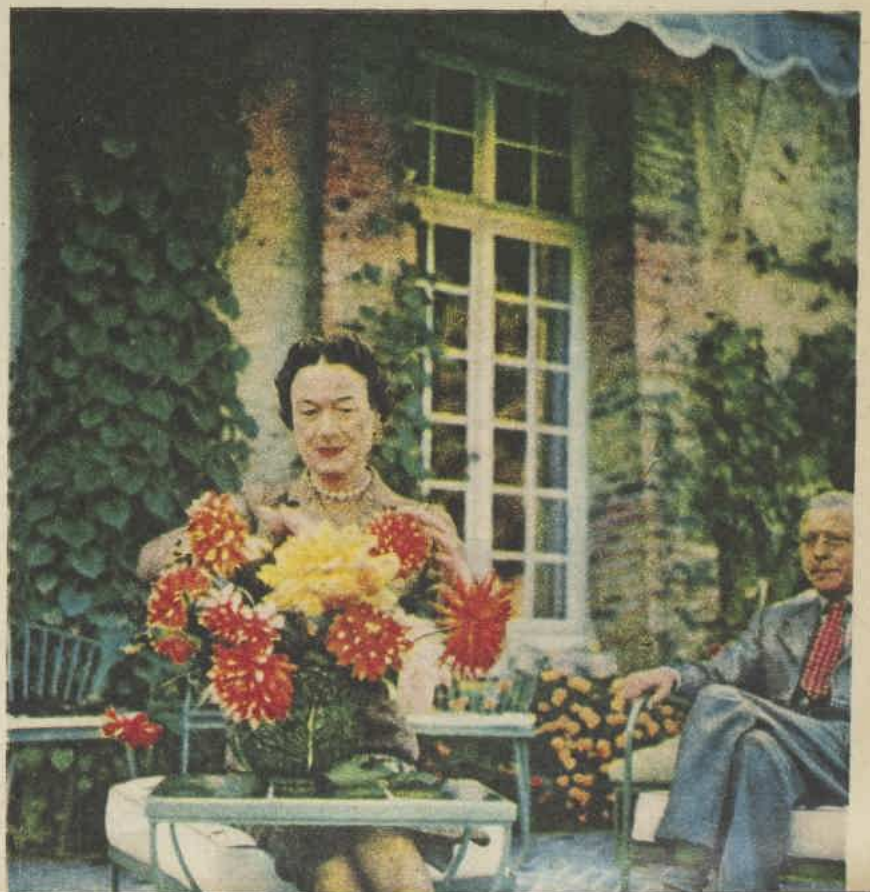
● Taken as a whole the garden gets its effect from very simple country architecture in a setting of trees and flowers. Most of the planting is used quite informally and in large masses. Here I am pottering as usual, tying up vines which grow fast enough to keep me more than busy.



● Tea-drinking goes with gardening and we often take tea here on the terrace. This is July and you can see how high (7ft.) the delphiniums have grown. We manage to have a fairly good lawn in spite of summer heat.

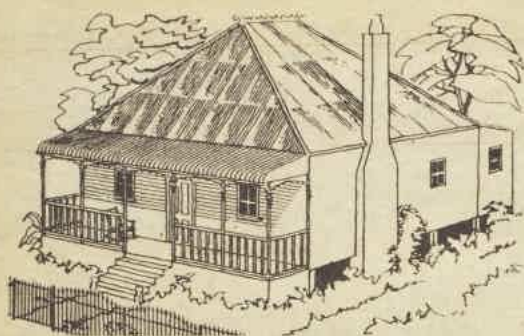


● Above: Planning never stops and Russell Page and I are in perpetual consultation. Here we redesign a bed for spring behind a clump of pink phlox.



● Right: Doing the flowers is quite an operation and the Duchess gives it a lot of time and thought. Here she is with a red-and-white-striped dahlia.

(MY GARDEN continued overleaf)



What was good enough for Grandpa...

... isn't good enough for us. We don't build houses with shooting gallery halls and tiny sun-shy windows, with the kitchen tucked out back like an after-thought.

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My Garden

By THE DUKE OF WINDSOR

I WANTED AN ENGLISH GARDEN

Continued from page 15

AND thirdly, there was The Mill. It was not a single building, but almost a hamlet of smaller ones more or less enclosed by ancient walls. Here was a setting, intimate and charming, to challenge any gardener.

At the time I remember counting one more blessing—I was not to be haunted by any efforts of the past.

The walls were crumbling and the buildings themselves were in need of considerable repair. The mildest stonemason turns scow when it comes to plant life, and I knew that the vines that covered the walls would soon be as good as gone.

The old walled garden itself, which is now the flower garden, was a chaos of cabbage and chickens. Old formless fruit trees were dotted here and there along paths shaded by a few rose-covered wire hoops.

HERE was the chance—the dream of every gardener—to clean up everything and start from scratch.

I was faced with a problem quite new in my gardening experience. For the first time in my life I was not setting out to correct another's mistakes, but to create a garden of my own.

I do not pretend to be a gardening expert, and this challenge, while exciting, was too much for me to handle alone. I called in Russell Page, a remarkably talented landscape architect and plantsman, who had also helped my brother Bertie, the late King, with his garden at Royal Lodge, near Windsor. Together we started to work.

Had I been French the problem might have been simple. The true French gardener has endless designs to pick from, and French gardens can be remarkably beautiful things.

THEY look like continuations of the Savonnerie or Aubusson carpets in the great chateaus rolled outside the windows on to the lawns, perfectly patterned and mathematically precise.

Sometimes they are dotted with box trees clipped into curious and formal shapes. They seem like spectacles to be viewed from a window, and you feel they have been wheeled into place like scenery.

Although I have admired them, especially when they fit so aptly into the background of chateaus, this was not the kind of garden that could have fitted into our setting at The Mill.

I felt that in its simpler surroundings a French garden would have looked out of place, and I wanted a garden in which I myself could work.

I wanted an English type of garden, which means green grass and seemingly casual

arrangement of flowers, and here I had the perfect framework. An English garden avoids pattern and gravel paths and too many formal beds, and, like its American counterpart, gets its effect from cheerful and sometimes splendid mixtures and masses of color.

For some reason the informal garden is remarkably rare in France, though in the 18th century the kind of landscaping found in English parks used to be the vogue.

It is said that Queen Marie Antoinette built an English garden at Versailles behind the Petit Trianon and several of her nobles followed suit. Now only a few are left, like those at Versailles, Chantilly, and Rambouillet, and even

peaty in the damp meadows beside the stream.

This meant that I should have success with all kinds of rhododendrons and azaleas and other lime-hating plants.

And then there was the river, which runs through and around the garden, giving me a chance to grow plants that love water. On the basis of all this we drew and developed our plans.

Basically, the two main herbaceous borders stretch from my big room, which we call "The Barn," clear across to the wall along the river. The flowers that fill them are the old favorites like delphiniums, lupins, phlox, chrysanthemums, asters, and anemones.

To cover the bare walls we planted fast-growing vines like



• This is a cartoon of me as a gardener, done by Bernard Partridge, of "Punch," around 1932, when I was remaking the gardens at Fort Belvedere.

these, to an English eye, appear somewhat stiff.

Once The Mill garden was cleared and ready for planting, Russell Page and I worked out a plan that would capitalise on its possibilities.

For one thing, there were the several buildings, all on different levels, which gave the chance for little vistas and sudden surprises.

For another, and by a great stroke of luck, the presence of Scotch firs in the neighborhood told us that the soil was a sandy loam which becomes

Virginia creeper and honeysuckle.

We put in hybrid floribunda roses like Moulin Rouge, Vogue, and Fashion, which dot the beds with scarlet, crimson, salmon, and rose right up till the October frosts. The photographs are evidence that our plan worked out.

Our ideas came from everywhere. The unusual use of roses in the herbaceous border, for example, was taught me by Mrs. Norah Lindsey, a charming, if slightly eccentric, English lady who used to help

me in my first gardening efforts at The Fort.

She specialised in herbaceous, and if you had the money she was the one to spend it. I think now that her use of roses alone was worth the tuition fee.

And then I was playing golf at the Somerset Hills course, near Peapack, New Jersey, in the United States, one day when I got the idea for building a series of little dams that break the flow of the river and make waterfalls.

ON the second nine, as I remember, there is a little creek that flows through some of the holes. I had played there before, but this time, as I was about to play an eight-iron on to a green, I happened to notice a series of little cascades.

I thought of the Merantaise, where it ran so shallow back of the house, looking like a village drain—and I topped the ball into the creek. For again the lesson was worth while.

Idea like this will keep occurring and so the garden will keep changing year by year, and I look forward to the changes.

I think most men retain the small boy's love of playing with running water, and I am certainly no exception. There is a spring rising at the foot of the rocky hill behind the wall, so I have hit on the idea of putting a small rock-and-water garden there.

With the help of the village mason, an artist in his own way, I have arranged a little series of pools and waterfalls, using sandstone rocks collected on the place.

The old mason adapted himself very well to arranging the rocks in the natural way we wanted, and now the alpine plants and primulas around them are growing away nicely.

I have now piped water to the top of the hill beyond and made it flow down among the great rocks.

DURING all these alterations the Duchess is my severest critic, and hers is always the last word. What is more, it is her really expert gift for flower arrangement that makes the whole charm of The Mill.

She likes bright colors—scarlet, orange, yellow, and white—and she has splashed these around by using potted plants in every window, empty nook, and flight of garden steps.

Thus she has linked the inside to the outside, making the buildings and archways themselves an integral part of the garden. Now the whole place changes with the seasons.

Each one seems too short, and I find myself showing friends around wistfully, like the British country lady in one of Ruth Draper's famous impersonations: "If you could only have come a few weeks ago—the lupins were in full bloom," or, "A shame you came so early; the delphiniums will be beautiful next month."

NEXT WEEK we continue the Duke of Windsor's story with more color pictures of the garden around his home near Paris.


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FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"I just haven't any interest in doing a lot of work around this apartment. But wait'll we get our own home in the suburbs."

MOTHER



ELISABETH MACINTYRE.

"Please don't help me now . . . I'm too busy."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

SWIMMING peacefully off the coast near the Queensland-New South Wales border are two or three fish who may not know that they owe their undisturbed existence to my belated fascination with car-driving.

On holiday I threw in a line two or three times, but my attention was concentrated elsewhere. You would have thought the motor-car had been invented yesterday.

Several sympathetic women drivers had told me that eventually there would come a point where a condition approaching confidence would replace panic. It was hard, they said, to tell exactly when this occurred.

I know when it happened for me. It was when I forgot who was teaching who and began telling a driver of long standing why he was wrong and I was right. There I was behind a steering wheel and behaving normally. It was too good to be true.

I'M told there is some very pretty scenery around the places I visited. Never did so much good scenery go unseen.

Out of the corner of an eye I noted one or two things—the engaging way Mt. Warning, one of Australia's most decorative mountains, pops to and fro across the road that follows the winding Tweed River; and the fact that sales of house-paint at Surfers' Paradise must have hit a record both in quantity and color.

But mostly, whether driving or not, I kept my eyes glued on the truck approaching and the car in the rear-vision mirror.

Some years ago I used to stay out of town occasionally and be driven into the office by a family whose whole conversation boiled down to two basic sentences.

One was "That's a nice little job, that new Glittermaster." The other, more frequent, was "Did you see what that fellow did?"

Now I can join with animation in such discussions.

I could (if given half a chance) recite chunks from the Motor Traffic Handbook of N.S.W. and would be delighted to amplify it with comments on which rules differ from those in Queensland and a discussion of hand signals, approved and obsolete.

Friends are doing their best to discourage me from going so far as to buy a car. They have had about as much as they can stand.

OF all the advice I received (and I received plenty) my favorite came from an elderly man at a roadside store.

"Friend of mine, Bill, went to live in the city," he told me, "and I asked him, 'How do you get on in all that traffic after living out here?' He said, 'I'm all right, Alf. What I do is, I stick to my own side of the road and I follow the rules and I give me signals.'"

"I don't pay no attention to what anybody says, not if there's trumpets blowing—unless it's a policeman. Might annoy some of the other fellers, Alf, but I reckon if you do the same you won't go wrong."

THE spring fashion windows in Sydney usually burst into bloom when winter is at its bleakest pitch.

Last week, coinciding with a deluge, they made the brightest spot in the city.

Any woman under 90 can't fail to be entranced with this year's hats. They're the kind of hats that make you stop worrying about what your face will look like under them.

They're works of art in themselves.

If not game to wear one of the more extravagant platters piled with chiffon and roses, you could always take it home and put it under glass as a table decoration.

What I particularly like about the spring fashions is the way the dresses are called sheaths.

The sheath dress has been in vogue before, but this year the ads say with stark simplicity, "Hat—£6," "Sheath—£9/19/11."

I've hardly finished sheathing myself for winter yet, but the summer sheaths are much more beguiling. I'll have to see what can be spared for them on the food, sheathing, and shelter budget.

THE Campbelltown (N.S.W.) Chamber of Commerce has a smart idea in its proposal to build a monument to Fisher's Ghost.

They want a collection-box nearby for an ambulance.

Purists may object to a monument to a ghost on the score that solid materials, such as bronze or stone, are unsuited for the purpose.

This, however, is an age of plastics, and it should be possible to devise some illuminated plastic representation of Fisher, the murdered Campbelltown farmer whose ghost sat on a fence in 1826 and directed an onlooker to the scene of the crime.

Fluorescent lighting, which can do some pretty ghastly things to living complexions, would be ideal. Naturally, Fisher's Ghost would be a night attraction and would doubtless, in time, be surrounded by snack-bars and petrol stations.

Using it to raise money for an ambulance would be highly appropriate in a grisly sort of way.

LERPS are disrupting telephone services in north-eastern Victoria. A lerp, so a P.M.G. engineer said, is an ant-sized flying insect which spins a web to float on. Webs when moist affect telephone-line insulation, and the lines give only engaged signals.

*How lerps the lerp in lerpish glee
While driving mad the P.M.G.,
Spinning a web in his domains,
And leers to think how chaos reigns.
Subscribers, picking up their phones,
Give vent to rage in muffled moans.
They hear those cheerful endless chirps—
"Engaged!" they cry. "Herk! Herk! The lerps!"*



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Our £2000 Art Award

Last-minute rush to enter this year's Portrait Prize

Artists of 20 nationalities have submitted entries for The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize, 1956.

PAINTINGS came from all Australian States, from America, England, France, Belgium, Italy, Holland, Israel, China, Thailand, India, Germany, Greece, Turkey, South Africa, Ceylon, Canada, New Zealand, Morocco, and Fiji.

When entries closed on Saturday, July 28, a total of nearly 350 paintings had been entered for the Prize.

Practically every well-known painter in Australia has sent in an entry.

In Sydney, friends, sitters, and relatives helped many of the artists get their work to the National Art Gallery by the 3 p.m. deadline.

Judy Cassab, last year's winner of the prize for a woman painter, was helped by her young sons, Peter and John, to deliver her two entries.

However, both boys firmly rejected the idea of following in mother's footsteps.

"I prefer to play soldiers," and "I collect stamps," they announced almost simultaneously.

Sydney artist Newton Hedstrom received eager help from his young daughter, Catherine, who sat with her mother for Hedstrom's entry.

Another Sydney artist, Joshua Smith, helped Mrs. Vaïke Liibus to get her two entries to the Gallery.

Mrs. Liibus strapped one enormous canvas on to the back of her car and propped another on the back seat.

Throughout the final day, interstate airline companies, suburban carriers, and taxi trucks pulled up in rapid succession outside the Gallery.

Inside the Gallery, which was the bond used for overseas paintings, a Customs officer worked throughout the final week clearing paintings from abroad.

Closing day

CLOSING day at the Gallery was the scene of many meetings between artists.

"I haven't been round to see you for a few weeks," said artist Charles Douthey, of Sydney, to Michael Kmit, when he brought in his canvas. "I knew you'd be working flat out to get your entry finished."

Other artists, who had arranged for a friend's paintings to be delivered, called in later in the day to inquire anxiously if the portraits had arrived and been booked in.

Friends of artist William Dobell were upset when they heard that owing to the illness of his sister Dobell had been unable to complete his intended entry in time.

There were a few last-minute decisions by artists as to whether they should enter their work.

They brought in canvases and propped them against the

wall to take a last look and make a final decision as to whether the painting was "good enough" to put in.

One young New Australian brought in three canvases and spent about an hour making up his mind about which two to submit.

Finally, he made his choice, but left the Gallery still looking rather unhappy.

The day before entries closed, Sydney artists Frank Hodgkinson and Elaine Haxton submitted entries within minutes of each other. The title for both paintings was the same—"Kate."

Kate, Frank Hodgkinson's young daughter, is quite blasé about art. She has frequently sat for portraits for both her father and Elaine.

To save wasted time and effort, The Australian Women's Weekly arranged for a Justice of the Peace to be present on closing day for artists who had forgotten to fill in the necessary statutory declaration attached to their entries.

As each painting arrived at the Gallery, it was stacked in growing piles against the wall.

Every canvas will be inspected by the judges—the directors of the National Art Galleries in Australia.

The prizes for 1956 are the same as last year.

The sum of £1500 will be awarded for the best portrait of a woman, or of a woman with a baby or child up to 10



years, or of a child under 14 years. The remaining £500 will be awarded for the best portrait by a woman artist.

If the winning portrait is painted by a woman, she will receive the total prizemoney, i.e., £2000.

The judges will also decide which of the paintings are to be hung for the travelling exhibition.

We regret that owing to lack of space and transport difficulties, it will again be impossible to hang all of the entries.

After the judges' decision is announced, selected entries will be hung in the National Art Gallery of N.S.W. in Sydney from August 16 to September 16.

They will then be exhibited in Canberra and other Australian capital cities.

MR. W. MEIKLE, attendant at the National Art Gallery in Sydney, examines the stamps on one of the Chinese entries. Several entries came from China, and one from Thailand.



JUDY CASSAB, winner of last year's Prize for a woman painter, got some help from sons Peter (8), foreground, and John (10), when she set out to deliver her entries.

● The Australian Women's Weekly Portrait Prize Exhibition will be officially opened by Sir Thomas White, former Australian High Commissioner in London, at the National Art Gallery of New South Wales in Sydney on Thursday, August 16. The name of the winning painter, or painters, will be announced in next week's issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.



ARTIST Charles Douthey, of Sydney, assisted by a carrier, delivers his entry. Douthey didn't enter last year.



RIGHT. Packer Mr. R. Valentine stacks entries in this year's Prize in a Gallery court ready for judges' inspection.



SYDNEY artist Michael Kmit checks in his entry at the National Art Gallery. Nearly all the well-known Australian artists have entered this year. Entries came from all States, and many overseas countries.

GET MORE FUN OUT OF TRAVEL

With a **MAC.ROBERTSON** favourite, the happiest travelling companion of all.

The advertisement is set against a background of a world map. Various travel-related items are illustrated: a propeller airplane in the top left, a red double-decker bus in the top right, a blue convertible car in the middle left, a steam locomotive pulling a train in the bottom right, and a blue sedan in the bottom left. Several MacRobertson's product packages are prominently displayed: a large yellow box of 'MILK CHOCOLATE' (top left), a roll of 'NIBLETS' (top right), a box of 'HAZEL NUT MILK CHOCOLATE' (middle right), a box of 'OLD GOLD CHERRY RIPE' (bottom center), and a small box of 'CHERRY RIPE' (bottom left).

Here's a handy way to carry milk chocolate—Mac. Robertson's 'NIBLETS'. 12 chunky pieces in a roll pack for 1/-.

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Retail prices may be slightly higher in certain distant country areas.

FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

Marriage is a serious business and is generally entered into as a lifetime contract. Be very sure of your feelings before you decide to take this important step.

MY mail shows a definite trend among Australia's youth to an early consideration of marriage.

Here is a letter from three girls of 17, first out of the mailbag this week.

"WE are three girls, each aged 17, who are very friendly with three lads, two of whom are 18 years of age and the other 19. Two of these boys feel that they would like to become engaged at the end of this year. We feel, however, that we are too young, even though we have never felt the same towards any other boys. The other boy is just the opposite. He (one of the 18-year-olds) is very shy, and at times seems quite diffident, even though he never goes out with any other girls. His girl feels she would like him to become more interested. Your help in this problem would be most valuable."

"A.M.H., Adelaide.

Which problem? Problem "A" seems to be the two ardent boys who want to become engaged. I think they're mad and the girls concerned are sensible. Problem "B" is exactly reversed and the 17-year-old girl in that is silly. Getting engaged is quite a serious business, which generally leads to marriage. It is not something you decide on just because it seems a good idea at the moment. And at your ages you simply don't know your own mind. You can dispute this flat statement, it is certainly one which is open for argument, but it is what I think. At your age you haven't had the time to accumulate the wisdom or experience necessary to make such important decisions. Why don't you all continue to go out and enjoy yourselves and think of one another as boys and girls having a good time, not as prospective husbands and wives. There's plenty of time for that. You



A word from Debbie . . .

- Being courted with corsages? To keep camellias and gardenias from going brown before the night is out, sprinkle the centres lightly with salt.
- Sheath your paws in mitts of fur fabric made like a polishing mitt, with one compartment for the thumb and a big one for your other four fingers. Tie them round your wrists with velvet bows.
- Try laundering your velveteen slacks and skirts. Make a big tub full of tepid suds (none of this bathroom-basin stunt), hold the garment by the waist and dunk it up and down, up and down, until all the dirt is gone. Don't rub velveteen or you'll mark the nap. Drop the garment out of the suds into another tub full of cold water, dunk up and down, and carry it out to the line dripping. Don't wring it out or it will look creased and awful.

know, of course, that none of you can marry without your parents' consent until you are 21.

WE have had a number of inquiries about the possibility of having an operation in Australia to re-shape an odd-shaped nose. We are publishing this letter as it gives further information to the inquirers.

"I HAVE just read a young lad's plea about his nose ('Worried,' The Australian Women's Weekly, 4/7/56) and I am writing this letter to him and to the others who may have similar worries. I suffered the same heartache myself all through my teens and until this year. This year in Sydney I have had two operations on my nose, which was broken, twisted, and had a large hump. The first operation was to give me a proper airway, as I was unable to breathe correctly; the second was a plastic reconstruction of my nose. The operations were a complete success and, I feel sure, couldn't have been performed with any more skill in America or England. Unless one has an odd nose you

cannot possibly realise the mental torture that is suffered and the complexes it creates. My operation was in March this year and already I feel a different person and so very much happier and grateful that I vowed wherever possible I would lend a helping hand. I hope my story will be of help."

"M," Sydney.

"A BOY has been passing me in his car every morning for the past 12 months, and although he smiles and waves he never stops. He looks to be a very nice type of boy (not a wolf) and I would like to know more about him than just the number of his car. Can you give me any ideas as to how I can manage to meet him?"

"Eff," Earlwood, N.S.W.

What fascinates me about your letter is how you know he is not a wolf when he just drives past you in his car. You should let us all in on your secret. Wise girls don't get picked up by men in cars. I bet your mother and father have told you this until you are sick of hearing it. But it's true.

***** DISC DIGEST *****

ALTHOUGH far less spectacular than "Scheherazade," the ballet of "Thamar" has always had a place in my memory since it was performed in Australia by Leon Woizikovski's company before the war. It told the story of a sadistic queen who lured men travellers to her castle, high above a gorge in Georgia, and after they had succumbed to her charms they were hurled headlong into the chasm below. The Georgia in question, I might add, is in southern Russia, not the good old U.S.A.

Now, for the first time since the ballet was presented, the complete score of Balakirev's symphonic poem is available on LXTA.2966. The music is

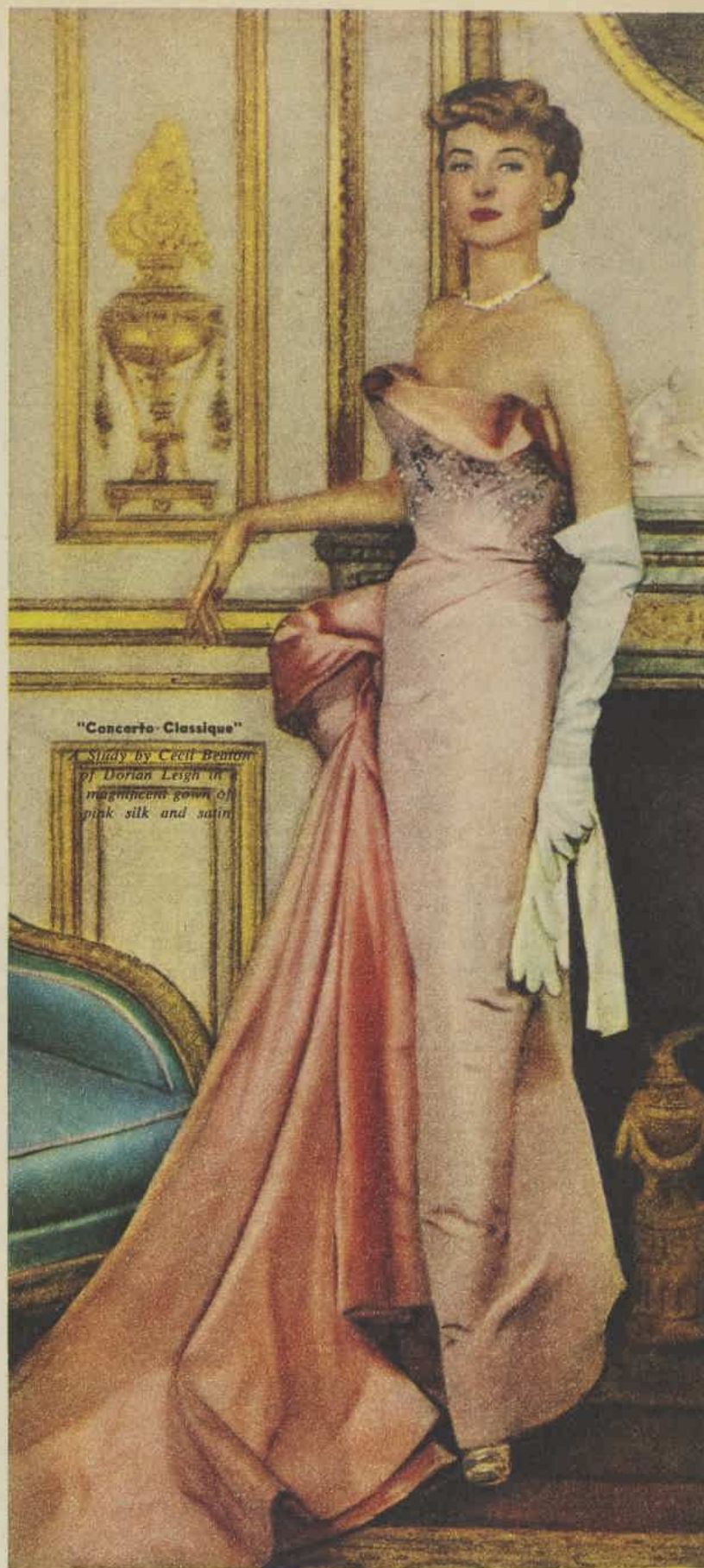
based on original Caucasian dances and folk songs, and it is a sheer delight to anyone who enjoys exotic, Oriental-styled melodies. No less an authority than the late Constant Lambert once said that it "is a more closely knit and convincing piece of construction than any of Brahms' symphonies." You will detect traces of Rimsky-Korsakov and Borodin (they were his melodies you heard in "Kismet"), but this is understandable since Balakirev worked in close conjunction with those composers.

This magical LP performance is by the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, under its famous Ernest Ansermet, who is without doubt the leading ballet-music authority in the

world today, partly as a result of the years he spent as conductor for the Diaghilev Ballet.

The reverse side of the disc is devoted to the orchestral music of Liadov, another of the distinguished Russian composers who surrounded Rimsky-Korsakov. It contains two of his symphonic poems, "Baba-Yaga" and "Kikimora," both inspired by his national folk literature, and orchestral translations of "Eight Russian Popular Songs." If you relish rich orchestrations and luscious sounds you'll find it very hard to resist adding this colorful record to your collection.

—BERNARD FLETCHER.



"Concerto-Classique"

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SYDNEY GIRL MARRIED IN LONDON. Geoffrey Ellert and his bride leaving St. Columba's, London. Bride was formerly Caroline Levy, only daughter of Mr. Douglas Levy, of Point Piper, and Mrs. John Fullard, of Potts Point.



PARIS WEDDING. Kevin Gardner and his bride after their wedding at the Notre Dame de Consolation Church in Paris. Bride was Trixie McGirr, daughter of Mrs. Rachel McGirr, of North Sydney, and the late Mr. Greg McGirr. Kevin is the son of Mr. and Mrs. George Gardner, of Bondi.



ATTRACTIVE Jocelyn Fahey with Sergeant Harry Widmer at the Australian Intelligence Corps Ball, which was held at Victoria Barracks.



INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT. Inge Hess, elder daughter of the West German Ambassador to Australia, Dr. Walther Hess, and Mrs. Hess, is engaged to Christopher de Vere Loder, eldest son of Lord and Lady Wakehurst. Lord Wakehurst was Governor of New South Wales from 1937 to 1945 and is now Governor of Northern Ireland. Inge and Christopher will marry in Belfast in October, and the reception will be held at Government House, Belfast.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

ROSEMARIE COPLAND, younger daughter of the High Commissioner for Australia in Canada, Sir Douglas Copland, and Lady Copland, will be married in London on September 1.

Rosemarie will marry Canadian Robert MacNeil, who is the eldest son of Superintendent R. A. S. MacNeil, of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. The young couple will live in London.

After attending the wedding Sir Douglas and his wife will leave for Australia on board Iberia.

And then Sir Douglas will take up his appointment as principal of the new Business Administrative Staff College at Mt. Eliza, Victoria.

Rosemarie's sister, Mrs. Donald Tier, of "Darjeeling," Mt. Macedon, Victoria, will not be in London for the wedding, but with Major Tier and their four children, Mark, Anne, Bruce, and Garth, she will arrive in England just before Christmas.

A DATE for your diary . . . August 15, for the "Preview of Spring Fashion" at the Trocadero in aid of Women's Hospital, Crown Street.

NEWLYWEDS . . . Vivienne and Edgar Wearne, who were married at St. Clement's, Mosman, are honeymooning on the South Coast and will then make their home at Wollongong. Vivienne is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Morgan, of Moree. Yvon and Alan Keir are busy renovating their house on Alan's property, "Maseking," Forbes. Yvon is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Colin Herbert, of "Rosedale," Inverell.

SPANISH lessons from a university student in Madrid enabled Jan Bore to travel through Spain and Portugal without any language problems. In a recent letter to her family at Rose Bay, Jan says that after about six weeks she was able to carry on a comparatively fluent conversation. Jan and an American lass travelled by car through Spain and now hope to visit Italy.

ELEGANT dresses at the Hat Parade in aid of the Royal Blind Society at Princes . . . Mrs. John Broinowski's short dress of beige lace mounted on cream silk has a scalloped hem and a gathered frill across the strapless bodice . . . Mrs. Hector Clayton's full-length black lace dress has an Empire-line strapless bodice.

SISTERS Brigid and Marea Tancred, of Drummoyne, are busy packing for their trip to New Zealand during the University vacation. They plan to spend about a fortnight in New Zealand and will fit in a visit to Judy Laurensen, of Wellington, who visited Sydney last year.

THEY'RE engaged . . . Prue Weaver, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Weaver, of "Sharrow," Forbes, to David Stitt, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Stitt, of "Cumbijowa," Forbes. Prue and David plan to marry in Forbes at the end of the year.



TO WED IN SEPTEMBER. Miriam Rostein and American "Chuck" Henry have announced engagement and will marry on September 20. Miriam, who is the only daughter of Mrs. S. Collins, of Toorak, and the late Mr. S. Rostein, will be attended by Diana Horn and Carol Isaacs.



AT GALA DINNER AND HAT PARADE. Left: Mr. and Mrs. Roy McCaughey, of "Coonong," Narrandera, at the hat parade and dinner held at Princes in aid of Royal Blind Society. Right: Mrs. Rex Money with her daughter Angela (left). Mrs. Money was one of the eight committee members who modelled hats at the gala dinner.

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furniture stay comfortable
and last for years longer!**



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**NO-SAG
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Hendersons Federal Spring Works Ltd.
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This is eventually what happens to coil springs, webbing and twine ties in conventional springing. The chair breaks down, not because of coil springs—but because of the perishable webbing and ties used to support them. NO-SAG Springs are entirely self-supporting.

NO-SAG Springs introduced to Australia by the manufacturers of the famous Henderson Spring Interior Mattress.



A NO-SAG Spring is a specially treated strand of high carbon spring wire, formed in an "in-and-out" pattern and tempered to a perfect circle. For fixing to the furniture, the spring is simply uncoiled and anchored at the ends by specially designed clips, which are fixed direct to the seat and back frame. It's a new, simple, neat spring system and much more efficient than conventional coil springing . . . no twine ties to break . . . no webbing to stretch and perish . . . no tacks to rust and drop out. NO-SAG does not rely on the support of these perishable materials, which are usually the major cause of furniture breakdown.



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Leading cinemas and theatres are equipped with NO-SAG seats



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Worth Reporting

STAFF reporter Helen Frizell, who adventured in the wake of the Ampol Trial, hitch-hiked her last 600 miles to Alice Springs with Bill Lee, of Parramatta, N.S.W., and his brother-in-law, John Thurston, of Westmead, N.S.W.

"All along the way," said Helen, "we kept meeting three girls whom we met first as far back as Port Augusta. They were on a seven weeks' camping holiday and had taken their small car to Alice Springs for the premiere of 'A Town Like Alice.'"

The girls were Edith Graf, from Zurich, Switzerland, Ann Holder, from England, and Ruth Guest, of Alexandra, Victoria.

"There was no back seat in Bill Lee's car," said Helen, "but I made myself comfortable, first by sitting on top of the spare wheel, later by pushing my sleeping-bag, plus small overnight bag, into the semblance of a chair."

"We came into the opal township of Coober Pedy soon after midnight. All the buildings there are below ground except for two stores, exactly opposite each other."

"Mrs. John Brewster, whose husband runs one store and is in charge of the water supply, gave us a cup of tea. The Brewsters have been in Coober Pedy seven years."

From the many aborigines in the area Mr. Brewster has found a cure for a sore foot. Mrs. Brewster told Helen that melted-down goanna kidney fat applied to Mr. Brewster's foot healed it magically.

She pays the natives 10/- for each goanna used.

Helen said:

"One day we saw an aboriginal named Jackady on horseback, taking a herd of sheep and goats to a property. The goats in the area stand with their hind legs either side of the mulga trees, and rear up to eat the leaves. They look like the rampant part of a coat-of-arms."

* * *

A PAIR of shoes with a wardrobe of heels is intriguing.

A Paris shoe designer sells black suede and red suede shoes which come in packages with matching heels, plus two auxiliary pairs of heels.

The heels slide on and off, and the extra heels can have a harlequin pattern, be covered with gold kid or dotted with rhinestones and polka dots.



"One thing I'll say for our teacher, she's very fair . . . she's mean to everybody."

Premiere of "Voyagers"

MOUSSORGSKY'S "Pictures at an Exhibition" is the music of the ballet "Voyagers," to be premiered by the Sydney Dance-Drama Group at the Conservatorium on August 11.

The programme will also feature "First Anniversary" and two parts of Margaret Barr's Australian Suite — "Flood" and "Bushfire."

Talented Miss Barr has been director of the group for three years.

The thirteen members of the group practise together two nights each week. They include Olive Butcher, who is dancing the leading role in "Voyagers," composer Arnold Butcher, her brother, and his wife, Loretta Boutmy.

Dinner a la chat

FOR all members of the cat world—animal, that is—comes good news from Paris, where artistic concern has touched upon the subtle vagaries of a cat's diet.

Three organisations — the Cat Club, Le Club des Amis des Chats, and Le Cercle Félin de Paris—have formed the enterprising project of devising cat menus for the week so kitty won't crawl into a corner and become maladjusted because her diet is unsuitable.

The menus are patronised by notables in all fields, including, for instance, poet and playwright Jean Cocteau, and the clubs are always happy to give advice on cat likes and dislikes, irrespective of creed, breed, or color.

Sample Menu for Thursday: Breakfast—three tablespoons of boiled milk; lunch—three and a half ounces of beef heart with chopped vegetables; dinner—two 4/5 ounces of calves' liver with rice; and supper before bed—three tablespoons of boiled milk.

No slumming for this dumb chum!

Tea and talk at conference

FIFTEEN delegates from the hard-working Women's Auxiliary of the Wheat and Wool Growers' Association of N.S.W. met in Sydney recently for their annual conference.

Discussion ranged from cancer research, freight increase, probate duties, pulsators in washing machines — right through to the quality of nylon stockings.

In between all this were reports of last year's activities and the general election of officers.

"Among our projects for the coming year," said Mrs. C. Wells, State secretary of the Auxiliary, and a member of Temora branch, "are support for institutions dealing with chronic illnesses, local hospitals, the Far West Home, deaf, dumb and blind institutions, and emergency housekeepers for country women when ill."

* * *

AN East German woman can get a divorce if her husband prevents her from taking a job or participating in public life.

Under the new family laws, such husbands would be guilty of grossly violating women's equal rights—a major ground for divorce.

WHERE TO HEAR DR. MACE

August 9: 1 p.m., Youth Lecture for young people between 16 and 25 only, "Sex, Love, and Marriage," at St. James' Hall, Phillip St., Sydney (tickets at door, 2/-); 2 p.m., Women's Lecture by Mrs. Mace, "Women and Marriage," at Gordon Methodist Church; 8 p.m., Public Lecture at the Assembly Hall, 44 Margaret St., Sydney, "Marriage in the Modern World" (tickets at door, 5/-).

August 10: 1.30 p.m., 2CH, Mrs. Mace, Talk.

August 12: 2UE, 10.15 a.m., Talk, "What is a Christian Home?"

August 14: 2 p.m., Women's Lecture by Mrs. Mace at St. Michael's Hall, Wollongong, "Happiness is Home-made"; 8 p.m., Public Lecture at Civic Theatre, Wollongong, Dr. Mace: "The Eternal Triangle — Husband, Wife, and Child."

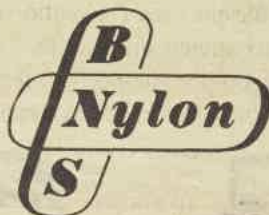
August 15: 8 p.m., Public Lecture at the Assembly Hall, 44 Margaret St., Sydney, "Marriage as a Sex Relationship." Tickets, 5/-, at door.

hims . . . ancient and modern

It's unfair to family portraits for grandpa to hang there admiring all these wondrous things of nylon. Where are the servants . . . the laundry bills . . . the frayed edges . . . the darning? Grandpa, that was yesterday!

To-day it's a nylon world, the new era of long wear and easy-care. Socks, underwear and shirts washed and dry over night, never needing an iron, never shrinking. Versatile nylon can be warm in winter, cool in summer. Nylon is a first-class traveller, a lasting friend.

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IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



Irish elegance triumphs

Sybil Connolly shows her new collection

By ANNE MATHESON, of our London staff

It was Friday the 13th and fashion writers and buyers kept their fingers crossed as they flew into Dublin for the opening of the winter collection of famous Irish designer Sybil Connolly.

SUPERSTITIOUS and firm-minded alike clutched lucky charms, ranging from rabbits' paws to St. Christopher medals. Designer Sybil Connolly herself was not taking any chances. She pinned a four-leaf clover to her lapel.

In the soft air of Dublin and the even softer voices of the Irish there was just a hint of anxiety. Friday the 13th, they argued, might bewitch and bedevil the collection of Sybil Connolly, whose clothes for the past six years have set the world talking.

They need not have worried. Miss Connolly did it again. And her collection deserves all the superlatives—brilliant, beautiful, magnificent.

Once again we saw the fascinating, crunchily-pleated linens, the Irish hand crochet slotted with ribbons, the Connemara shawl, which this year found special favor.

And the look Sybil Connolly launched was the "Cossack." This line is a completely different look from last season. After many seasons of "easy-fit" suits, this frank acknowledgment of the woman's figure and the peplum look of the tunic jacket puts the waistline into a new perspective.

It is in evening wear that all the subtlety of Sybil Connolly's design is seen. Here all the materials are traditional, but used in such a way that Sybil's talents give them new life.

Before Sybil Connolly be-

came well known, Irish crochet—both lace and insertion—was to most people just a relic of a past age.

And when she first introduced it in her series of little black ribbon-strung dresses, she employed three workers. She now has 54. They are housewives, working at home around peat fires in the long winter evenings.

Although Miss Connolly uses the traditional patterns of lace, she reshapes them in her workroom into something quite different.

One frock, a sheath in rose-pink, is constructed (quite literally) of 1000 Irish lace rosettes, each mounted by hand on satin ribbon, row upon row. This was shown with a pleated Irish line coat in a smoky mauve-grey, which is known as orchid-grey and is the new color.

This finely pleated linen, which can be used horizontally, vertically, or diagonally, is the specialty at Sybil Connolly's fashion house, and how it is done is her secret.

No one yet has guessed its construction; how it can be moulded to figure-hugging flattery without one apparent stitch.

I was also told by those fortunate enough to possess one of these pleated linen frocks that they pack without crushing and wear like tempered steel.

Colors at Sybil Connolly's: mostly black and white, with pink and red as close runners-up for evening wear.

Hats were the draped fez, the swathed turban, and enormous berets looking almost like Victorian bathing-caps.



VICTORIA (above) is one of the loveliest ball gowns in the designer's new collection. Its apron-front shows a lavish use of white Irish hand crochet, and it is mounted on a side sweep of black satin, caught with a swag of roses.

NATASHA (below), the evening version of the tunic line, has large tucks in the slim skirt, and the stiff peplum is sashed with a wide swathe of sharp yellow silk. This new line also invades the cocktail hour.



PAVLOVA, in finely pleated white Irish linen, is trimmed with Irish hand crochet slotted with blue ribbons. This fine pleating is Sybil Connolly's specialty, and her secret. Seven yards of linen pleat up into one yard.

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CAVIARE (above) is the name of this black hand-woven shaggy tweed, the most exciting coat in Sybil Connolly's new collection. Many of her coats are the clutch or wrap type, with fullness falling from the shoulders.

VODKA (below) is Sybil Connolly's version of the Cossack look, in hand-woven tweed with softly sloping shoulders, tightly belted waist, and scarf-collar in black satin tied casually. A white satin draped fez is worn with the suit.



WHAT THIS CREST GIRL IN 'FRISCO HAS,
YOU CAN HAVE TOO . . .



A new kind of sheen and softness with a CREST wave



3 PAN AMERICAN WORLD AIRWAYS INC.
and this time everything just
perfect with us. Bill met me at
the airport. Saturday we drove
for miles—found a fascinating
little eating place in Chinatown—
Lanterns, chopsticks,
Oriental music 'n all. Wonderful
for romance.
Could be the new hairdo
did the trick! You were a dear
to tell me about Crest. Makes
my hair behave beautifully—
a lot much shinier. Must tell

CONTAINS SPECIAL CONDITIONER
FOR LUSTROUS CURLS

Hello there! Like to try this very
newest hair-do from the States? As the
pretty girl in 'Frisco, you start with a
Crest wave—the easiest of all perms
to manage and set. Only 15 minutes
waving time—and your waves ripple
into place, smooth and deep. Your
curls lie soft as silk, shimmering in the
moonlight, because the special con-
ditioner in Crest enriches your hair
while it waves. Get that "world on a
string" feeling from a shining top-
knot—with a Crest wave.

A CURL OR TWO?

You only want a few curls? Hair ends
need "prettying up"? Then Crest's
Junior Kit is for you! So handy, so
quick and costs only 9/-

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CANDY HARDY FROCK SERVICE

● Here is the smartest tennis dress ever—and it combines
comfort, "new look" designing, and practicability. It can be
bought ready to wear or cut out ready to sew.



BRONWYN. You can
buy this dress ready
to wear, or cut out
ready to sew.

WE called this tennis
dress "Bronwyn," and
designed it for those time-
off-to-play-hours. It's a
natural for active sport.

The dress is a front
buttoned one-piece, short-
skirted, beltless, and bow-
trimmed.

The bodice is sleeveless
and the waistline has the
new easy-fitted look.

The tailored American-
style shirt-collar can be
worn up, or lying flat as
shown in the illustration
above.

Like all this season's
best-looking fashions, it
aims for a maximum of
silhouette—is as neat as a
pin, and there isn't a thing
to detract from the clean,
uncluttered look.

Unlike Gorgeous
Gussie's frills of a few
seasons back, the current
tennis designs are marked
by an absence of ruffles

and frills. They are all
quite simple and concen-
trate on chic.

The dress can be bought
in sanforised white poplin,
and in a fine white pique.
Both materials are won-
derfully easy to launder,
and have excellent wear-
ing value.

"Bronwyn" is obtain-
able ready to wear, and
cut out ready to make.

READY TO WEAR:
Sizes 32 and 34in. bust
47/3, 36 and 38 in. bust
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tration 2/9 extra.

CUT OUT ONLY: Sizes
32 and 34in. bust 27/3,
36 and 38in. bust 29/9.
Postage and registration
2/9 extra.

Here are some general
fashion pointers on how to
look smart and at ease on
a tennis court.

● Hair neat; if unruly

controlled with a hair-
band.

● Shoulder-straps out of
sight.

● Make-up fresh, clear,
and natural looking.

● Don't wear jewellery—
costume or otherwise.

● Shoes and socks im-
maculate.

● Avoid trimming.

● All fasteners sewn on
securely.

HOW TO ORDER

● Address orders to
Candy Hardy Frock
Service, Box 4060,
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manian and New
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 15, 1956

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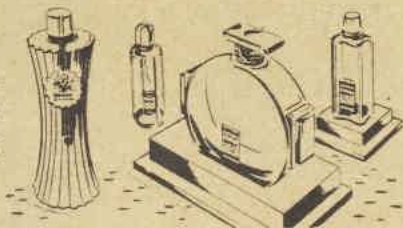


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Creations of Richard Hudnut

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DRESS SENSE *By Betty Keep*

● Check gingham will again enter the high-fashion bracket for summer. It can be formal or informal.

THE fashion flash above answers a young reader's query. Here is her letter and my reply:

"I HAVE five yards of mauve-and-white check french gingham I would like to make up for my engagement party if you think it correct. It is really only a tea-party, and as I am not quite 18 I want a very simple design. I take a 34in. bust size. Could I please have a paper pattern for the style you suggest?"

The dress I have chosen in answer to your letter is illustrated at right. I think it is simple and pretty—I hope you will think so, too. The bodice has little sleeves and white insets, and the natural waist-line is marked by a narrow, black patent-leather belt. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design. See lines under sketch for further details and how to order.

"I HOPE to go to Melbourne for two weeks in September. Would it be necessary to take warm clothes?"

The weather in Melbourne during September can be extremely cold. I think it essential to include a winter coat and suit in your luggage.

"DO you think a woman with a rather stout figure could wear one of the new heavily trimmed hats?"

Yes, but not one of the ultra types. I think many of the new hats are attractive enough to draw attention to the head and face and away from the figure. Why not experiment with different sizes and brim shapes before a full-length mirror and see which type really does the most for you?

"I HAVE some pastel-pink brocade I would like to make as a short evening frock. Would you suggest a style? I am medium height and very slim."

My suggestion for your brocade is an Empire-line



DS202.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material, 4yd. 36in. contrast, and 6yds. white edging. Price 3/9. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

dress finished with a square-cut sleeveless bodice caught under the bosom with rose-pink velvet ribbon with long streamer ends. From under the bosom the silhouette could flow gently to the hemline in a "bell shape."

"MY husband and I have been asked to a large formal wedding taking place at 4 p.m. and we are puzzled about the right clothes to wear."

You will be correctly dressed in an afternoon frock and hat, and, of course, gloves. As the wedding is large and

formal, the dress could be quite elaborate, either lace or chiffon, or perhaps tulle. Strictly speaking, your husband should wear a morning suit, black worsted cutaway coat, grey striped trousers, and a grey wool double-breasted waistcoat.

However, dressing has become less formal in recent years, and it is now accepted as being correct for a wedding guest, even when the men in the bridal party wear morning suits, to wear a single-breasted dark lounge suit.

Beauty in brief:

SHOW A PRETTY LEG

By CAROLYN EARLE

● Exercise is a splendid aid to pretty legs and ankles, and will improve average legs as well as those that are too heavy or too thin.

LEG exercises fall into two broad groups—those done on the toes to contract the leg muscles and those done on the heels to stretch the muscles.

Thickness, which is perhaps the most obvious imperfection in feminine legs, can be reduced. One exercise is to stand with your toes on a telephone book, with heels pointed towards the floor. Keep the legs straight and increase the downward push of the heels.

Or stand on the book with one foot and bend the other knee, keeping the heels on the floor.

Thin legs require different exercises to develop them. Deep knee-bend

movements are especially good. The young and agile should try these movements to make the limbs more shapely: Take a position with one hand resting on a chair for support. Stand on the left leg, right leg extended straight out in front of the body. Then slowly lower the body as close to the floor as possible, going into a steep knee-bend on the left leg with the right leg straight out in front.

Or, using a stool or the side of a door for support, stand straight on a step, rise on the toes, and slowly lower the heels as far as possible below the step. Repeat as often as you are able, alternating the legs.

Someone didn't **INSIST ON "SELLOTAPE"**



Such indignity. Before she left home Mrs. Jackson wrapped dad's shoes to take them to the repair shop — but she made one mistake. The sticky tape she used wasn't the genuine, one and only "Sellotape" brand — so the parcel came unstuck. After this she'll be careful what sticky tape she buys. It pays to insist on "Sellotape" — that's the one you can *always* rely on.

"Sellotape" is the consistent brand REGD. TRADE MARK of sticky tape — it always stays stuck

Here's why you can always depend on "Sellotape" brand



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For the factory, shop or office: "Sellotape" comes in factory-sealed tins containing 72 or 36 yard rolls to fit standard size dispensers.

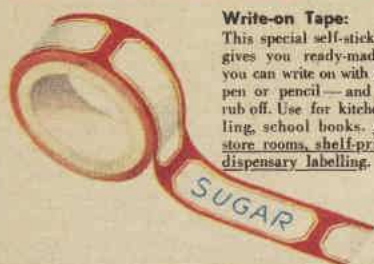


For the home: "Sellotape" costs only 9d. for a 3 yard roll — 1/9 for 8 1/2 yards. A thousand uses round the house. Look for "Sellotape" in these gay, new displays.

OTHER TYPES OF "SELLOTAPE" BRAND TAPES



Masking Tape:
Sturdy, waterproof crepe paper sticks at a touch, peels off easily. Protects surfaces against paint splashes. Home use 10 yard rolls, 3/4" wide, 4/6 ... 60 yard rolls for trade use, all widths.



Write-on Tape:
This special self-sticking tape gives you ready-made labels you can write on with ordinary pen or pencil — and it won't rub off. Use for kitchen labelling, school books. Also for store rooms, shelf-prices and dispensary labelling.

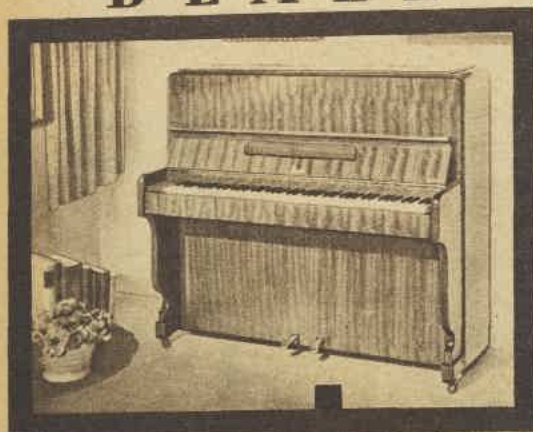


Cloth Tape:
New — self-sticking cloth tape. 6 different colours. Binds books, racquet handles, steering wheels, bike handles. 5 yard rolls, 3/4" wide, 1/9 ... 50 yard rolls for trade use, all widths.



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Dr. MACE'S MAILBAG

Dr. David Mace, world-famous marriage counsellor, is answering The Australian Women's Weekly readers' problems of love and marriage during his lecture tour of the Commonwealth.

IF you have a problem, large or small, write to Dr. Mace, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

You may use pen-names and disguised addresses for publication if you wish, but no letter will be considered unless full names and addresses are given confidentially as a guarantee of good faith.

Here is the first of Dr. Mace's counselling:

MRS. P.D. writes: "My husband and I have been married for 13 years and have five children. We are just very average working-class people. Spiritually and emotionally, we are contented. I am constantly reminded in books and articles that sexual compatibility is an essential to successful marriage. Yet never at any time during my marriage have I felt any physical satisfaction. I have always, however, experienced great emotional contentment. We are deeply in love—more so as each year passes. We do not quarrel—neither of us is able to fight verbally. We just get miserable when things go wrong. But it doesn't last long and is always forgotten after intimacy. I think my husband sometimes feels that the fault is his, and he worries about it. I assure him that I am happy with things as they are. Am I living in a fool's paradise? I am led by what I read to believe that one day our marriage may collapse. This frightens me. Are my fears justified or are they silly?"

Dr. Mace says:

The new knowledge we are gaining about sex and marriage can be a great help to people, and it is good that it is being made available in books and magazine articles.

However, we must remember that generalised facts can't fit all individual cases. People often tell me that the book always leaves off just at the point at which they are beginning to feel it is going to deal with their problem.

This is inevitable. Books are only partially helpful in the solution of marriage difficulties.

We counsellors know that women's responses to the physical side of marriage vary greatly. For many, the experience of climax is essential if they are not to feel miserable and frustrated. To others, this matters much less, and to some not at all.

It is a mistake to try to measure success in marriage by mechanical standards. To me, there is only one way of evaluating the sex relationship in marriage. It should

enable the couple to find satisfaction of their needs in and through each other, and to renew and increase their feelings of love and tenderness towards each other.

If those ends are achieved, the means don't matter. They are the private affair of the individual couple and nobody else's business. I would judge that this is true for Mrs. P.D. and her husband. She speaks of "emotional contentment." This exactly describes what marital intimacy should bring.

She also indicates that when she and her husband are estranged their physical communion reunites them in spirit. These are the acid tests. If her husband is equally fulfilled I would advise this young couple to give thanks for the warmth and tenderness of their love, and throw the books out of the window.

MRS. W.R. writes: "My husband and I have been married for five years, and have one child. My husband is now 24. At his work he met a woman who seemed to be interested in him. We treated it at first as a joke, but when I discovered that my husband was going out with this woman I had to take it more seriously. Not long afterwards he left me and my baby, and he and the other woman went away together. For some time now I have not heard from him, except for some money he sent. He did not give me his address at that time. In a recent letter he has disclosed where he is living, but asks

Help for love and marriage

me not to tell anyone else. Is there any way in which I can get him to come back? I can't stop loving him, as everybody says I should, just because he has done wrong. All my friends have turned against my husband."

Dr. Mace says:

From the outsider's point of view, Mrs. W.R.'s husband is just a cad who has let his wife down. If she felt the same way, that would probably be the end of the matter. But, in spite of everything, she wants him back. She sees worth in him, despite his behaviour, where no one else is prepared to do so.

It seems to me that a young man who can leave his wife and child and go off with a woman old enough to be his mother, and with whom he is infatuated, is in an emotionally unbalanced condition. The compulsion has been great enough to cut him off from all his former friends and associates. A man does not thus "lose caste" and throw away his good name unless



DR. MACE and his wife, Vera, herself a marriage counsellor, take off from New Zealand. A tour of the Dominion preceded the Maces' Australian lecture tour, which is jointly sponsored by The Australian Women's Weekly and the National Marriage Guidance Council of Australia.

there is something the matter with him.

The crucial question is, what did this older woman have to give that he had not found in his marriage? A man sometimes seeks a mother-substitute rather than a mate. Or he may turn to an older woman because she is more experienced and compensates for his feelings of insecurity by giving him support.

Sometimes men marry much older women than themselves for reasons of this kind. In my experience, unless there is also considerable temperamental compatibility between the couple, this kind of association is unstable and does not last.

The husband may then be ready to come back to Mrs. W.R. It is just possible that

and acrimonious. My husband is a good man—doesn't smoke, drink, swear, or spend money unwisely. He is a devoted father to our four children and is liked by folk in general. Our chief trouble is our lack of mutual interests. My husband is a farmer and we live in the country some distance from the nearest town. He is intensely interested in local people, and is always asking crowds of them into our home. I prefer a quiet life on our own. I like to read and listen to good music. I believe in entertaining, within reason. But with four young children and heavy housework without help and my share of the farm work and responsibility for the garden, I can't call my soul my own. When I say I want a little privacy, my husband calls me a snob. I have my faults, but continual criticism makes me in-

Dr. Mace says:

The trouble here is a complete breakdown of emotional communication between husband and wife. The giving of ground on each side could lead to a satisfactory mutual adjustment. The husband, realising his wife's need for seclusion and privacy, could modify his ideas about large-scale entertaining. She, thus encouraged, could do what she can to meet her husband's need for company. Adjustments of this kind have to be made in almost every marriage.

But this is a serious state of affairs. It can be the beginning of the end—whether the end is divorce or merely long years of dreary stalemate. I think an all-out effort to arrive at a realistic understanding is called for. Mrs. C.W. will have to take the initiative quietly, but, with unfaltering resolution, she should insist on a series of down-to-earth, honest discussions in which all the issues are frankly faced between them. However difficult this may be, it is the only way to break the deadlock.

MRS. C.W. writes: "I have been married eight years. We started out with very high ideals, but our arguments are becoming more frequent

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Princess Anne sketches her cat



ULRICA FORBES

Artist's story of enchanting child

• These pictures of Princess Anne were taken by artist Ulrica Forbes during some 20 sittings at Buckingham Palace and Clarence House. Miss Forbes was fulfilling the Queen Mother's commission to portray the little Princess, who is six years old on August 15.

"I can honestly say Princess Anne was the best-behaved child I've ever drawn," says Miss Forbes, who, in her long career as a child portraitist, has drawn hundreds of well-known children in England, Europe, and South Africa.

"In fact, I became so fond of her that I was really sad when the sittings came to an end."

Miss Forbes, who was born in South Africa and trained at the Slade School under Professor Henry Tonks, who taught Augustus John, specialises in child portraits.

She has a knack of putting children at ease, and of capturing that ease in her portraits.

With Princess Anne, as with all children she draws, Miss Forbes used her mixed "bag of tricks" to keep her amused. Whether it was Clarence House or Buckingham Palace it always took the same form.

Bright and early at nine o'clock every sitting day Miss Forbes would arrive at the private gate of the Royal residence carrying a brown-paper carrier-bag. In this she had a collection of toys, dolls, and animals, all specially picked to appeal to the personality of her little subject.

Liked chalks

AMONG them one day were some colored chalks, which Princess Anne seized with joy. Before long she was joined by her equally eager brother, Prince Charles, and between

them they decided to draw a "little cat for Ulrica."

When Princess Anne had finished her cat Prince Charles was scornful. "But what's it doing?"

"It's looking into the fire," his sister replied.

"And where's the fire?" demanded Prince Charles. As there was no fire, this first effort was scrapped.

When Miss Forbes came back next time, both children asked her to help them with a new cat and a "proper fire."

The fire, in bright red chalks, caused the next drama.

By a staff reporter
in London

In her enthusiasm Princess Anne proved herself the typical absentminded artist and covered her face, hair, and dress with the red chalk, all mixed with sticky paste.

Miss Forbes was so engrossed in her own drawing that she didn't notice what damage was being done until the nurse came in to fetch her messy charge.

"She was very cross," said Miss Forbes, "and told Princess Anne that she had been very naughty and that her frock would now have to be dry-cleaned."

"It was a beautiful little dress and I could quite understand how she felt, but Princess Anne began to look tearful, so I said quickly: 'Next time, Anne, I shall wear a pinafore while I'm drawing

and you shall do the same.'

"In a minute she was her own smiling self again and our pinafores became part of the routine."

Miss Forbes was so excited by her Royal commission that each night before the morning of a sitting she prepared a special outfit to wear.

Special care

FLOUNCE upon flounce of stiffly starched white petticoats would be laid out on beds ready for the next morning. Everything she wore to the palace or Clarence House was specially washed, cleaned, and pressed for the occasion.

When at last her pictures were complete, Miss Forbes was told to bring them to the Queen Mother at tea-time.

"I explained," she told me with reminiscent determination, "that I didn't think it was a good idea to bother with pictures all round us at tea-time and that the best thing to do would be to make it at half past two in the afternoon."

"The Queen Mother agreed to this and a footman helped me to carry them in."

"When I began to arrange them on the floor, because the little satin-covered chairs in the sitting-room were too slippery to hold them, the Queen Mother saw that the footman and lady-in-waiting were worrying me."

"Can you manage, Miss Forbes?" she asked.

"Yes, thank you, Ma'am," I replied, and in a moment she had gestured them out of the room and was bending



PRINCESS ANNE looked up from a letter she was beginning to Ulrica Forbes when Miss Forbes snapped this photograph. Princess Anne was later scolded by her nurse for soiling her dress with red chalk in drawing the fire for her cat portrait (below).

down to help me arrange them.

"When we had finished, the Queen Mother looked at the pictures most intently for a long time. At last she spoke."

"They are so beautiful," she said. "They are so like her. I really can't decide which of them to have. Would you mind leaving them with me? I'll take great care of them. They'll be quite safe."

"What could be safer than with the grandmother?" I asked, and she gave me such a knowing smile.

The Queen Mother spent an hour and a half with Miss Forbes. Before leaving, the artist gave her a portrait she had made of the Princess, which she had titled "The Sleeping Princess." It was presented as from "the Princess and me."

Miss Forbes told the Queen Mother how she had captured the pose:

One morning the Princess was tired, with a cold, and Miss Forbes asked her if she would like to have a sleep.

"Oh, no, I have my eleven-year first," said Princess Anne.

So, together, they had their morning snack, and then Princess Anne fell asleep on a satin-covered settee.

"She made a beautiful picture in a way that only a sleeping child can," said Miss Forbes.

"I got the idea that it would be a beautiful surprise for the Queen Mother to have this picture as a present from us both. I had been warned she could not accept it from me alone, so by bringing Princess Anne into it I was able to make the present."

Dream realised

"THIS seemed to complete a dream I had had for years."

"Long ago, when the Queen was a little girl, it had been arranged that I draw her and Princess Margaret. The war prevented this, and when it was over the 'little Princesses' were no longer little."

"It had been a great disappointment to me all my life. But now I felt we had completed the circle and by drawing Princess Anne my ambition was realised."



PORTRAIT of the cat by the fire (left), drawn by Prince Charles, Princess Anne (above, at work), and artist Ulrica Forbes, is signed by all three. The Princess drew the cat's body, while the Prince drew the cat's head, and insisted there must be a fire.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - August 15, 1956

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AS I READ THE STARS

By Eve Hilliard
For week beginning Aug. 13

Your Sign | Your Luck | Your Job | Your Home | Your Heart | Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, red. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Love is where you find it.	★ There is initiative on your part related to your occupation. Put a brake on ambition likely to drive you beyond reasonable limits. Don't over-expand.	★ Thoughts tend to roam to more pleasurable pastimes recently indulged in, but work and home responsibilities are seen to be stressed.	★ The young-in-heart may surprise their juniors by a sudden romance culminating in a hasty wedding. This "Second Spring" will in some cases be happier than earlier loves.	★ You are approaching the end of a cycle in your social activities. Pay off your social debts, carry out plans already made, then prepare to ease off for a few weeks.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, light blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in your dressing-table.	★ Collect any fruits of your labors which may be forthcoming and salt them away. Later decide whether the harvest is going to continue long enough to justify expenses.	★ Be wary of untried methods. Handle machines, tools, and inflammables with "safety-first" rules in mind. More people are injured in homes than on highways.	★ Don't carry practicality too far. You used to dress up in courtly days, so why not for the marriage partner? Don't forget flowers for the home dinner table.	★ Your own private affairs may demand more time and energy. You may resign from a committee or give up voluntary work because home and family must come first.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in an interview.	★ Put an end to any business friendship which threatens to embroil you with others or could lead to taking sides in an office or neighborhood quarrel.	★ Secrets could come to light suddenly. With the best intentions in the world you could be placed in an awkward situation in regard to a member of the household.	★ Polka may say you are heartless, that with you it's a case of oh again, gone again. A number of you have just met, or soon will, one who can keep you guessing, too.	★ Talk yourself out of a job, planning that your programme is heavy and you promptly fall for someone's words which talk you into another responsibility. You'll like it.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, green. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in a business transaction.	★ Opportunities are in the making. It rests with you whether they are fully grasped and exploited or allowed to pass unnoticed. There may be more than one conflict.	★ There is no let-up in the activities that concern your home and the family circle. The possibility of earning extra money at home may cheer you.	★ Building castles in the air, picturing yourself in a little home of your own with your beloved, is a delightful kind of day-dreaming. You'll need to bustle.	★ For many, trips to town, shopping, or a matinee will be all you desire in the way of a break. Some of you will be concerned with organizing events for a star club.
LEO The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, gold. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in your own hands.	★ If you have been fortunate enough to get your foot on the first rung of the ladder, keep your eyes fixed on the rung above. Avoid climbing or you will fall.	★ Calls, messages, and correspondence may keep you on the hop. Cut out long conversations if you can do so with politeness or you will never catch up.	★ Your love affair will not stand still. Whether it's an old flame coming back or a new acquaintance bent on making a hit there's a triangle indicated and jealousy.	★ Brushing aside inconvenient or tiresome invitations, you should not lose those amusements which appeal to you. You may be left to pay the bill but you will think it worth while.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, cream. Gambling colors, cream, brown. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in the truth.	★ You could blunder accidentally into a private matter which is none of your business. Better forget it and clamp down on gossip or you'll injure those who like you.	★ Those bored with the old domestic round may be at fault themselves. Try out a new recipe or have a shot at home dressmaking. If a parent, plan a child's treat.	★ If you see the one you love through a haze of idealism, you are not seeing the real boy, or girl, at all. You may be due for a rude awakening.	★ Plans for new interests may mature for another week or so. Clean the social slate of odds and ends you have promised to do in case your help is asked.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 - OCTOBER 23 ★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, light blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in club activities.	★ Diplomacy invaluable when dealing with the public, workmates, or friends. You may be given a delicate assignment to smooth over the wrath of a stubborn person.	★ Be wary of excessive demands on your purse or your time if dealing with prominent people, officials, or landlords. Be a realist. Your loved ones must be considered.	★ Is it a case of lagging behind or striking ahead in order to walk beside the good-looking new boy or girl in the neighborhood? Don't be too obvious about it.	★ This week favors the teenager. People provide wholesome fun and opportunities for new stunts. Your crowd have not tried before. Show loyalty to a club effort.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 - NOVEMBER 22 ★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, all pastels. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in favorable publicity.	★ The stakes are high this week. Be satisfied with a measure of success here and there, looking to future gains. Watch the action of "key" people.	★ Don't forget special dates, family anniversaries, little occasions which bring gaiety into the home. You can even extend a cheerful influence into the neighborhood.	★ It is the girl's task to keep a new friendship going. Little attentions such as borrowing a book, inviting him to join a club, or take up a hobby are good tactics.	★ Thanks may flow to you for an outstanding achievement under difficulties. Otherwise you concentrate on one big function rather than a succession of small ones.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, yellow. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in quoting regulations.	★ Don't envy the competitor who carried on the prize. Profit by the example. Get going again. A piece of news could put you on the track of some financial benefit.	★ Hustle through essential work before tackling special jobs or enjoyable homemaking activities. Some of you will wield a paint brush or try upholstery.	★ Love may be associated indirectly with a new social enterprise. A fellow enthusiast soon grows into a new pal. Love may creep up on both of you imperceptibly.	★ The school spring holidays may be the chief topic along with the possibilities of exploring new scenes. Weekend or day-long trips are attractive relaxation.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 - JANUARY 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, magpie. Gambling colors, magpie, silver. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in willpower.	★ Your sign generally earns every penny of what it gets, but for once you may experience a little windfall, a bonus for past services, or recognition of present efforts.	★ Do not fancy yourself as an amateur electrician or other tradesman. You could pay dearly for it. Play safe in every direction. Don't try to gamble.	★ About to turn a corner in your emotional relationships, there are happy changes ahead. Either you discover a new thrill or you find a new side to the one you like.	★ Starting out with determination and a really sound idea, quite a few of you found a new social group. In its early stages it is likely to be informal.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19 ★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, royal-blue. Gambling colors, royal-blue, white. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in an invitation.	★ The more people you know, the more varied the groups in which they function, the greater your chance of personal or business success.	★ Give thought to the pleasure you can create around you by simple means. Too much noise from members of the household could have a confusing effect on your mind.	★ The very young should avoid singling out one member of the opposite sex and dating regularly. This is bound to make others stay away. You may miss chances.	★ It is pleasant to feel you know the wheels turning, but it appears certain that most of the work will be left to you. Try handling some of your tasks.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20 ★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, orange. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in a surprise packet.	★ Your best bet this week is staying on the beaten track and concentrating on what you know is expected of you. Sticking your neck out could be expensive.	★ There is danger in supposing that you can work, eat, or play to excess without inviting unpleasant consequences. Go easy on that too-ambitious programme.	★ Love may be yours for the asking. Decline when it comes from the wrong person. Your own wayward heart may have fixed on a friend's friend. Snap out of it.	★ It is better to say "No" right at the beginning than to accept responsibility. Your sign sparkles on a decorating committee, but may not be happy as an organizer.

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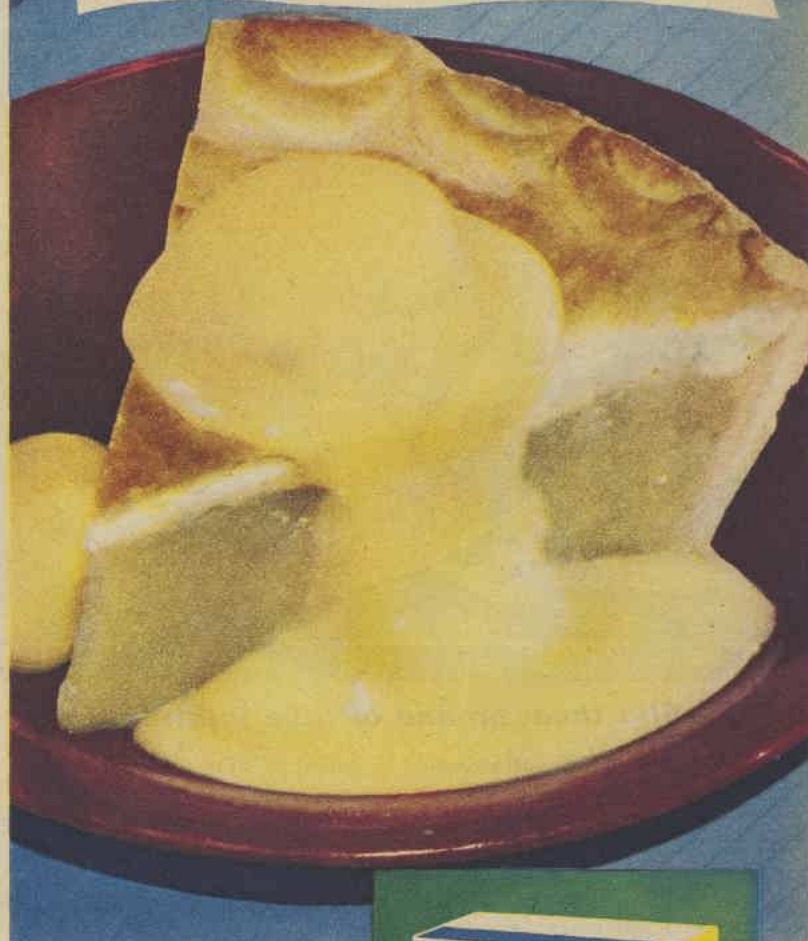
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 15, 1956

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3/3
A PAIR

A detailed illustration of a hand holding a brush, applying paint to a surface. The hand is shown in profile, with the thumb and index finger gripping the handle of the brush. The brush has a wide, flat head and is shown in the process of applying a thick layer of paint. The background is a simple, stylized representation of a wall with a grid pattern, possibly a window or a partition. The overall style is that of a technical or instructional drawing.

Slip on 'Silver-Lined' when you're painting.



Keep your hands free from
"washer-lady's fingers".



Ansell protects when you're scrubbing.



Slip them on when you're planting out seedlings.

Sift flour into a basin and rub in the butter, add the sugar, and mix to a stiff dough with the beaten egg. Set aside a small quantity for topping, lightly knead and roll the remainder to 8 in. circle. Lift into greased sandwich-tin. Top with the cheese filling mixture. Roll out remaining shortcake mixture, cut in

All recipes are eligible for big special awards

thin strips, and place in an attractive design across the top of the cheese filling. Bake in a moderate oven for 1 to 1½ hours and allow to become quite cold before turning out of the tin.

Filling: Twelve ounces cottage cheese, 3 eggs, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, ½ cup sugar, rum to flavor.

Beat eggs well, add sugar, and mix into the cheese, add orange rind and rum to taste.

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Topping, 1985 Malvern Rd., East Malvern SE.5, Vic.

DRIED FRUITS

RAISIN MARSHMALLOW SHORTBREAD

Two cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ lb. butter, ½ lb. sugar, 1 egg, small teaspoon vanilla, apricot jam, 1 cup chopped seeded raisins, ½ cup chopped walnuts.

Cream butter and sugar, add egg and beat well; add vanilla. Sift flour and salt and add to creamed mixture, mixing to dry dough. Divide in half. Roll out and place one portion in shallow slab-tin or lamington-tin. Spread with apricot jam, then a layer of seeded raisins and sprinkle with chopped walnuts, place remaining shortbread on top and bake in moderate oven 20 to 25 minutes. Leave in tin until quite cold. Prepare marshmallow, pour on top of cooked shortbread, leave until quite cold and set. Pour over a thin layer of chocolate icing. When icing is set cut into small bars or blocks and lift carefully from tin.

Marshmallow: One cup sugar, ½ cup water, 1 dessert-spoon gelatine.

Boil all ingredients for 3 minutes. Pour into a bowl, allow to cool. Flavor with grated orange rind, beat until thick and white.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Lock, 94 Alma Terrace, Woodville West, S.A.

BRANDY BUTTER BALLS

Four ounces butter, 8oz. icing-sugar, 2 tablespoons coconut, 1 cup mixed fruit and nuts (sultanas, currants, raisins and almonds), 4 teaspoons brandy.

Chop fruit and nuts finely. Soften butter and mix smoothly with sifted icing sugar. Add all other ingredients and mix well. Roll into small balls and then roll in

chocolate sprinkles or extra coconut. Put in a cool place until firm. Makes 24.

Note: If preferred, rum, chocolate, coffee, or peppermint flavoring can be used instead of brandy.

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. B. West, 19 Addison Ave., Marden, S.A.

EGGS

INDIAN EGG RING

Two tablespoons butter, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 to 1½ teaspoons curry powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 6 eggs, 2 cups milk, 1½ cups rice, ½ cup stuffed olives.

Hard-boil eggs. Cook rice rapidly in boiling water for 15 minutes. Drain, but do not rinse. Mix chopped olives into rice with fork, then pack into greased ring-tin, and stand in baking-dish of hot water to keep hot. Melt butter, add flour, curry, and salt, and cook 3 minutes. Stir in milk, and cook until mixture boils and thickens. Shell the eggs and cut into halves, add to sauce. Turn rice mould on to hot serving-dish and spoon curried eggs into centre. Allow sauce to run over the sides. Serve immediately, garnished with parsley and olives.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. S. O'Connell, R.A.N.A.S., 43 Bedford St., Nowra, N.S.W.

EGGS A LA REINE

Six rounds toast, about 3½ in. or 4 in. in diameter, ½ lb. mushrooms, butter, 6 poached eggs, cheese, parsley sauce, ½ cup grated cheese.

Place rounds of toast in baking-dish. Cover with sliced peeled mushrooms which have been sautéed in butter. On top of each place a poached egg. Pour over all the hot cheese sauce. Sprinkle with grated cheese and place in moderate oven until cheese is melted. Serve hot garnished with parsley.

Cheese sauce: One tablespoon butter, 1 tablespoon flour, salt, pepper, 1 cup milk, ½ cup grated cheese, ½ teaspoon dry mustard.

Melt butter over low heat; blend in flour, salt, and pepper. Cook over low heat, stirring until mixture is smooth and bubbly. Remove from heat and stir in milk, cheese, and mustard. Stir until cheese is melted and sauce thickened.

Progress prize of £5 to Mrs. E. Brown, 22 Bellevue St., Chatswood, N.S.W.

RICE

DATE-FILLED HAM ROLLS

One cup rice, 2 cups water, ½ teaspoon salt, ½ lb. pitted dates, ½ cup water, 2 tablespoons horse-radish or prepared mustard, 6 slices ham or ham sausage, cut about ¼ in. thick, 3 tablespoons butter, 3 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1½ cups milk, 1 cup grated cheese.

Put water and salt in a saucepan, bring to the boil, add washed rice. Reduce heat and cook 15 to 20 minutes until rice is soft. Bring dates and water to the boil, simmer 10 minutes. Cool. Beat to a paste and mix thoroughly with horse-radish. Spread mixture over ham slices, roll each one and secure with cocktail sticks. Spread rice in a greased oven dish about 8 in. by 12 in. and arrange ham rolls on top. Melt butter in a saucepan, add flour and salt, cook 2 or 3 minutes, add milk. Stir until boiling. Fold in cheese, simmer until cheese melts, then pour sauce over ham rolls. Bake in a moderate oven for 25 minutes, serve hot.

Progress prize of £5 to Miss E. N. Taylor, 47 Eldon St., Goulburn, N.S.W.

SWEET RICE FRITTERS

Six ounces rice, 1 pint milk, 4oz. sugar, 2oz. butter, pinch cinnamon, 3 or 4 egg-yolks, jam, soft white breadcrumbs, 1 or 2 egg-whites, very slightly beaten, fat or oil for frying, castor sugar.

Wash rice until water runs clear, place in saucepan with the milk. Cook gently 35 to 40 minutes or until very thick. Add sugar, butter, cinnamon, and egg-yolks and cook for 3 minutes longer without boiling so that the egg-yolks do not curdle. Allow mixture to become quite cold and thick, then form into small balls the size of a large walnut. Press a hollow in each, fill with a little jam, remould rice to cover jam and roll lightly in egg-white. Toss in the fine, soft crumbs and deep fry golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper, sprinkle with castor sugar, serve hot as a sweet.

Progress Prize of £5 to Mrs. D. E. Galton, 201 Warnertown Rd., Solomontown, S.A.

CONDITIONS

Employees of Consolidated Press and allied companies and members of their families are not eligible to enter.

Competitors shall accept the decision of the judges, and no correspondence will be entered into about that decision.

All entries become the property of Consolidated Press.

Closing date of this contest is September 3. Entries received after that date will not be eligible.

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ENTRY COUPON

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY COOKERY CONTEST

I agree to abide by the contest rules published in The Australian Women's Weekly.

NAME

Mr., Mrs., or Miss

ADDRESS

Mark each recipe for the section in which it is entered.

FILM PREMIERE AT THE ALICE



The premiere recently of "A Town Like Alice" was one of the most talked-about events Alice Springs has ever known. It was attended by actor Peter Finch and Nevil Shute, the author of the book on which the film is based.

Other "first-nighters" included a number of well-known Territorians, who travelled hundreds of miles to see the film.



ACTOR Peter Finch arriving at the Pioneer Theatre, Alice Springs, for the premiere of "A Town Like Alice," with T.A.A. hostess Beryl Oliver, hostess on the plane that flew Finch to the Alice (at left).

AUTHOR Nevil Shute (above) arriving at the premiere with his wife and Joan Smith (right), secretary to Mr. T. Nelson, M.H.R. for the Northern Territory. Nevil Shute wrote the novel "A Town Like Alice."

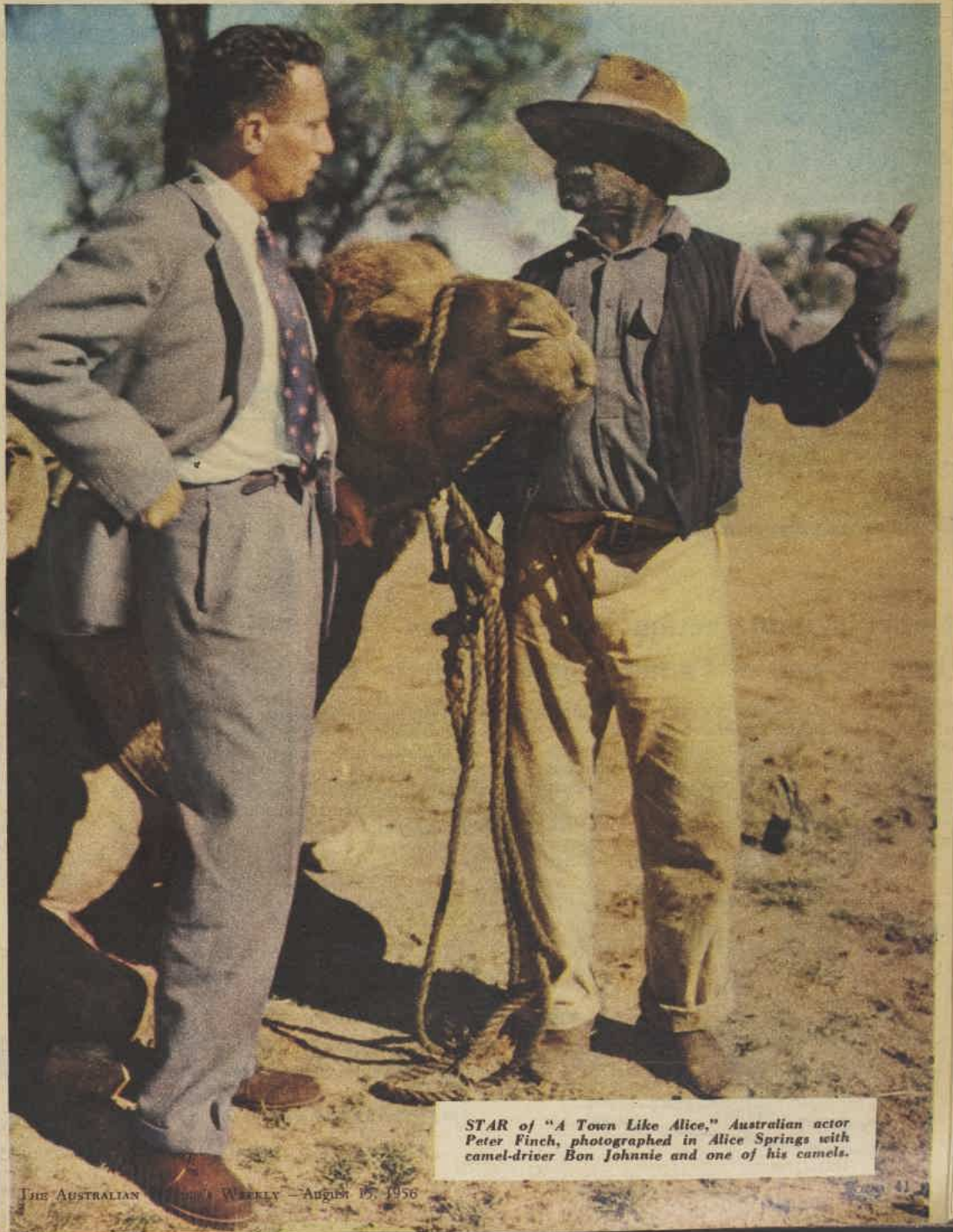


AUDIENCE at the open-air premiere of the film lay back in canvas chairs and smoked. They covered themselves with blankets.



ABOVE: Choir of the Hermannsburg Mission, who sang two hymns in the language of the Arunta tribe at the premiere. One hymn was "Lest We Forget."

BELOW: A number of aboriginal women watched throughout the proceedings with great interest. Pictured here is Ruby, with her baby daughter, Genevieve.



STAR of "A Town Like Alice," Australian actor Peter Finch, photographed in Alice Springs with camel-driver Bon Johnnie and one of his camels.

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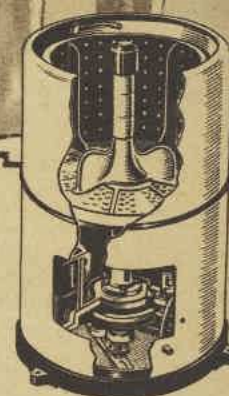


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and away through holes in the vitreous enamel, snag-proof basket. Only the Turner Sapphire can give you agitator action, plus an amazing exclusive patent which prevents wear to clothes — a cushion of water, floating between your clothes and the agitator — double protection for delicate fabrics. A whole load washes clean as new while you're off doing your housework. Then just touch a lever and the 2-way pump immediately empties out the water . . . pours in the cold! Rinsing, blueing, spin-drying take just a few seconds and your spotlessly clean washing is ready to hang on the line, drier than wringer-dry.

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the tent, his shirt flaps trailing. "What happened, Moon?" "Nothing," I said, wagging my head. "Nothing, Doc." "Then why'd you—" I said slowly, "that I've just hired a new trapeze artist." "Huh?" Doctor Lipsky said, drunk as usual.

We rolled on to the next town, and I introduced Angeli to my other trapeze artists: Sue Ellen, Farnings, and Edward the Great. I was a younger man at that time, and I have always had an eye for good legs in tights, and Sue Ellen had them all right. She also had blond hair and big blue eyes, and when I introduced her to Angeli those eyes went all over him, and I began to wonder if I hadn't made a mistake hiring him.

I told them I wanted Angeli to have exclusive use of the tent that afternoon, and all afternoon I sat and watched him while he jumped for trapezes and missed and went flying down on his nose or his head or his back or whatever he landed on. I kept watching him when he landed, but the saddest always came up around him like a big cloud, and I never could see what he did inside that cloud.

All I know is that he got up every time, and he brushed himself off, and each time I went over to him and expected to find a hundred broken bones and maybe a fractured skull, but each time he just stood up with that handsome smile on his face as if he hadn't just fallen from away up there.

"This is amazing," I told him. "This is almost supernatural!"

"I know," he said. "We'll start you tonight," I said, getting excited about it now. "Can you start tonight?"

"I can start any time," he said.

"Sam Angeli," I announced, spreading my hand across the air as if I were spelling it out in lights. "Sam Angeli, the—" I paused and let my hand drop. "That's terrible," I said.

Continuing . . .

The Fallen Angel

from page 9

"I know," Angeli answered. "But I figured that out too." "What?" "A name for me. I figured this all out." "And what's the name?" I asked.

"The Fallen Angel," he said.

There wasn't much of a crowd that night. Sue Ellen, Farnings, and Edward the Great went up there and did their routines, but they were playing to cold fish, and you could have put all the applause they got into a sardine tin. Except mine.

Whenever I saw Sue Ellen, I clapped my heart out, and I never cared what the crowd was doing. I went out after Edward the Great wound up his act, and I said, "Ladiceees and Gen-tulmennnn, it gives me great pleasure to introduce at this time, in his American premiere, for the first time in this country, the Fallen Angel!"

I don't know what I expected; no one so much as batted an eyelid. "You will note," I said, "that the nets are now being removed from beneath the trapezes, and that the trapezes are being raised to the uppermost portion of the tent. The Fallen Angel will perform at a height of one hundred and fifty feet above the ground, without benefit of a net, performing his death-defying feats of skill for your satisfaction."

The crowd rumbled a little, but you could see they still weren't very excited about it all.

"And now," I shouted, "the Fallen Angel!"

Angeli came into the ring, long and thin, muscular in tights, the sequins shining so that they could almost blind you. He began climbing up to the bars, and everyone watched him, a little bored by now with all these trapeze acts.

Angeli hopped aboard and then worked out a little, swinging to and fro, leaping from one trapeze to another, doing

a few difficult stunts. He looked down to the band then, and Charlie started a roll on the drums, and I shouted into my megaphone, "And now, a blood-chilling, spine-tingling, double somersault from one moving trapeze to another at one hundred and fifty feet above the ground—without a net!"

The crowd leaned forward a little, the way they always will when a drum starts rolling and Angeli set the bars in motion, and then he tensed, with all the spotlights on him. The drum kept going, and then Angeli leaped into space, and he rolled over once, twice, and then his arms came out straight for the bar, and his hands clutched nothing, and he started to fall.

A woman screamed, and then the crowd was on its feet, a shocked roar leaping from four hundred throats all together. Angeli dropped and dropped, and women covered their eyes and screamed, and brave men turned away, and then he hit the sawdust, and the crowd rolled up around him, and an "Ohhhhhhh" went up from the crowd. They kept standing, shocked, silent, like a bunch of pallbearers.

Then slowly, casually, the Fallen Angel got to his feet and brushed off his sequined costume. He turned to the crowd and smiled, a big happy smile, and then he turned to face the other half of the tent, smiling again, extending his arms and hands to his public, almost as if he were silently saying, "My children! My nice children!"

The crowd cheered and whistled and shouted and stamped, and some men yelled "Bravo! Bravo!" Sue Ellen, standing next to me, sighed and said, "Tony, he's wonderful," and I heard her, and I heard the yell of "Encore!" out there, but I didn't bring Angeli out again that night. I tucked him away and then waited for the landslide.

The landslide came the next

night. We were playing in a small town, but I think everyone who could walk turned out for the show. They fidgeted through all the acts, crowding the tent, standing in the back, shoving and pushing. They were bored when my aerial artists went on, but the boredom was good because they were all waiting for the Fallen Angel, all waiting to see if the reports about him were true.

When I introduced him, there was no applause. There was only an awful hush. Angeli came out and climbed up to the bars and then began doing his tricks again, and everyone waited, having heard that he took his fall during the double somersault.

But Angeli was a supreme

showman, and he realised that the value of his trick lay in its surprise element. So he didn't wait for the double somersault this time. He simply swung out one trapeze and then made a leap for it, right in the middle of his other routine stunts, only this time he missed, and down he dropped with the crowd screaming to their feet.

A lot of people missed the fall, and that was the idea because those people came back the next night, and Angeli never did it the same way twice.

He'd fall in the middle of his act, or at the end, or once he fell the first time he jumped for the trapeze. Another time, he didn't fall at all during the act and then, as he was coming down the ladder, he missed a rung and down he came, and the crowd screamed.

And Angeli would come to me after each performance and

his eyes would glow, and he'd say, "Did you hear them, Tony? They want me to fall, they want me to break my neck!"

And maybe they did. Or maybe they were just very happy to see him get up after his fall, safe and sound. Whatever it was, it was wonderful. Business was booming, and I began thinking of getting some new tops, and maybe a wild-animal act.

I boosted everybody's salary, and I began taking a larger cut myself, and I was finally ready to ask Sue Ellen something I'd wanted to ask her for a long, long time. And Sam Angeli made it all possible. I spoke to her alone one night, not knowing Sam was watching us.

"Sue Ellen," I said, "there's

To page 44



● Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

JUST LIKE A MAN

I WILL never forget my wedding day. There was a mix-up over car arrangements and I had to telephone my husband-to-be. I was quite excited at speaking to him, and after discussing the car arrangements I hung on, waiting for him to say something about the wedding which was only two hours away.

The only words he spoke were: "You'd better hang up now. I want to listen to the next race."

£2/2/- to Mrs. D. J. Sang, Main St., Augathella, Qld.

JUST LIKE A WOMAN

WHENEVER my wife has to turn a screw on or off, she always asks me if she should turn it "to the left" or "to the right." And I always explain to her patiently that screws are turned on, clockwise, and turned off, anti-clockwise.

"I still can't make it out," she said, "because it all depends on which side of the screw you're looking at."

£2/2/- awarded to Mr. T. Sharan-kov, 22 Shamrock Rd., Darra, Qld.

● Send your entries to "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, C.P.O., Sydney.



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Continuing

The Fallen Angel

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something that's been on my mind for a long time now."

"What is it, Tony?" she said. "Well, I'm just a small-time circus man, and I never had much money, you know, and so I never had the right. But things have picked up considerably, and—"

"Don't, Tony," she said. "I opened my eyes wide. 'I beg your pardon, Sue Ellen?'"

"Don't ask me. Maybe it could have been, and maybe it couldn't. But no more now, Tony. Not since I met Sam. He's everything I want. Tony, can you understand that?"

"I suppose," I said. "I think I love him, Tony."

I nodded and said nothing. "I'm awfully sorry," Sue

Ellen said.

"If it makes you happy, honey—" I couldn't think of any way to finish it.

I started working in earnest. Maybe I should have fired Angeli on the spot, but you can't fire love, and that's what I was battling. So, instead, I worked harder, and I tried not to see Sue Ellen around all the time. I began to figure crowd reactions, and I realised the people would not stand still for my other aerial artists once they got wind of the Fallen Angel.

So we worked Farnings and Edwards (whose "Great" title we dropped) into an act, and we worked Sue Ellen into Angeli's act. Sue Ellen dressed up the act a lot, and it gave Angeli someone to play around with up there, and it made his stunts before the fall more interesting.

Sue Ellen never did any of the fancy stuff. She just caught Angeli, or was caught by him, all stuff leading up to Angeli's spectacular fall. The beautiful part was that Sue Ellen never had to worry about timing. I mean, if she missed Angeli—so he fell.

I thought about his fall a lot, and I tried to figure it out, but I never could, and after a while I stopped figuring. I never stopped thinking about Sue Ellen, though, and it hurt me to watch her looking at him with those eyes full of worship, but if she was happy that was all that counted.

And then I began to get bigger ideas. Why fool around with a small-time circus? I wondered. Why not expand? Why not incorporate?

I got off a few letters to the biggest circuses I knew of. I told them what I had, and I told them the boy was under exclusive contract to me, and I told them he would triple attendance, and I told them I was interested in joining circuses, becoming partners sort of, with the understanding that the Fallen Angel would come along with me.

I guess the word had got around because all the bigshot letters were very cordial and very nice, and they all asked me when they could get a look at Angeli because they would certainly be interested in incorporating my fine little outfit on a partnership basis if my boy were all I claimed him to be—Sincerely yours.

I got off a few more letters, asking all the bigshots to attend our regular Friday night performance so that they could judge the crowd reaction and see the Fallen Angel under actual working conditions. All my letters were answered with telegrams, and we set the ball rolling.

That Friday afternoon was pure bedlam. There's always a million things happening around a circus anyway, but this Friday everything seemed to pile up at once. Like Fifi, our bareback rider, storming

into the tent in her white ruffles.

"My horse!" she yelled, her brown eyes flashing. "My horse!"

"Is something wrong with him?" I asked.

"Is something wrong with him?" she ranted. "Is something wrong with him?"

"Is?" I asked.

"No, nothing's wrong with him," she screamed. "But something's wrong with Jose Esperanza, and I'm going to wring his scrawny little neck unless—"

"Now easy, honey," I said. "Leave us take it easy."

"I told him a bucket of rye. I did not say, bucket of oats. Juju does not eat oats. He

eats rye, and my safety and health and life depend on Juju, and I will not have him eating some foul-smelling oats when I distinctly told Jose—"

"Jose!" I bellowed. "Jose

Esperanza, come here."

Jose was a small Puerto Rican we'd picked up only recently, a nice young kid with big brown cow's eyes and a small, timid smile. He poked his head into the waggon and smiled, and then he saw Fifi and the smile dropped from his face.

"Is it true you gave Juju oats, Jose, when you were told to give him rye?" I asked.

"Si, senor," Jose said. "that ees true."

"But why, Jose? Why on earth—"

"I could not do eet, senor."

"You could not do what?"

Jose lowered his head. "The horse, senor. I like heem. He ees nice horse. He ees always good to me."

"What's that got to do with the bucket of rye?"

"Senor," Jose said pleadingly. "I did not want to get the horse drunk."

"Drunk? Drunk?"

"Si, senor. A bucket of rye. Even for a horse, there ees a lot of wheesky. I did not theenk—"

"Oh," Fifi wailed, "of all the inexcusably—I'll feed the horse myself. I'll feed him myself. Never mind!" She stormed out of the waggon, and Jose smiled sheepishly and said, "I did wrong, senor?"

"No," I said. "You did all right, Jose. Now run along."

I shook my head and Jose left, and when I turned around Sam Angeli was standing there. I hadn't heard him come in, and I wondered how long he'd been there, so I said, "A good kid, Jose."

"If you like good kids," Angeli answered.

"He'll go to heaven, that one," I said. "Mark my words."

Angeli smiled. "We'll see," he said. "I wanted to talk to you, Tony."

"Oh? What about?"

"About all these people coming tonight. The bigshots, the ones coming to see me."

"What about them?"

"Nothing, Tony. But suppose, just suppose, mind you, suppose I didn't fall?"

"What do you mean?" I said.

"Just that. Suppose I don't fall tonight?"

"That's silly," I said. "You have to fall."

"Do I? Where does it say I have to fall?"

"Your contract. You signed a—"

"The contract doesn't say anything about my having to fall. Not a word."

"Well . . . say, what is this? A holdup?"

"No, nothing of the sort. I just got to thinking. If this works out tonight, Tony,

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you're going to be a big man. But what do I get out of it?"

"Do you want a salary boost, is that it? O.K., you've got a salary boost. How's that?"

"I don't want a salary boost."

"What then?"

"Something of very little importance. Something of no value whatever."

"What?" I said. "What is it?"

"Supposing we make a deal, Tony?" Angeli said. "Suppose we shake on it? If I fall tonight, I get this little something that I want."

"What's this little something you want?"

"Is it a deal?"

"I have to know first."

"Well, let's forget it then," Angeli said.

"Now, wait a minute, wait a minute. Is this 'thing' Sue Ellen?"

Angeli smiled. "I don't have to make a deal to get her, Tony."

"Well, is it money?"

"No. This thing has no value."

"Then why do you want it?"

"I collect them."

"And I've got one?"

"Yes."

"But it's not worth any money?"

"No, Tony. No money at all."

"Well, what—"

"Is it a deal or isn't it?"

"I don't know. I mean, this is a peculiar way to—"

"Believe me, this thing is of no material value to you. You won't even know it's gone. But if I go through with my fall tonight, all I ask is that you give it to me. A handshake will be binding as far as I'm concerned."

"You sound as nuts as Fifi does," I said.

"A deal? If I fall, I get what I want."

Continuing . . .

The Fallen Angel

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I shrugged. "All right, all right, a deal. Provided you haven't misrepresented this thing, whatever it is. Provided it's not of material value to me."

"I haven't misrepresented it. Shall we shake, Tony?"

He extended his hand, and I took it, and his eyes glowed, but his skin was very cold to the touch. I pulled my hand away.

"Now," I said, "what's this thing you want from me?"

Angeli smiled. "Your soul."

I was suddenly alone in the wagon. I looked around, but Angeli was gone, and then the door was opened and Sue Ellen stepped in, and she looked very grave and very upset.

"I heard," she said. "Forgive me. I heard. I was listening outside. Tony, what are you going to do . . . what are you going to do?"

"Can it be?" I said. "Can it be, Sue Ellen? He looks just like you and me. How'd I get into this?"

"We've got to do something," Sue Ellen said. "Tony, we've got to stop him!"

We packed them in that

night. They sat, and they stood, and they climbed all over the rafters, they were everywhere. And right down front I sat with the bigshots, and they all watched my small, unimportant show until it was time for the Fallen Angel to go on.

I got up and smiled weakly and said, "If you gentlemen will excuse me, I have to introduce the next act."

They all smiled back knowingly, and nodded their heads, and their gold tiepins and pinky rings winked at me, and they blew out expensive cigar smoke, and I was thinking—Mullins, you can blow out expensive cigar smoke, too, but you won't have any soul left.

I introduced the act, and I was surprised to see all my aerial artists run out on to the sawdust—Sue Ellen, Farnings, Edward, and the Fallen Angel. I watched Angeli as he crossed one of the spotlights, and if I'd had any doubts they all vanished right then. Angeli cast no shadow on to the sawdust.

I watched in amazement as the entire troupe went up the

ladder to the trapezes. There was a smile on Angeli's face, but Sue Ellen and the rest had tight, set mouths.

They did a few stunts, and I watched the bigshots, and it was plain they were not impressed at all by these routine aerial acrobatics.

I signalled the band, according to schedule, and I shouted, "And now, ladies and gentlemen, the Fallen Angel in a death-defying, spine-tingling, bloodcurdling triple somersault at one hundred and fifty feet above the ground, without a net!"

Sue Ellen swung her trapeze out, and Angeli swung his, and then Sue Ellen dropped head downward and extended her hands, and Angeli swung back and forth, and the crowd held its breath, waiting for him to take his fall and the bigshots held their breaths, waiting for the same thing. Only I knew what would happen if he did take that fall. Only I knew about our agreement. Only I—and Sue Ellen, waiting up there for Angeli to jump.

Charlie started the roll on his drum, and then the roll stopped abruptly, and Angeli

released his grip on the bar and he swung out into space, and over he went, once, twice, three times and—slap. Sue Ellen's hands clamped around his wrists, and she held on for dear life. I couldn't see Angeli's face from so far below, but he seemed to be struggling to get away. Sue Ellen held him for just an instant, just long enough for Edward to swing his trapeze into position.

She flipped Angeli out then, and over he went and wham, Edward grabbed his ankles. Angeli flapped his arms and kicked his legs, trying to get free, but Edward—Edward the Great!—wouldn't drop him. Instead, he swung his trapeze back, and then gave Angeli a flip and Farnings grabbed Angeli's wrists.

Farnings flipped Angeli up, and Sue Ellen swung her trapeze all the way back and tossed Angeli to Edward, and I began to get the idea of what was going on up there.

Edward tossed Angeli and Farnings caught him, and then Farnings flipped Angeli back to Edward and Edward tossed him to Sue Ellen and Sue Ellen tossed him right back again. Then Farnings climbed on to Sue Ellen's trapeze, and they both swung back to the platform.

Edward took a long swing and then he tossed Angeli head over heels, right back to the platform, where Sue Ellen and Farnings grabbed him with four eager arms.

I was grinning all over by this time, and the crowd was booing at the top of their lungs, but who cared! The big shots were stirring restlessly but they'd probably heard that Angeli sometimes fell coming down the ladder, and so they didn't leave their seats.

Only tonight Angeli wasn't doing any falling coming down any ladder. Because Sue Ellen had one of his wrists and Farnings had one of his ankles and one was behind him and the other was ahead of him, and even if he pitched himself off into space, he wouldn't have gone far, not with the grips they had on both his arms and the ladder.

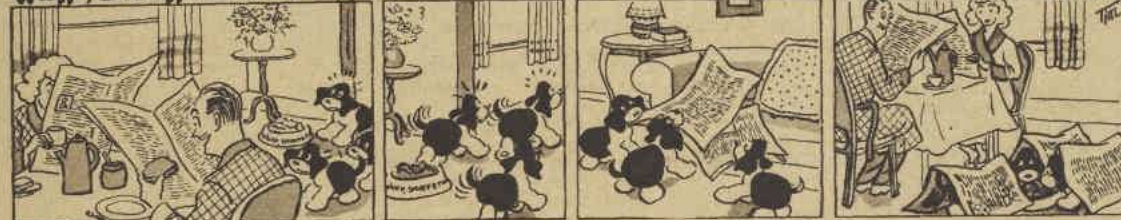
I saw the bigshots get up and throw away their cigars, and then everybody began booing as if they wanted to tear down the top with their voices. Angeli came over to me, and his face didn't hold a pleasant smile this time. His face was in a rage, and it turned red as if he would explode.

"You tricked me!" he screamed. "You tricked me!"

"Oh, go to hell," I told him, and all at once he wasn't there any more.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff



Well, I'm not John Ringling North, and I don't run the greatest show on earth. I've just got a small, unimportant circus, and it gives me a regular income, but it's also a lot of trouble sometimes.

I still have my soul, though, and what's more I now have a soul mate, and she answers to the name of Sue Ellen Mullins, which is in a way most euphonic, you will agree.

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bit young, isn't she, to be doing that?"

"She's twenty-one next week," said Tom.

"Good heavens," said Henry. "It seems only yesterday I was tipping her half a crown to buy ice-cream. You've ruined my day, Tom. I feel an old fogey."

He had forgotten all about it when, a couple of days later, a girl walk unannounced into his office. Henry glanced up, annoyed.

"You must see my secretary in the next room," he began, and then his voice tailed off. She was radiant. He could not quite have said why. The costume she was wearing was a cheap, mass-produced thing, a line he had been offered some months earlier and had rejected. The little hat that clung so enchantingly to her hair had obviously been bought at a sale, her shoes had bows on, and her handbag was plastic. Any other girl would have looked tawdry in that get-up. This one looked like the freshness of a morning in early spring.

Henry, getting automatically to his feet, was startled at the direction his thoughts were taking. He said, "Er, what can I do for you?"

"Weren't you expecting me, Uncle Henry?" she asked.

"Great heavens—Rosemary! My goodness, how you've grown. I didn't recognise you." He came round his desk, holding a hand out to her and settling her in the leather arm-chair.

She smiled up at him, and they began to talk. Yes, of course, Henry would help her to become a fashion model if she wanted, though it wasn't really the glamorous sort of life some people thought. She chatted gaily and freely to him, though he scarcely knew what the conversation was about, for his thoughts were soaring off in the most unexpected and daring fashion.

"I say," he said suddenly, "it's your twenty-first birthday this week, isn't it? May I send you a present?"

Continuing . . .

Mr. Morgan's Happy Day

from page 5

Rosemary grinned. "Rather!" What should he send? Words like diamonds and mink raced through his mind, but he dismissed them as ridiculous. Then it came to him.

"May I send you an evening dress to wear at your party?"

"I'd love it."

"It shall arrive tomorrow," he promised; and then, seeing a question in her eyes, "Don't worry about it fitting. It will. I'm an old draper, you know. I have experience of these things."

"You're a sweet uncle."

"There are two conditions," he added with mock gravity. "One is that I can come to the party to see you wearing it."

"But of course."

"The other is that you stop calling me uncle."

Rosemary laughed. "Okay, Henry," she said.

When she had gone he rang excitedly for Miss Jules, and told her to send the model buyer up instantly. To the model buyer he explained what he wanted. The model buyer nodded.

Henry was annoyed with himself for the thought that, at any rate, he got it wholesale.

When he went to the party, which was held in a hired hall in a suburb, with a hired band and a hired caterer, the dress was a success. Even Rosemary's mother, May, who had not in the past been taken much with Henry, warmed to him. Tom, of course, was downright glad to see his old friend; and the evening proceeded Tom was also very slightly drunk.

This, thought Henry, was the culmination of Tom's life — a twenty-first birthday dance for his daughter. All the struggles and little economies led up at last to this.

Henry felt glad he had not married young and wasted his life in a struggle for family security. If he were to marry now it would be a very different matter. He could offer a girl the

sort of life any girl would be glad to take. At this point he realised, with a twinge of alarm, that he was gazing fixedly at Rosemary.

She was dancing at that moment with a tall young man, over-handsome, Henry thought, just a touch of spiv. As they went past, Rosemary saw him and smiled.

"Isn't she a picture?" asked Tom sentimentally, sitting beside Henry.

"She does you great credit," agreed Henry. "You'll have to

And there was Henry, pacing rather stiffly around, with Rosemary clinging lightly to him, tilting her head back to look up at him, and chatter and laugh gaily.

Henry found himself crowing. He told himself that she was merely saying thank you, in a charming way, for the dress. But he refused to believe himself.

During the next few months he saw Rosemary with increasing frequency. At first there was the excuse of introducing her into a mannequin parade. Then, quite naturally, he bought her lunch. At lunch

be wondering. So, when she invited him home for tea one Sunday he went with some embarrassment and a determinedly avuncular manner.

Luckily there were heaps of people there, most of them young, chattering and shrieking and exchanging suburban gossip. Henry found Tom as affable as ever, but in May he detected a hidden hostility. He kept wisely among the older people, and got no more than passing smiles and cheerful shouts from Rosemary.

"Where's Bill?" asked her mother.

"Oh, he'll be along."

"Bill Trevor," said May pointedly to Henry, "is Rosemary's boy-friend of the moment. Of course, she has crowds of young men, but I have a feeling that this time it's serious. Have you met Bill? He's charming. And so suitable."

Henry left the party as soon as he could, but he managed a moment with Rosemary to remind her that they were dining on Tuesday evening.

"Darling, I'm looking forward to it so much," she said.

Tuesday was a special evening because on the Wednesday Rosemary was off for a fortnight's holiday with a girl-friend who lived in Paris. Henry had decided to be very careful about Tuesday. He needed the fortnight's respite to think things over calmly.

They dined and danced in one of the big hotels. Henry's dancing had by now sufficiently improved for them both to be able to enjoy the pleasure of it. Rosemary seemed to Henry to be clinging to him a little more closely than usual, and her face was calm and serious. This discovery so enraptured him that he had a wild impulse to chance everything on the moment and ask her to marry him. But he restrained himself. All he permitted himself to ask her, a little significantly perhaps, was whether she would lunch with him on the very day she got back to England.

"I'd love to, Henry," she replied. He thought, from her tone, that she understood what was in his mind.

So now here was Henry, heading towards the station where her train was just about due. He had had his fortnight's consideration. He had been through, with himself, all the arguments — the disparity in their ages, his own ways, the disturbance he was proposing to his successful life, the frowns of May and the probable astonishment of Tom.

He had argued back and forth, but it was no good. For the truth was he was wildly in love with Rosemary, as passionately and as desperately romantically in love with her as any callow youth mooning over his first girl. He was in for it, and in for it that very day at lunch.

When he reached the station the train had just arrived and the passengers were being disgorged. He searched for her among the crowds and failed to see her. He stood in dismay near a pillar. She must be on the train. He gazed unhappily around, and then suddenly he saw her, just the other side of the pillar in a new hat which proclaimed she had been to Paris.

His heart leaped, and he was about to call her name joyfully when a young man came rushing up to her. She flung her arms around him and kissed him—not at all light-heartedly. "Bill, darling," Henry heard her say. "How I've missed you!"

After he had kissed her again Bill Trevor said, "Do you really have to go to lunch with that old fogey? Cut it, and come with me."

"Oh, darling, I can't," Henry heard her reply. "He's such an old sweetie, I can't let him down."

Henry turned away, keeping carefully behind the pillar, and left the platform. He went to the restaurant where they were to lunch, and waited, not sure whether she would come. But she did. She wafted in, only

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watch out for the boys, Tom."

Tom chuckled. "You're right there. Bees round the honey-pot. Bill Trevor—that lad she's dancing with now—he's her special at the moment. Nice young fellow. Comes of a good family, pots of money—Trevors the timber people, you know. Confidentially, I wouldn't mind if, in a year or so, those two made a match of it. But there, I don't suppose she's serious, not at her age."

Suddenly she came across and asked Henry, "Aren't you going to dance with me?"

"I'm not much good at it," protested Henry.

"Nonsense," she replied.

there was the suggestion of a theatre. Of course, she would love to go with him.

Afterwards he took her to supper at a place where they danced. She was enchanting. She patiently and discreetly taught him some dance steps, laughing gaily, leaning against him, so fresh and young. When he drove her home she said, "Wonderful evening. You are a darling," and kissed him. It was only a light-hearted kiss, but Henry could scarcely see to drive his car back to his lonely old house in Kensington.

He was uneasily aware that, as his outings with Rosemary continued, Tom and May must

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HARDY CHRYSANTHEMUMS



THREE SPECIMENS of the true incurved chrysanthemum. From left, Nelson Gray, Lord Somers, and Chieftain. All were grown by J. A. Holbeche.

● Although the hardy, colorful chrysanthemum flowers for only a week or two each year, it has a long life as a cut flower.

MOST gardeners plant chrysanthemums, but few grow them well. They do not give them the right care.

In countries colder than Australia chrysanthemums are grown under glass.

Here they flourish outdoors, and only the less hardy varieties are taken indoors to mature perfectly.

As flowers, chrysanthemums lend themselves to all types of decoration and arrangement, and have the unusual advantage of remaining in good condition for many days after being cut.

They will remain fresh for up to a fortnight.

When planting chrysanthemums, don't get them mixed up with annuals or other fast-growing plants. Don't plant them in the shade of trees where the greedy roots will compete for warmth, sunlight, moisture, and nourishment.

Above all, don't regard chrysanthemums as permanent garden fixtures, leaving them in the same spot for years without lifting them and looking after them carefully.

They need abundant sunshine and plenty of room in which to grow and breathe. Lift and divide strong-growing kinds annually, early in the spring, and less vigorous kinds ever second year.

When replanting, give them a change of soil if possible, or manure the ground well, using well-decayed straw horse manure in heavy soil and cow manure in sand.

Sand is a medium that chrysanthemums usually dislike.

Good drainage is essential.

As spring approaches, the old chrysanthemum plants or "stands" will throw out suckers from the stems of last year's plants.

When they are two or three inches long, lift the clumps with a fork and break or cut them up carefully; each rooted stem must be treated as a new, separate plant.

If you are growing the big-flowered exhibition types, which are usually pinched back to one flower per stem, plant them in pots under glass or in a well-protected but sunny spot in the open garden.

The hardy, outdoor, small-flowered varieties are usually grown fairly close together.

GARDENING

The mediums are given more space, and the big convex and concave show types need a lot of space.

They require plenty of air, space, water, food, and regular spraying, de-leafing, and pinching back.

And whether your choice falls upon chrysanthemum indicum, which is easily raised from seed and flowers the same year, or Koreans, which often do the same, shasta daisies, which are close relatives, anemone-flowered types, quilled or spider-flowered types, big singles, cascades, pompones, duplex, cushions, azaleamums, or exhibition giants, the cultivation methods are much the same, and their requirements almost identical.

Two of the most prevalent insect pests in this country are

black aphid, which cluster round leaf terminals and later the buds, and leaf nematodes or eel-worms, which are even more destructive.

Where plants are grown for exhibition purposes in pots, nematode control is comparatively easy, for all one need do is wash all old outdoor soil from the roots or suckers, sterilise the soil, replant them in containers, and keep a close watch on the foliage later.

The nematode lives within the leaf tissue and is, therefore, invisible to the naked eye. It is always a serious pest in chrysanthemums during wet seasons, for its only means of movement is to "swim" from leaf to leaf.

Its symptoms are brown patches on the lower leaves, either on one side or the other or on both sides, always working towards the tip in definite bands rather than blotches, and they never cross the leaf ribs or veins.

Control consists of regular sprayings of E605, which should be used once a week during very wet periods. Continue to spray right up until the time the plants finish flowering.

Black aphid, which is easy to recognise from the dense colonies clustering among young, new leaves and buds, can be killed by the use of the same spray or any water-soluble form of DDT.

Another disease common to the chrysanthemum is leaf spot, which Bordeaux mixture will control. Mildew is often prevalent in wet seasons, and any good wettable sulphur or finely divided sulphur dust will control. Bordeaux mixture is also effective.

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Economy-size jar 8/11. (A whole season's protection from dry skin.) Standard jar 5/3. Handy tube 2/6.

Continuing . . .

Mr. Morgan's Happy Day

from page 46

five minutes later, looking, in her new little hat from Paris, adorable. Henry groaned within himself as he got to his feet to welcome her.

"Darling Henry," she said. "Oh, what a wonderful time I've had. And, oh, how nice to see you again."

He ordered the food. He had planned to make a little joke with the waiter about trying to out rival the Paris restaurants to which she was now accustomed, but now it seemed pointless, so he just ordered the food.

After a time Rosemary noticed that he was not saying much. "Have you got a headache or something?" she asked solicitously.

"No, no," replied Henry, and then, searching round for an excuse, "I had rather an unpleasant morning at the stores."

He told her about the shop-lifter. "It often happens," he said, "but I never get reconciled to it. So unpleasant."

Rosemary sympathised. "How old was the woman?"

"About forty-five to fifty, I should think."

Rosemary nodded with all the sagacity of the young. "Ah! People of that age often go a little funny. It's psychological, Henry. They crave to be young again, because of all the things they missed when they were. I've read about it. They get sort of brainstorms." She gave a mock shiver and a little laugh. "Isn't it a warning to have all the fun you can while you still can?"

Henry agreed.

When she had left him he walked back to the stores. The pavements were crowded, and all the young couples looked to him like Rosemary and Bill Trevor.

"It's psychological," he murmured wryly to himself.

He turned through the main entrance of the stores. The liftgirl smiled at him and asked, "Top, Mr. Morgan?"

"Yes," he absently replied, not noticing her.

In his office he reached for his in-tray, murmuring, "To work, to work." But Miss Jules came in.

"Yes?" he asked absently, reading a letter.

"It's Mr. and Mrs. Bruce. They've been waiting . . ."

"Bruce? Bruce? Oh, yes. Well, send them in then," said Henry irritably.

Miss Jules remained standing there. "Mr. Morgan," she began nervously, "would it be possible to let her go?"

Henry stared with astonishment.

"I mean," stammered Miss Jules, "they seem so fond of each other . . ."

She broke off and almost ran from the office.

"Well, I never," said Henry to himself.

The Bruces filed in, followed by Miss Jules. Henry waved them to chairs. The man's face was pale.

"Mr. Morgan," he began, making an effort, "I have had a long talk with my wife, and we have decided not to call in my lawyer. My wife realises now the seriousness of what has occurred, and we both agree that the only thing to do is to face it—together."

The wife, Henry saw, was looking at her husband with docile trust. Henry wished a woman would look at him with such trust. Or perhaps it was love. She must have been pretty as a girl.

"If you please," continued Mr. Bruce, "I think you had better telephone for the police."

He had finished making the effort to say it, and he turned slightly towards his wife and put his hand on hers. She smiled tearfully, leaving every decision to him. Henry glanced awkwardly down at his desk. He found himself hoping that, twenty-five years hence, Rosemary and Bill would look at each other like that.

There was a little sighing sound from Miss Jules. Henry looked up and she was gazing at him, pleading with her eyes almost trustfully.

To his surprise he said what he had had no intention of saying. "I'm glad you didn't call your lawyer. I think you should take your wife to see her doctor. Take her now, Mr. Bruce."

"But the police?"

"There are times when the less fuss the better. Let's say no more about it. No, please don't thank me."

He saw the dazed gratitude on the woman's face. He took with embarrassment the man's hand. As they were going out Henry called: "Oh, Miss Jules."

She turned back, looking at him with gratitude, almost with affection, it seemed to him.

"Yes, Mr. Morgan?"

A name suddenly came into Henry's thoughts. Sally. Yes, that was it. Sally. He also remembered that the staff ball was only a month ahead, and he would be asking her to dance. This year she would be surprised to find that he really could dance.

"The letters, Sally," he said, smiling pleasantly. "We really must get on with our work."

Miss Jules gaped at him for a moment, and then replied happily: "Yes, sir. The letters. Yes, certainly, Mr. Morgan."

(Copyright)



The Sinister Strangers

Continuing

[from page 3]

Soviets we expect. But not in America.

"We're concerned for the health of our visitors," I said. "We have a very good hospital and physicians."

Zaharados grinned. "Not a big sickness—oh, no. He gorges himself on this so plentiful American candy and have the stomach-ache." He laughed heartily.

"Still," I said, "I'd like to run my eye over him."

"Then come," he said with resignation, and led me into a bedroom, where the obese body of the boy made a mound under the covers. His olive cheeks were moist and his eyes tightly closed.

Now, when anyone sleeps, he does not press his lids together. I reached for the covers and stripped them back, and then looked ironically at Zaharados, for the boy was fully clothed, even to his shoes.

"Is it," I asked, "the custom of your country to sleep with your clothes on?"

"The poor child," Zaharados said sympathetically. "He was too ill to undress himself." He covered the fat boy, who had not opened his eyes, and urged me out of the little room.

"Does he," I asked, "walk in his sleep?"

"No. No. Never."

"Good for him," I said. "It can be a bad habit. He speaks English, of course."

Zaharados squinted at me and was, I thought, about to deny that the boy was familiar with our language. But something made him hesitate—the possibility, perhaps, that I had heard him talking.

"So little," he said. "A few words only."

We were standing by the paper-lit table with the map which Zaharados had so quickly folded. An odd occupation, this studying of a map, for a visitor in our park so early in the morning. He had not wanted me to see that map.

As I passed the table, I pretended to stumble, and, clutching for support, my hand brushed the map to the floor. I stooped quickly to pick it up, but he was quicker than I, clutching it and holding it so that I could not catch a second look at it.

He reached out with his other hand and picked up the knife, which he extended to me.

"So nice you return this," he said unctuously. "But it is mistake. It does not belong here. Not good steel. Perhaps the owner will come seeking it."

"I doubt that very much," I told him, and turned to the door.

"Again," Zaharados said, "I thank so very much, Mr. Sawtell. I hope you will call again. My house is your house, and all it contains."

I shut the door behind me and walked back to Camp 14 without a vestige of proof that the fat boy had been the knife thrower, but certain in my mind that it had been he. But it seemed such an idiotic thing to have done. So purposeless.

If it had found its target in my body there would have been a tremendous commotion, a searching investigation. If Zaharados were here for some secret purpose, some stealthy mission, then the turmoil incident to a murder would have been the last thing he desired.

It was bewildering. I could not see how my death could be necessary to anybody. But then I remembered Mr. Li's question. Was the knife intended for me or for him? That would be a different matter and present a different problem—if I were not the intended victim. It was quite possible that

someone found it urgent to dispose of Mr. Li—so urgent that any risk might be taken.

By this process of reasoning I came to the conclusion that the attack had been directed against him instead of me.

When I returned to Camp 14 I saw that Mrs. Potwin was sitting under her awning, placidly knitting. Miss Vanderlee could be heard inside the trailer. I paused.

"You were abroad early this morning, Mrs. Potwin," I said. "Morning," she answered, "is the best time to catch fish and hunt treasure."

"Any luck?"

"I was merely prosecuting a preliminary survey," she said grandly. She eyed me haughtily. "There were Sawtells in Boston," she said. "Not one of the first families, but nevertheless received everywhere. Certain members of the family achieved a measure of distinction. Are you related to them?"

"Why do you ask?" I rejoined.

"Because I want to know," Mrs. Potwin snapped. "I ask questions because I wish to know the answers. If I weren't seeking information I would save my breath."

"I," said I, "am the only son of Thomas G. Sawtell, proprietor of a general store in Lake Odessa, Michigan. A very well-known man, known to all the inhabitants of Ionia County as Tommy. He was once mentioned for postmaster, but his politics were wrong. He and my mother were socially prominent—they never missed a chicken-pie supper or strawberry festival at the Presbyterian church. I once heard him mention Boston favorably as the city where the famous Tea Party took place."

She spread her knitting carefully across her knees and leaned back in her chair to glare at me ferociously.

"Ranger," she demanded, "are you by any chance being impertinent?"

"No, ma'am," I answered. "The regulations forbid us rangers to be impertinent to visitors."

"If," she said menacingly, "you dared to be impertinent to me"—neither facial expression nor voice altered in the smallest particular—"you would rise in my estimation."

Miss Vanderlee's voice spoke from the door of the trailer.

"Mrs. Potwin," she said, "is the kind of fly you're more apt to catch with vinegar than honey."

"Shut your mouth!" snapped Mrs. Potwin.

"Yes, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am," said Miss Vanderlee, with ironical humility. "Shall I pull my forelock?"

"You're discharged!" said Mrs. Potwin.

"What, again?" exclaimed Miss Vanderlee.

"I'll discharge you," said Mrs. Potwin, "as often as I want to."

"It builds up her ego," Miss Vanderlee said to me. "Not that it needs much inflation."

What sort of relationship was this between employer and employee? Mrs. Potwin picked up her knitting and the needles commenced to fly. Apparently the incident was concluded.

"Young man," she said in the placid voice she could sometimes assume, "I'm always interested in people whom other people throw knives at. Why are knives thrown at you?"

I was Mr. Sawtell again. Apparently being a target for pointed missiles gave me social standing.

"Mr. Li told you about the knife?" I asked.

"He mentioned it casually,"

she answered. "He seemed in doubt whether you or he was the intended victim. I hope it was you."

"Why should you hope it was I?"

"It makes you more entertaining," she said blandly. "Li has had knives thrown at him before. It's no novelty. Have you been snooping, Mr. Sawtell?"

"No more," said I, "than the duties of a ranger require."

The elderly lady studied me speculatively. "You may be one of them," she said.

"One of whom?" I asked. "Innocent bystanders who fall into things up to their necks. Involuntary stumbling blocks. They're a very select class of people."

"I don't understand," I said. "People who blunder in," she told me. "Lightning rods who attract trouble. Men whom things happen to. I've seen it again and again. There'll be some big skulduggery planned, like possibly abducting the King of Siam. Everything has been foreseen and provided for, except the innocent bystander with a talent for upsetting apple-carts accidentally. Then this nuisance bobs up and the whole scheme goes blooey."

This was about the same thing the chief ranger had said to me. "It couldn't be," asked Miss Vanderlee, "that these people are just smart cookies who notice what other folks fail to see?"

"Have you noticed things other folks have failed to see?" Mrs. Potwin asked.

"Possibly a couple of oddities," I admitted.

"Such as which?" she demanded.

I grinned at her. "That," I said lightly, "you're an eccentric sort of treasure hunter."

"I'm an eccentric everything. You don't have to be smart to see that. There's a treasure and I'm hunting it in my own, possibly eccentric but all-fired efficient way. What else?"

"I'm not supposed to play Twenty Questions with tourists," I said.

"I'm a special kind of tourist," she said pompously. "I'm Letitia Potwin."

"Of Boston," said Miss Vanderlee, "and points east, west, north, and south."

"Dry up," snapped Mrs. Potwin. She turned again to me. "When you mooched off to ask Zaharados if his fat boy toothed that knife, what did he have to say for himself?"

That startled me. "How did you know I did that?"

"Twice two makes four," she said blandly. "Plunk goes the knife. Off you scoot, scowling. Where else would you go?"

"How did you know Zaharados' boy tosses snickersnecks?" I asked.

"Because I'm an educated woman. I study zoology. I know the habits of snakes like that greasball Greek. Knife throwers are standard equipment for him."

I shrugged. "The fat boy was in bed with his shoes on and a fake stomach-ache," I answered. "Zaharados claimed a preference for Damascus steel and sneered at Birmingham."

To my discomfort she changed the subject abruptly. "Which do you like best? This snip of a chauffeur of mine, or that silver-plated daughter of van der Poot's?"

I was distressed. I glanced at Miss Vanderlee, who was amused. "I," said I, "haven't made a selection."

"It'll be a test," said Mrs. Potwin, "of whether you're a ninnyhammer or a—"

She hesitated for the suitable word. "Wise cooky?" I suggested.

"Right," she said incisively. "Now, for a morganatic week."

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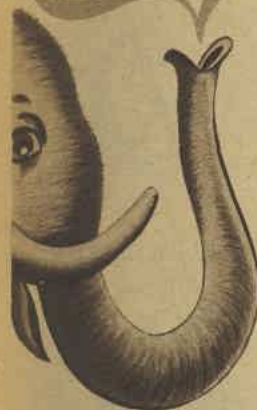
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Page 49

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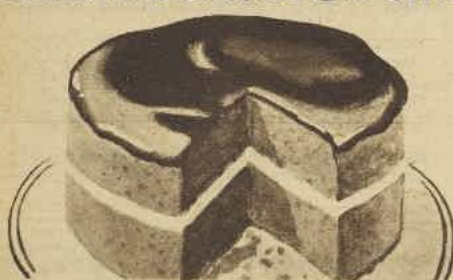


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3 eggs, 4 ozs. (4 rounded tablespoonfuls) plain flour, pinch salt, 1 level teaspoon ground cinnamon, 1 teaspoonful butter, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla essence, 4 slightly rounded tablespoonfuls sugar, 1 rounded teaspoonful baking powder, 1 rounded dessertspoonful Bournville Cocoa, 1 tablespoonful milk.

Method: Prepare two 7-inch sandwich tins by greasing well and placing a small circle of greased paper in the bottom of each. Sift together the flour, baking powder, salt, cinnamon and cocoa three times. Separate the whites from the yolks of eggs. Add a pinch of salt to the whites and beat until stiff. Add the sugar gradually and continue beating until the mixture will stand in peaks. Beat in the egg yolks one at a time. Stir in lightly the sifted dry ingredients. Add the melted butter, milk and vanilla. Divide into the two tins. Bake in a moderate oven for 20 to 25 minutes. Cool. Join together with cream filling and top with chocolate icing.

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Continuing . . . The Sinister Strangers

[from page 49]

end, I'd pick the little van der Poot. But for the upgrade haul, I'd plunk for Vanderlee.

"How," asked Miss Vanderlee, "would you like to mind your own business?"

"I wouldn't like it at all," Mrs. Potwin answered. "What other amusing facts have you stumbled over, Mr. Sawtell?"

"I prefer to stand mute," I said, "until I know if you are on the side of the angels."

She nodded to Miss Vanderlee, as if in agreement with something. "Maybe you're right," she said to her. "It could be he's not just a blundering dumb bunny."

"I'm complimented," I said stiffly to Miss Vanderlee, "that you have been discussing my mentality."

"If," snorted Mrs. Potwin, "you think that is the only thing we've been discussing about you, you can go to the foot of the class."

If this was the sort of tact that made for social success in Boston, then I felt I would be better off in Lake Odessa.

"Side of the angels!" Mrs. Potwin said. "So you don't trust me, Mr. Sawtell?"

"Well," said I, "my present attitude is that I think you could do with a couple of sterling character witnesses."

She threw back her head and laughed. If she had not been of the Boston elite, it could more accurately be described as a bray. She lifted her voice when her laughter had subsided, and called peremptorily. "Hey, Li-Li Seow Yen! Come a-running!"

The Chinese gentleman, tall, grave, stately, emerged from his trailer and approached us.

"Oh, Li," she said, gurgling, "come on and stand by to help me be a suspected person."

"In that," Li said in his dignified manner, "you need no assistance. As the great philosopher, Ling Po, has written, 'Place your confidence in the dog, the leopard, or the crocodile. Their ways are changeless. But in no man or woman, because the turn of a hand may transmute today's virtue into tomorrow's evil.'"

I shook my head.

"Your philosopher," I said, "is cynical. I cannot agree. I fear that no human being is perfect or can be perfect. But I do believe, sir, that the great majority of us want to do what is right and avoid what is wrong. I am confident that there are men and women who cannot be tempted by any inducement or moved by any fear to betray their integrity."

"You are eloquent, but you are young," said Mr. Li gravely.

"I admit, sir, that there is a

difference in the loftiness of ideals—some are high, some are lower and still lower. But every human being must have a code of behaviour by which he lives. The rules by which he seeks to govern himself are affected by environment and education and individual intelligence. But I insist, sir, that any man who has any sort of code is not utterly bad so long as he is true to it."

I glanced at Miss Vanderlee, perhaps hoping for her approval. I had it. She nodded her head and smiled.

"Stick to your guns, Mr. Sawtell," she said. "Human beings are better than crocodiles."

"Stuff and nonsense," said Mrs. Potwin in her superior way. She waved a strong hand towards the camp. "Look at this open-air slum," she sneered. "Even a pack of wolves won't be foul its own lair. . . . But get back to our muton," she said. "I'm suspect; Li is suspect; Zaharados is suspect; van der Poot is suspect. Of what are we suspected?"

"I've no idea," I said. "But I have a feeling, Mrs. Potwin, that matters are working up to some sort of climax. Each one of you, as I see you, gives the impression that you are poised, waiting for something. Waiting for some event to occur or—I paused and felt, somehow, that I had penetrated to a fact—or for someone to arrive."

The eyes of Mrs. Potwin and Mr. Li met and held for an instant. I knew I was right. It was for the coming of some fifth individual that they waited.

"Mr. Sawtell," said Miss Vanderlee, "I guess you'd better be on your way before you start guessing too well. You could," she said, but not harshly, "get to be a nuisance."

I was eating my evening meal in the mess room in Government Centre, when Ranger Bostwick came in and sat down beside me.

"Well," he said with a grin, "I've seen everything now."

"You're in the right place to see sights," I rejoined.

"I was stationed at the Arch Rock entrance today," he said. "Pretty heavy traffic. Well, along about three o'clock comes this circus parade. I'm at the window when it drives up. Two carloads of it. In the front seat of the first car, beside the chauffeur, is this boy. He's sort of saddle-colored, but pretty as a picture, and what does he

have stuck in his eye but a monocle. I'd guess he was maybe twenty or twenty-one. He's wearing a tweed suit that I bet was made in this Bond Street in London. They don't fit, but, on the other hand, they have a look to them."

"I know," I said. "Sort of sloppy aristocratic."

"Yeah," says Bostwick. "In the seat behind this pretty boy with the one headlight are two gents with beards. One is a long white whisker and the other is a bushy black one and what they wore didn't come from Bond Street. If there's a swell tailor shop in Mecca, that's where they came from."

"Arabs?" I guessed.

"That kind of thing," Bostwick agreed. "Four more of the same, only not so fancy, in the second car. I gathered they were faithful retainers, or bodyguards, or janizaries, or such-like. Well, it appeared that none of them talked English but this pretty boy, and doggone if he didn't recite like a stage Britisher, Oxford accent and all. He does the talking."

"I say, my man," says he, "can you pass me along to this hotel sort of thing? With the aboriginal name, what?"

"The Ahwahnee?" I asked him.

"Nicked it the first time, old son," he says. "Are you a local sort of bobby?"

"I don't know if I'm being ribbed, but I choked back my wit and humor and told him I was park ranger."

"Commando sort of Johnny, what?" he says. "You American chaps called 'em rangers. Good show they put on. Topping."

"If you'll turn sharp left," I told him, "and follow your nose, you'll get to the Ahwahnee. The fee is—"

"Righto," he says, and reaches a slim hand with diamonds on it back to White Whiskers and says something in Arabic or whatever. Seems like this one is the treasurer. He makes a to-do about getting out the cash and hands a bill to young bright eyes, who pushes it at me. It's a fifty.

"All yours," he says. "Buy yourself a flowing bowl in the local pub." I suppose he meant well. I hear you tip London coppers. I got out the change and reached it out to him.

"Pouch it, old son," he says, as friendly as a kitten.

"We can't accept gratuities," I told him.

"Tut-tut. What? What?" he says. "Extraordinary! Very

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Novel Embroidery Motifs



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extraordinary!" He sort of grins amiably. "Spartan republic at home about it. Won't believe a word of it. I say, if anybody asks tell 'em the Sheik el Samari has checked in." He smiled like a kid and waves his hand and says, "Toodle-o."

"Then this other funny thing happens. Just as the sheik and his pals drove away there was the queerest bird whistle I ever heard. I've listened to mockingbirds, but never an educated one like this one. He was a chopper and a roller with cadenzas and arpeggios and trills. And this young sheik quits grinning and lets out a breath.

"What's that?" he asked. "It sounded," I told him, "like a mockingbird that graduated from the Juilliard School of Music." Right then and there this boy quits being genial and snaps an order at the chauffeur, and off they go in a cloud of dust.

"Well," I said to Bostwick, "we get all varieties here. Why not a sheik?"

I spoke lightly, but I did not feel lighthearted. The Warbler again. It seemed to me more than mere coincidence that he should whistle upon the arrival of the young Sheik el Samari. The Warbler that everybody claimed was a harbinger of tragedy!

Here was another arrival or a tourist who was not run of the mine. The census of peculiar ones was mounting by leaps and bounds. Could it be, I asked myself, that this was the arrival Zaharados and van der Poot and Li Seow Yen were awaiting? Would the period of inaction be ending now?

I finished my ice-cream and emptied my cup of coffee. I meant to find out if the coming of the Sheik el Samari fitted into the jigsaw puzzle, and it seemed to me that my

Continuing . . . The Sinister Strangers

from page 50

best source of information would be Mrs. Potwin. So I did double time over to Camp 14.

Mrs. Potwin was knitting in her camp chair. Miss Vanderlee was reading a novel. She looked up at me and raised her brows.

"You're becoming prevalent," she said.

"Not a social call," I told her resentfully.

"Then what kind of a call is it?" Mrs. Potwin demanded.

"Research," I said.

"Into what?"

"The nature, habits, and love life of Arabs," I told her.

"They're nice people," she answered. "Best manners in the world—they and the Chinese."

"Did you ever hear of one called the Sheik el Samari?"

She dropped a stitch. "Few people have heard of the Sheik el Samari," she said, "but I'm one of them. What about him?"

"He arrived in the valley this afternoon. He was piped aboard by the Warbler."

"Ever heard of the Mahdi?" she asked.

"Religious fanatic or something like that, wasn't he? I remembered something about Chinese Gordon and Khartoum or Kitchener or what not."

"Right," she said. "This Sheik el Samari is some kind of a descendant of the Prophet. Sent to England to get educated. Oxford, if I remember."

"He talks Oxford and wears a monocle."

"The whispered story goes," she said, "that some off-the-beam Mohammedan gang is training him to be the next Mahdi."

"What," I asked, "does a Mahdi do?"

"He makes big trouble. He starts religious wars. Incarna-

tion of the Prophet or some nonsense like that."

"Ranger Bostwick, who met him, said he seemed like a nice kid."

"He might be as cuddly as a teddy bear," she said, "but if he were to bob up in the Mohammedan world and proclaim himself, all kinds of frenzies could bust loose. He'd be a symbol."

"Mrs. Potwin," I asked, "is this young man what Zahara-

smart. I do have first-class eyesight, though, and acute hearing and a dandy sense of smell."

"What's smelling got to do with it?"

"Maybe I'm wrong," I said, "but I get a faint whiff of an odor that's new to the park. I'm wondering if I don't get a slight sniff of oil."

"Young spriggins," Mrs. Potwin said, as one speaking to a member of the peasantry, "you better quit waving your nose around or somebody'll cut it off with a dull razor."



dos and van der Poot and Li—and possibly yourself—have been waiting for?"

Mrs. Potwin snorted.

"I'm hunting buried treasure. Now scam! You've worn a hole in the welcome mat." She cocked her head and peered at me. "Not that you aren't a fair-to-middling young sprout that a woman could make something of. But you ask too many questions."

"Yes, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am," I said docilely. "Physically I'm pretty good, but nobody ever said I was very

"Which," said Miss Vanderlee, "would practically ruin you for social purposes."

So I was dismissed with a flea in my ear. But my nose was unlogged. It still detected the smell of oil—which, of course, was merely a hunch resting on slender foundations. Nevertheless, this young Sheik el Samari came from a region where the richest deposits of oil in the world had made a great deal of trouble, and before now people have started wars for something much less valuable.

So, saying good night po-

lately, I went away from there. I admit I was filled with curiosity about this Arab boy, and quite possibly it was my duty to find out some more about him and his entourage. I walked around to the Ahwahnee and strolled up to the desk.

"I hear," I said to the clerk, "that you're entertaining an Oriental potentate."

"And how. He's not official, but we had a tip from the superintendent to roll out the red carpet. Mrs. Tressider has turned over her penthouse on top of the hotel. He asked more questions than a six-year-old kid. You assigned to look after him?"

"No. Just nosing around." "They're teetotalers," said the clerk. "One of his Arabs goes down into the kitchen to supervise his food. The chef's in a dither."

"Staying long?" I asked. He shrugged. "Hope not," he said. "Ordinary guests make trouble enough—though he seems like a friendly kid."

I turned away from the desk and came face to face with Miss van der Poot and her father. She cooed at me. The old gentleman was more restrained in his delight.

"Oh-h!" she exclaimed. "How very nice! You come to call on me, not? I was being so lonesome. You will come up to our apartment, Mr. Sawtell. While my father studies many papers, we will chatter. I am very excited," she said, taking my arm. "To this hotel comes a most beautiful boy. I am wait for the elevator when he arrive. I smile at him and he smile at me. We ride up together; we two and old men in beards and so grand robes from Arabia!"

"The Sheik el Samari," I told her.

"You know heem? You will bring heem to me?"

"I don't know him, and I wouldn't bring him to you if I did," I told her. "I'm not

looking for that sort of competition."

"Oh," she said, and pressed my arm. "Always I would like you best. But he would be amusing." She nodded her head with a quick, determined little jerk. "I will know heem," she said. "I will arrange it."

"I'll bet you will," I said. Mr. van der Poot spoke impatiently. "If you come to our apartment, then come." It was less than gracious. "To stand here I do not like."

"You come," said Miss van der Poot firmly as the elevator doors opened. She almost dragged me in. I admit I was not reluctant. She was radiant.

The van der Poot suite was a parlor and two bedrooms. The gnome left us abruptly and disappeared into his chamber. Katrina peered after him with puckered brows.

"About something," she said. "he is bother and hot. My father, he is not always charming company. Always business. Always papers. Always telephone . . . This Sheik, he is vastly rich, eh?"

"I wouldn't know. What do you care? You're pretty well healed yourself."

"Well healed!" she exclaimed, and then comprehension came. "My father has much money. yes. But much money is never enough if you can get more . . . You smoke?"

I might have chosen a chair, but I was not disappointed when she directed me to a sofa and sat beside me. I was definitely conscious of her nearness.

"You like me?" she asked.

"That," I said, "could be an understatement."

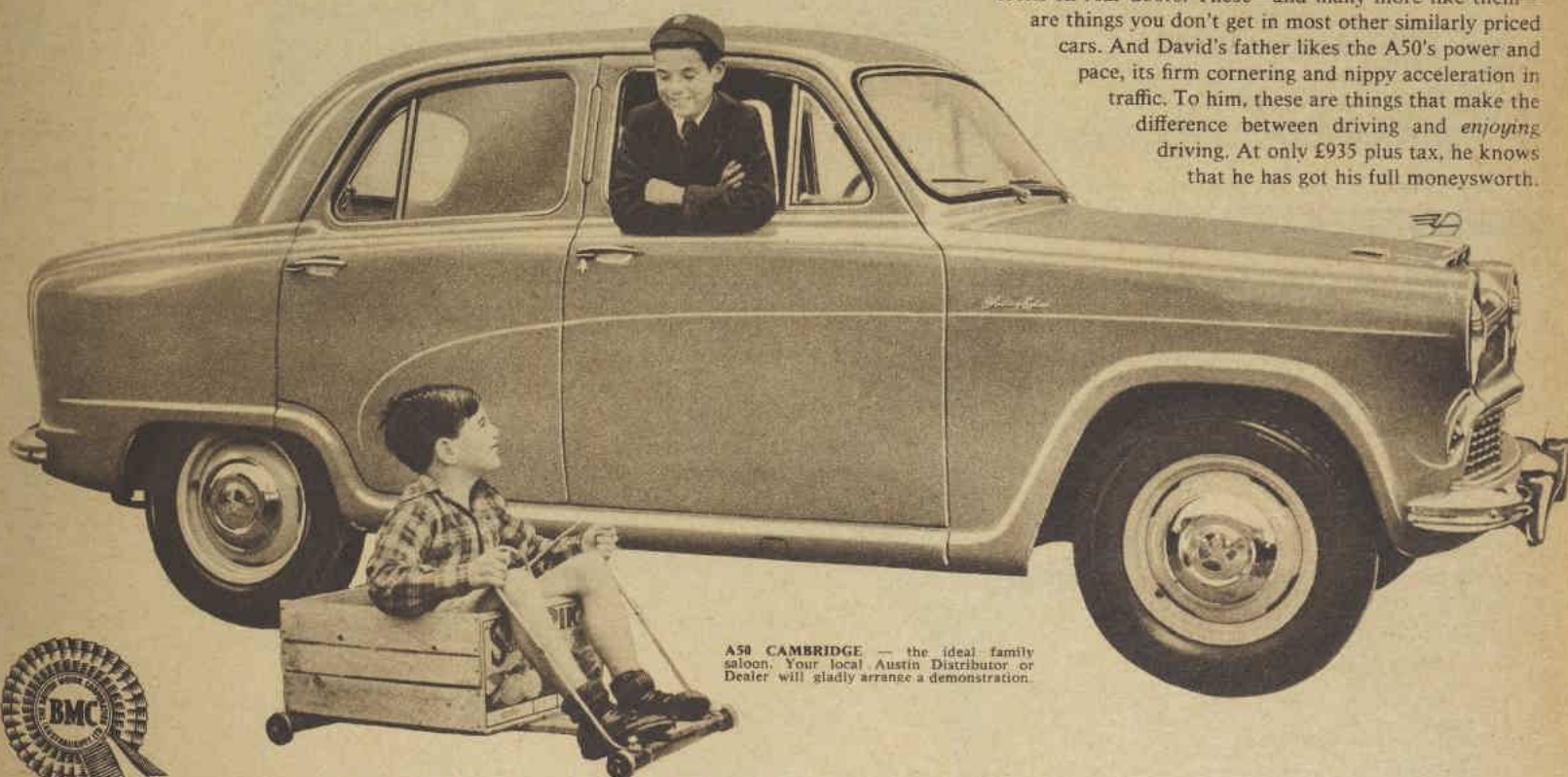
"If," she asked, "I request you to do things for me, would you do them?"

"What things?" I asked.

"I do not know, but I like young men to do things for me . . . It is better not to talk

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"Why don't you get a real car — like my AUSTIN A50"



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Continuing The Sinister Strangers

[from page 51]

all the time," she said, turning her face up to mine. It was an invitation if I ever saw one, but I put on the brakes. She pouted. "You are very backward," she said. "You do not wish to kiss with me?"

A warning bell rang, but what are warning bells at such a moment? "It just seemed a bit sudden," I said.

"Never is it sudden to kiss, if you are in the mood," she said.

I found myself in the mood. She leaned back, flushed and smiling, nodding her head as one who renders a judgment.

"You kiss very nice," she said. "Now that is all. I wish to kiss you to find what it would be like."

"Just experimenting?" I asked.

"Such things it is well to know," she answered demurely. "Behold," she said. "Two people, young, meet. They speak to each other. They ask, 'Do you like this book or that painting?' They ask, 'Do you ride a horse or did you arrive at this place by aeroplane?' They ask, 'Who is your mamma and papa?' All to become acquainted. So silly. Each of them, inside, is asking the question, 'Would it be nice to kiss this one?' Always. But they just talk, talk. I am not so. I learn more about you with one kiss than from many words."

"And what did you learn?" I asked.

"No. No. What I learn is secret to me."

The buzzer interrupted us and Miss van der Poot went to the door. An Arab stood outside. He bowed deeply and extended an envelope, grinning and showing white teeth. Miss van der Poot accepted it, read the address.

"For my father?" she asked. The Arab bowed low again. "I will give it to him," she said, and closed the door. She walked past me and rapped on her father's door; then opened it and entered. In a moment they came out together. The

gnome frowned at me. My presence troubled him. "I have to go out," he said harshly. "You excuse?" "Certainly," I replied. "Always business — always!" Miss van der Poot exclaimed.

I wondered what sort of business this could be. Van der Poot had been summoned to an audience with the Sheikh el Samari. That much was clear. Another point also was clear—that the young sheik was a part of what was going on in the park. He had not come to Yosemite merely as a tourist. He had come for some purpose, and that purpose, unless I was utterly unintelligent, was a meeting—some sort of conference. I was disturbed, and as one does when his mind is troubled I stood up and walked across the room.

I paused at the window and looked outward and downward. The moonlight was silvery-white and visibility was excellent. Across the grass, walking towards the hotel, were two figures. One of them was Zaharados, the other was the fat boy. They paused. Then Zaharados continued towards the hotel while the fat boy sat down in a chair.

Two of the queer people in the park had been summoned to a meeting. I stood watching, but none of the others appeared. They might already have arrived or their presence was not desired at the conference. Neither Li Scow Yen nor Mrs. Potwin became visible.

I returned to the sofa, but I was not good company.

"You are distraught," complained Miss van der Poot. "You are subject to humors," she added. "Humors I do not like. When I am with a man I desire his attention. Not just a part of it, but all."

"Sorry," I said.

"Why," she demanded, "are you distraught?"

I grinned at her inanely.

"Maybe something I ate for

dinner," I said feebly. "I'm afraid I'm not amusing company. I'll be getting along."

"Maybe it is better," she said sulkily. "And there will be no good-night kiss."

"Tough punishment," I said.

She did not arise as I walked across to the door, but her eyes were intent — not roughish or inviting now, but sharp and observant.

"Good-night," I said.

She did not reply. I opened the door and stepped out into the corridor. As I closed the door I heard a click which told me that Miss van der Poot had lifted the telephone from its cradle. I wondered whom she might be calling. Possibly it was only room service, but I did not believe so. I believed she was telephoning the rooms of the Sheikh el Samari to warn her father that I was abroad.

It could be that Katrina van der Poot was not the ardent kitten she seemed to be. It occurred to me that she might be a very alluring bait, and that her mission in life was to dangle herself before the eyes of unwary fish. I did not like the idea of being a fish.

I passed an uneventful day in routine duties, but I did find time to spend an hour in the fine library in the museum building, consulting an atlas and enlightening my ignorance about the Persian Gulf and its surroundings. I came away wiser in geography, but not in politics. I had conversation with the chief ranger and found him uncomfortable in mind.

"If Washington," he said grumpily, "lets an important international character scamper around, it should put him in an FBI capsule. But here's this young Arab prince without a nurse. Suppose he fell off Glacier Point or went wading in the Merced and drowned! We'd be up to our necks in an international incident and enough heads would fall to fill a pickup truck."

"I'm not worried about high

cliffs or river water, sir," I said.

He looked at me sharply.

"Not having a little touch of

monomania, are you, Sawtell? Not seeing things at night and going a bit off your rocker?"

"I don't think so, sir. I'm trying to keep my feet on the ground. The Sheikh el Samari ties in. I never saw a crux, but I think he's one."

"Anything that would stand up in a court of law?" he asked.

"I think so, sir. Last night he summoned van der Poot and Zaharados to his apartment. I'm positive about van der Poot, and I saw the Greek come into the Ahwahnee."

"Confound it!" complained the chief ranger. "Dutchmen, Greeks, gangsters, Chinamen, blue-stocking old women from Boston, and now an Arab prince! This park isn't an international zoo. Who the devil is this young sheik?"

"He's a symbol," I said.

"Of what?"

"It's too deep for me," I said. "He's a descendant of Mohammed, I'm told, and mighty important to Moslem fanatics. Some kind of a rallying point for Islam if the pot boils over in that part of the world. I don't know exactly what a Mahdi is, but it's rumored he's in training to be one."

"Golly!" exclaimed the chief ranger. And then, "You do get around, Sawtell. How did you find this out?"

"Mrs. Potwin told me," I said.

"She could be filling you with baloney."

"I don't think so, sir."

He was unhappy.

"I'm supposed to be responsible for human life and property in this park, and for fire control and fisheries and wild life. But there's nothing in the regulations about supervising Near East politics. So long as these characters keep the peace inside the boundaries of the park, it's none of my business. And I'll keep it that way." He peered at me again

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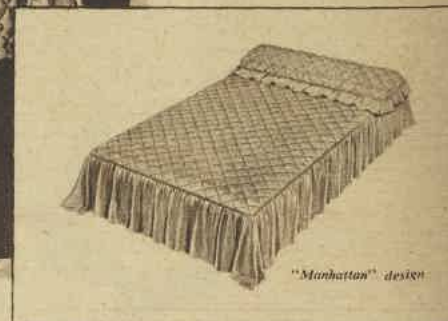
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Sweet June Allyson

THE two words "sweet" and "winsome" are used most often to describe actress June Allyson. The pictures on this page show that they suit her splendidly.

Petite, husky-voiced June began the climb to screen success in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer musicals, and as a star became Hollywood's ideal movie wife. June's new films are "It

Happened One Night," a lively comedy, and "The Opposite Sex," both re-makes of early box-office hits.

"It Happened One Night," a musical version of the Gable-Colbert Academy Award-winning comedy of the 1930s, is June Allyson's first musical in ages.

In "The Opposite Sex," Metro's new wide-screen version of "The Women," she plays the only happily married woman of the lot.

Film Fun-Fore

CONDUCTED BY
M. J.
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HUSBAND AND WIFE Dick Powell and June Allyson at home. Once a popular screen singing star, Powell is now directing films instead of acting in them. He directed his wife's new film, "It Happened One Night," a musical remake of a classic comedy.



ABOVE: June Allyson poses in a colorful pyjama ensemble. In "The Opposite Sex," her first picture at Metro since she left the studio two years ago to become a freelance actress, June has the opportunity to wear many elaborate costumes.

RIGHT: Slacks, shirt, and a natty tie are a familiar outfit for June Allyson around the family farmhouse, where the two Powell youngsters, eight-year-old Pamela and Richard, who is six, spend all their free time after school is out.



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ACTRESS LANA TURNER plants a playful kiss on the cheek of Art Linkletter, master of ceremonies at the Hollywood premiere of "Moby Dick." Lana's husband, Lex Barker (at left), seems vastly amused by the goings-on.

Talking of Films

★★★ *The Man Who Knew Too Much*

INSTEAD of relying on bizarre effects as he has done in recent films, Alfred Hitchcock concentrates on thrills and carefully engineered suspense in his new picture, "The Man Who Knew Too Much," a Paramount release.

Filed in color VistaVision against intriguing backgrounds of Marrakesh, in French Morocco, and in London and starring a brace of topflight performers, "The Man Who Knew Too Much" catches the imagination.

The plot is quite a brew, even for Hitchcock. It mingles murder and kidnapping with a threatened assassination, the whole culminating in a spectacular climax in London's Albert Hall.

The story gets off to a mysterious start in Morocco with the arrival there of an American doctor (James Stewart) touring with his wife (Doris Day) and their small son (Christopher Olsen).

It switches to London on a note of distraction when the Americans unwittingly land in a plot to kill a foreign statesman, and their son is kidnapped.

In London the tormented parents, well presented by Stewart and Doris Day, play out the suspenseful adventure of saving their son and foiling the assassination attempt.

A couple of songs sung by Doris are worked into the plot pattern.

Hitchcock's flair for interesting casting is seen in the characterisations of Daniel Gelin, Brenda de Banzie, and Bernard Miles.

★★ *Touch and Go*

DRAMATIC star Jack Hawkins seems to enjoy every minute of the comic pace afforded by "Touch and Go," a pretty technicolor comedy of English family life.

Hawkins turns in a very smooth and pleasant job of fun-making.

"Touch and Go" is a departure from the type of comedy usually associated with Ealing Studios.

In no way a major picture,

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★★ Excellent
★★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars—below average

it has, nevertheless, a beguiling charm.

The story tells of a harassed businessman (Hawkins) who quits his well-paid job in London after an argument with his boss and decides to settle in Australia.

However, his plan doesn't work out, and the picture shows why.

As Hawkins' amiable wife, Margaret Johnston is perhaps less at home in domestic comedy than her film spouse, but she acts attractively all the same.

A sudden romance between their teenage daughter, played by a glossy young thing named June Thorburn, and John Fraser, a personable lad who rescues the family cat from a watery plunge, is one of the incidents which complicate the family's last 48 hours in England.

Roland Culver's wry humor adds to the appeal of this comedy.

News from studios

JUNE HAVOC, who arrived in London with a great fanfare for a cabaret season at the swank Cafe de Paris, confesses she is crazy about pigs. "I used to keep a little pig about my house. It took only two days to house-train him. I painted his toenails red and he looked very cute. I merely used to point out the pig's mistakes and explain what I wanted him to do. He understood. Pigs are clever. I used to walk him up the street on a lead. I always felt the need of things to cuddle."

SOPHIA LOREN, invited by an American magazine to write a highly spiced gossip column on European films, replied, "Thank you, but no. I am already well off for enemies."



The whiteness of this girl's teeth is here being measured. The "whiteness-meter" showed that they were shades whiter after one brushing with Macleans.

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And you'll love the clean, fresh flavour! So don't forget that Maclean-white teeth are healthy teeth.



To measure the whiteness of human teeth, a solid block of pure magnesium-oxide was used as a standard of whiteness. The spectro-photometer was then set to this standard and the degree of whiteness of the teeth measured on the scale shown above.



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 15, 1956



1 SNAKE-HUNTER George Hamilton (George Gobel), left, the heir to American meat-packing millions, and his friend and bodyguard, Marty (Harry Bellaver), decide to terminate their African safari and leave for the United States.



2 MEETING of George and Jean Harris (Mitzi Gaynor) occurs on board a luxury liner en route for home. George doesn't know it, but Jean is one of a trio of card-sharps. She makes a fuss of him with the coming card game in mind.

BIRDS AND THE BEES



★ Paramount's new VistaVision comedy-with-music, "The Birds and the Bees," marks the screen debut of comedian George Gobel.

Crew-cut Gobel, a funny little man with a bland, boyish face, is a top star on American television with his ingratiating comedy style.

Besides making cracks and singing, Gobel plays the guitar and even attempts some simple dance steps on the screen.

Talented Mitzi Gaynor and David Niven co-star in the new film, and Reginald Gardiner, seen so seldom on the screen of late, has a main feature role as a member of a card-playing trio.

3 HILARIOUS card game between George, Jean, and her father, Colonel Harris (David Niven), right, takes place. But by the time George is ripe for plucking, Jean is in love with him and even defies her father. When George discovers that Jean is a crook, he breaks their engagement after telling her laughingly of his three non-existent previous marriages.



4 BACK HOME, Jean decides to teach George a lesson. Posing as a pair of French aristocrats, she and her father manage to wangle an invitation to the estate of George Hamilton's wealthy father, through a confederate (Hans Conreid), right.



5 CAPTIVATING George all over again is made easy for Jean by his father (Fred Clark), above left. Jean still believes that she has fooled George when he proposes. She plans to get a huge cash settlement from him.

6 LEFT. After the wedding Jean tells her husband she has been married several times and has five children. Marty blows the gaff sky high. However, George agrees to pay, anyway. Jean relents and settles for George.

NYLON

SPRINGBAKS

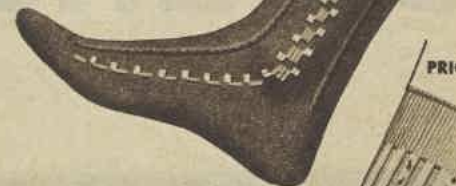
They S-T-R-E-T-C-H

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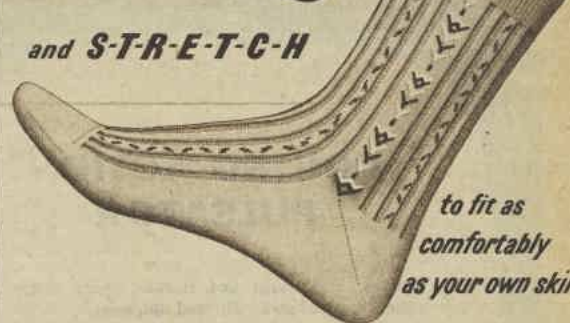
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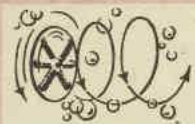


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**Exclusive
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Flushes, lifts, turns and tumbles every single article to swirl away dirt and dinginess. You'll never again need to boil so much as a hankie! Instead of a metal paddle to push the clothes through the water, the Hoover has a pulsator set in the side of the tub to send currents of sudsy water through every stitch of your wash, with a dirt-loosening action exactly like boiling. Four minutes is all it takes to make a 6 lb. load of washing sparkling-clean . . . one minute for your sheerest things.



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ELECTRIC
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Its self-adjusting rollers squeeze damp-dry anything from a handkerchief to a double blanket. Zips and buttons go through without trouble. The control panel has a stop button you can work with your knee, leaving your hands free to handle the clothes. An automatic release separates the rollers if necessary. When you're finished, the wringer can be tucked away into the machine — on goes the lid and the Hoover rolls into a corner — out of the way.



**Right in the Tub
POWER RINSE**

No more struggling with heavy, wet clothes — the pulsator rinses for you, right in the tub. A continuous flow of fresh water swirls through the clothes to swish away every trace of the dirty suds that so often leave the best wash "half clean". Power rinsing takes just half a minute, then the clothes are ready to wring. It's like rinsing them in a mountain stream: the same water is never used twice.



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HOOVER



and frowned. "What do you guess it's all about, provided we aren't seeing spooks in a graveyard?"

"Oil, sir," I answered. "Oh, my great-aunt's anti-macassar!" he snorted. "Where'd you get that idea?"

"The Sheikh el Samari comes from where the richest oil deposits in the world are located."

"I know," he said. "This oil," I said, "belongs to the Arabs and Iranians and what-not. But they have neither the capital nor the ability to drill wells, build pipe lines, erect refineries. Our great oil companies are, therefore, doing the job—and the British and Dutch. Personally, if I were a Russian, I'd want to be in it, too. Also, if I were a Persian or an Arab, I'd want a fair share of the take."

"Seems reasonable," he said. "But what's this got to do with a holy war?" he asked. I shrugged.

"It could be," I said, "that there are sincere fanatics who would like to start another holy war, consolidate all of Islam for the glory and honor of the Prophet. It could also be that there is a gang who would like to foment the thing so they could fish in troubled waters. Russia, possibly, could be involved. Could be. Now, sir, this Zaharados and van der Poot and Li Seow Yen have made millions in various kinds of international skulduggery. Mrs. Potwin has done pretty well, so they say. Now, it isn't too romantic to suppose that these people have a yen to use this young sheik as a cat's-paw. Start a big fire, with him as the torch, and steal some of the furniture out of the house while it's blazing."

"Boy," said the chief ranger, "you ride your imagination without a bridle!" He hunched his shoulders. "Carry on. Your job and mine is to keep the peace here. You see to it, Sawtell, that these folks behave themselves while they're here. There our responsibility ends."

"Yes, sir," I said. "But," he went on gravely, "if there's anything to this pipe dream of yours, you'd better sort of keep away from

Continuing . . . The Sinister Strangers

from page 52

lighted windows when it's dark outside. Go away from here. You've ruined my day."

The next morning rather early I was passing the riding stables when a car drove up to the corral. From it dismounted the Sheikh el Samari, very correct in English riding clothes, as if for a canter in Hyde Park. He held the door open for someone to alight, and somehow I was not astonished to see that it was Katrina van der Poot, dazzlingly lovely in shirt open at the throat and jodhpurs.

One of the sheik's suite—a chaparron or bodyguard, I imagined—stepped down from the front seat. The sheik himself was looking disdainfully at the horses as they were brought out. Evidently such steeds did not come up to his standards of horseflesh.

There were four or five other riders waiting under the eye of the wrangler. Miss van der Poot mounted her horse gracefully without help. The sheik vaulted to the saddle. Despite his appearance, which would have characterised him in the eyes of a cowboy as a dude, it was apparent he was a good horseman.

"What ho!" he said gaily. "Tallyho and tantivy! The hunt is up, what?"

Katrina bestowed upon him a smile that would have diverted the most avid hunter from the fox, and they cantered away.

Even if this young sheik with the vaudeville Englishman's method of speaking was a sort of demigod in his own land and throughout the Arab world I thought there must be another side to him than the one he displayed as he frolicked in our park. One could not exactly see him rallying hordes of derbies to his green standard or lashing fanatic Mohammedans to earn a place in Paradise through slaughter in battle. He seemed like a nice, handsome, cheerful boy.

Perhaps leadership was not required from him. That might be supplied by others while this boy was merely the symbol around whom they would rally. A symbol—and a cat's-paw.

It could well be, I was aware, that I had been letting my imagination run wild, and that, because so many unusual characters had collected in Yosemite at the same time, I



had been induced to tell myself fairy stories.

Technically I was not on duty this day; it was mine to do with as I pleased. I found, somewhat to my surprise, that what would please me at the moment was to see Miss Vanderlee. So I walked towards Camp 14, hoping that Miss Vanderlee might be visible.

She was. She lay in a camp chair under the awning attached to the trailer, reading a book. Mrs. Potwin was occupied inside their portable house, for which I was grateful. Joan laid her book upon the table and looked at me inquiringly.

"It's my day off," I said, by way of opening the conversation.

"How nice for you," she said non-committally.

"Do you," I asked, "ever have a day off?"

"This," she asked, "leads up to what?"

"Well, I thought—" I commenced, but she interrupted me.

"I thought," she said, "that your taste ran to platinum hair and snake hips."

"That," I said, "is just my lower nature."

"To which," she asked, "I do not appeal?"

"I wouldn't go as far as to

cones for souvenirs. Simple pleasures, but rewarding."

She considered it for a moment; then stood up and opened the door of the trailer. "Mrs. Potwin!" she called.

"What's wanted?" Mrs. Potwin demanded.

"You've got on my nerves," Miss Vanderlee said.

"That's what you're paid for," Mrs. Potwin said, filling the doorway with her imposing presence. "I," she said loftily, "am fed up with the sight of you." She eyed me with hostility. "Is this young sprig-gins luring you?"

"Yes," Miss Vanderlee said. "Well, be lured," Mrs. Potwin said. "I want to be shed of you. . . . Have you a car, young man?"

"No." "You can't lure without a car. Take mine. Scat! Scram! Get away from me, so I can have a day's peace. Five will get you twenty you don't get anywhere with her." She slammed the door and vanished.

"She's so kind to me," Miss Vanderlee said with irony.

As I was reflecting on the eccentricity of this relationship between employer and employee, Mr. Li came out of his trailer and bowed in his stately manner. Miss Vanderlee opened the door of the car and sat behind the steering wheel. I walked around the rear and got in beside her. Mr. Li regarded us benignly.

"Joy," he said, "is a flower in the hair of youth. Wisdom is ashes on the bald head of age."

"Ling Po?" asked Miss Vanderlee with a smile.

"The words are his," answered Mr. Li. "Water well the flower of joy so that it shall not wither before its time." He bowed again and turned away. Miss Vanderlee pressed the starter and we moved out to the road.

"Which way?" she asked.

"To the cafeteria," I said.

"They'll put up a lunch for us."

"And then?" she asked.

"Well," I suggested, "suppose we start by going to sit on top of the world."

"To show me the kingdoms of the earth?" she asked.

"I can't offer you an acre of them," I told her.

We stopped and bought a filled lunch box, then we drove to the place where the road commences to climb. Presently we passed the ski run, deserted now, save for workmen preparing it for next winter's activities. I directed her into a narrow, winding, uneven woods road, along which we drove in silence. We were above the clutter in the valley. Sugar pines abounded and there were glades carpeted with beautiful flowers.

A fawn crossed the clearing ahead of us, and, as we swung around a bend, there stood a small black bear, his head cocked inquisitively. Miss Vanderlee slowed the car, opened the compartment in the dashboard and tossed him a chocolate bar. He ambled towards it, sniffed it, and lost interest in us.

We stopped at a vantage point where tourists' cars were parked and sightseeing buses waited. Here we got down to look into the mighty, awesome gorge below. Standing there, one was conscious of how infinitesimal he was and how huge the world.

"We're so tiny," Miss Vanderlee said.

"It's humiliating," I answered. "Unimportant microscopic specks."

She stood silent, frowning.

"I did not come out today to be deflated," she said, "or to be made to feel that I'm as expendable as an invisible parasite on the leg of a flea. Let's go where we can feel bigger." She seemed to stamp her foot in exasperation. "I'll not be made to feel so unimportant," she said. "I'll not, I'm Joan d'Arcy Vanderlee. I'm someone. What I do counts. What I think counts."

"They tell me," I said, "that an atom can set off quite an explosion."

"Right," she said intensely.

"Right. I insist on being an explosive atom."

"To the flea, the dog is a

To page 62

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your pain soothed away.



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"True Vienna style."

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*For coffee made with essence or powder,
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It makes all coffee taste better!*

RECIPES

Try these delicious Carnation Recipes

APPLE PIE GERMAINE

Short Crust Pastry
4 medium-sized apples, sliced
½ cup sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 eggs
¾ cup Carnation Milk, undiluted
1 tablespoon butter

Line a deep tart plate with a good short crust pastry. Place over-lapping slices of apple on top of paste, and sprinkle evenly with sugar and cinnamon. Beat eggs until fluffy, add milk and pour carefully on top of pie. Cut up 1 tablespoon of butter into tiny squares and distribute over pie. Bake for approximately ¾ hour in a moderately hot oven.

PORRIDGE

Follow directions on packet, making ¾ of the liquid required Carnation. Serve sprinkled with brown sugar and undiluted Carnation.



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• Stuffed onions baked in a thick tomato-soup sauce is a dish the family will want often. It is good for luncheon served hot with buttered toast fingers.



• Luxe onion soup is a fine soup to serve when you want to make a good impression. It is easy to prepare, tasty and appealing. Toast circles are a light, attractive garnish.

Consider The Onion

• The humble onion is an indispensable ingredient, and all good cooks rely on its flavor to enhance their cooking.

PREPARING onions for cooking can be both tedious and tearful, or it can be quick and easy, depending on the way you approach the task.

White onions are less strongly flavored than brown onions and less likely to cause tears.

In either case, remove only the thin, dry, outer skin and, with a very sharp knife, cut off the stem end. Drop into cold water until ready to use.

To mince or chop onions, first cut in halves by cutting downwards from the stem end. Place cut side down on chopping-board and work with one half at a time.

With a large, sharp knife, cut onion crosswise into thin slices. Turn

it carefully half-way around and again cut with a quick chopping movement.

Keep the knife wet when slicing or chopping onions. It helps prevent onion juice splashing.

Many cooks practise and develop the onion-chopping technique of the experienced chef. It is a good way of chopping other vegetables, too.

This is how it is done:

Use a long, sharp-pointed knife—called a chef's knife—and first slice the onion as directed above.

Hold the tip of the blade down on the chopping-board with the left hand. Use the tip as a pivot and, holding the knife handle in the right hand, swing the blade back and forth over the sliced onion, at the same time lifting the blade up and down

in short, chopping strokes until the onion is as fine as desired.

A little practice will make you skilful.

Remember when boiling onions that gentle cooking gives best results. Rapid boiling causes breaking, or it may cause the centres to push out and spoil the appearance.

Pierce onions for boiling once or twice with a fine skewer to help keep them whole.

Spoon measurements are level in the following recipes.

DEVILLED ONIONS

Two dessertspoons butter or substitute, 1½ dessertspoons flour, 1 cup milk, 8 medium-sized onions, ¼ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 3 hard-boiled eggs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ½ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon paprika, ¼ cup buttered breadcrumbs, dash cayenne pepper.

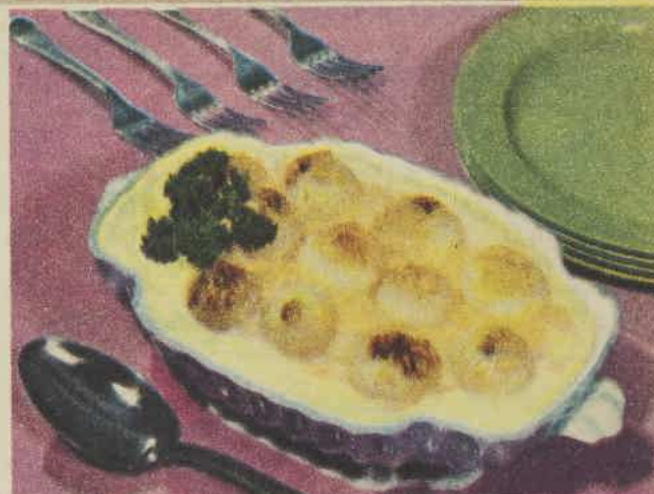
Melt butter, blend in flour, cook without browning for one minute, and stir in milk. Add onions (which have been sliced and boiled until tender), finely chopped eggs, parsley and seasonings to taste. Fill greased ramekin dishes and sprinkle with breadcrumbs which have been lightly tossed in hot butter. Place under grill or in a hot oven until lightly browned.

DE LUXE ONION SOUP

Six onions, 1 dessertspoon oil, 1 teaspoon meat or vegetable extract, 1 dessertspoon flour, 2 cups stock or water, ¼ cup dry white wine, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon butter, grated cheese.

Lightly brown sliced onions in hot oil, stir in meat or vegetable extract. Sprinkle flour over mixture, cook one minute, gradually add stock, stirring constantly. Add wine and stir until soup comes to the boil.

• *Steak-and-onion shortcake is a good dish for family dinner. For a quick garnish, use a large pickled onion cut into slices instead of parboiled onion slices.*



• Cheesed whole onions in a rich creamy sauce make a delicious luncheon dish or dinner entree. Try them with shelled cooked peas and chopped cooked bacon added to the sauce.

Season with salt and pepper, add butter and grated cheese. Serve with rounds of toasted bread.

CHEESED WHOLE ONIONS

One and a half pounds small white onions, 2 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, 1 cup evaporated milk, 1½ cups water or onion stock, salt and cayenne, 4 or 5 tablespoons grated cheese.

Cook peeled onions in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, pile into serving-dish. Melt butter, add flour—cook 2 minutes without browning. Add evaporated milk and onion stock or water, stir until smooth and thick. Season with salt and cayenne. Add most of the cheese. Pour over onions, top with remaining cheese. Brown lightly in oven or under grill.

STUFFED BAKED ONIONS

Five large onions, 1lb. pork-and-veal sausage meat, 1½ cups thick tomato soup, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon herbs.

Cook peeled onions in boiling salted water until partially tender. Drain, cool; cut almost through into quarters. Lift out centres, fill with a mixture of the sausage meat, beaten egg, and seasonings. Place stuffed onions in a casserole and add tomato soup. Bake in moderate

oven until onions are soft and meat mixture is cooked.

GLAZED ONIONS FOR GARNISHING

Peel very small onions and place in large saucepan, making only one layer on bottom of saucepan. Add sufficient water to barely cover, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon sugar, and 1 dessertspoon butter. Cook over moderate heat until water has evaporated, then continue cooking in butter that remains in pan. Shake pan gently until onions are lightly browned. Serve with lamb or veal.

CURRIED ONION FRITTERS

Eight or nine small onions, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1½ cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ¼ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon curry powder, 2 egg-yolks, 2-3rd cup milk.

Peel onions and parboil in boiling salted water. Press out centre section and stuff with a mixture of combined cheese and Worcestershire sauce. Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and curry powder and mix to a smooth batter with egg-yolks and milk. Dip stuffed onions in this batter and fry in deep hot fat until golden brown. Drain on absorbent paper and serve immediately.

Continued on page 60





UNCLE TOBY'S OATS

the satisfying breakfast

and you serve 3 plates for 4d.

another new RECIPE

NUTTY WAFERS

6 ozs. Uncle Toby's Oats, 4 ozs. butter, 2 ozs. sugar, 1 teasp. vanilla.

Cream butter and sugar until light and fluffy, add oats and vanilla. Press into a greased shallow tray and bake in a moderate oven until golden brown 15-20 minutes. Mark into rectangles while hot and leave in tin until cold. Serve as wafers with icy parfaits or ice cream.

UTO 48

That's a touchy subject



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Savory dish wins £5

● A savory dish of neck chops marinated in a piquant mixture wins the main prize this week in our recipe contest.

THE marinade used softens the meat fibres in the chops and gives additional flavor.

Viennese Cookies, delicious to eat and simple to make, win a consolation prize.

All spoon measurements are level.

PIQUANT NECK CHOPS

Five or six best end neck chops, 1 small tin tomato soup (undiluted), 1 dessertspoon brown sugar, ½ clove garlic, 1 teaspoon mustard, 2 tablespoons curry powder, 2 tablespoons white vinegar, ½ teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, ½ onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped green pepper, or more or less according to taste, ½ cup stock or water.

Trim chops, removing any loose skin or bone and excess fat. Place chops in an ovenware dish. Combine all other ingredients, except stock or water, crushing garlic and chopping onion finely before adding. Pour over meat, cover, and keep in refrigerator overnight. Following day add stock or water and cook in a moderate oven 1½ hours or until tender.

First Prize of £5 to Miss T. Rolfe, 84 Union St., Windsor, Vic.

FAMILY DISH

ROUND STEAK extended with bread-crumbs and made into meat cakes is this week's economical family dish. It costs approximately 5/6 and serves four.

MEAT CAKES WITH ONION GRAVY

One pound round steak, 2 cups soft white breadcrumbs, 1 small onion, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 egg, ½ cup milk, pinch pepper, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon fruit chutney or relish, 2 table-spoons sultanas, onion gravy.

Mince steak, mix with breadcrumbs, finely chopped onion, salt, pepper, and sultanas. Add milk, sauces and chutney to beaten egg and mix with steak mixture. Place mixture in small greased pie-tins or patty-tins (about 2 or 3 tablespoons in each). Bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Serve with onion-flavored gravy.

Miss Precious Minutes says

TO make a good polishing pad, wrap a piece of plastic around a pad of old material and draw a woollen sock over the plastic. Polish will not soak past the plastic, so that none is wasted.

BEFORE cleaning out a greasy oven, leave a tin half filled with ammonia in it for several hours—overnight, if possible. This softens the grease and makes it easier to wipe off.

VIENNESE COOKIES

Six ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. icing-sugar, 1 teasp. baking powder, 1½oz. cornflour, 4½oz. flour, few drops almond or vanilla flavoring, glace cherries.

Cream butter or substitute, sift icing-sugar, add to butter, and beat until soft and creamy; add flavoring. Sift flour, cornflour, and baking-powder, stir into creamed butter mixture. Fill mixture into pastry bag with a large rose pipe and force mixture into small shapes on greased oven-tray. Top each with a piece of glace cherry and bake in



PATTY CAKES, baked in the usual way, look festive when topped with chopped jelly and decorated with whipped sweetened cream as illustrated above.

moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes or until lightly browned.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. J. Greentree, 55 Henry St., Quirindi 4N, N.S.W.

Tony's luxury dish

Chicken Liver Saute Caprice

"FOR this dish the chicken livers may be cut in pieces before cooking or left whole," says Tony Clerici, well-known Sydney restaurateur. "They are usually sauteed in butter with salt and pepper to season. The time for cooking is from 4 to 5 minutes."

For six persons you will need:

Two pounds fresh chicken livers, ½lb. fresh mushrooms (sliced and sauteed in butter), unsalted butter, 1 glass brandy, 1 glass sherry, 1 cup veal stock or chicken gravy, 1 clove crushed garlic, 2 small chopped shallots, ½ teaspoon salt, pepper to taste, cooked rice pilau (as below).

Season chicken livers with salt and pepper and saute them in butter 4 to 5 minutes or until nicely browned. Add the brandy and ignite it; when the flame dies down, remove from saucepan. Saute the mushrooms and the chopped shallots in butter; add the garlic, sherry, and veal stock when the mushrooms are browned. Pour the mixture on to the chicken livers and re-heat altogether, but do not allow to boil. Mix a little of the sauce from the chicken-liver mixture with the rice, then make a bed of half the rice in a serving-dish. Place the chicken livers on top and cover with the remaining rice. Serve very hot.

Rice Pilau: Two cups rice, 2 tablespoons butter, 4 cups boiling water, 4 teaspoons salt, 1 onion finely chopped.

Lightly brown the onion in the butter in a pan which can be tightly covered. Add the rice, boiling water, and salt. Bring to a boil and cook tightly covered for 18 minutes, in the oven for preference. Separate the grains with a fork, if necessary, and mix in another 2 tablespoons butter.

THE ONION

Continued from page 59

STEAK-AND-ONION SHORTCAKE

One and a half pounds minced steak, ½ cup diced green pepper, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1 cup chopped peeled mushrooms (optional), ½ cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 egg, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, onion slices.

Mix steak with green pepper, mushrooms, breadcrumbs, tomato sauce, egg, salt and pepper. Press into large, square baking-dish. Prepare shortcake.

Shortcake: One pound self-

raising flour, 2 teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 2 table-spoons powdered milk, 2oz. butter or substitute, 1½ cups water, ½ cup grated or finely chopped onion.

Sift dry ingredients into a basin and rub in butter. Add onion and mix to soft dough with water. Turn on to floured board, knead lightly.

Roll to fit dish and lift on top of meat mixture. Bake in hot oven 20 to 25 minutes, cut into squares, and serve, meat side uppermost, garnished with parboiled onion slices.



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ARCHITECT'S DIARY

Improving an ugly facade

By Sydney Architect
W. J. McMURRAY

● Mrs. J. Watt, of Benair, via Kingaroy, Qld., wants to improve a side view of her house. This particular side, she explains, is the only ugly view of the house which, being on the corner, can be seen from two streets.

THE small isolated windows in the wall can be improved by a projecting frame tying the two windows together and by covering the space between with a panel of material to contrast with the rest of the wall.

In a weatherboard house this panel could be a wallboard or asbestos cement on battens over the weatherboards.

The panel could have a squared pattern made by half-round beading (see sketches above).

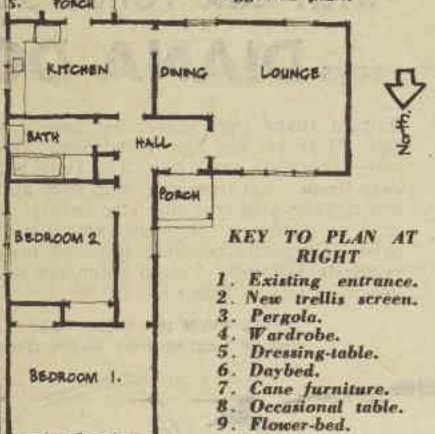
Since the general color scheme is blue with white trim, I suggest yellow, the color used for the front door, for the panel, with the surround in white.

This treatment eliminates the two small unhappy windows. The centre panel further introduces an opportunity for a contrast of material and color.

I would also suggest a brick flower box with a trellis screen to conceal the ugly foundation piers.

● Each week Mr. McMurray will answer readers' problems of general interest.

PLAN (below) of a house to which a third bedroom is to be added. At right is the architect's suggested plan.



STIMULATION DANGER

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

BAD handling and carelessness in the early days of baby's life can very soon upset the balance of his highly sensitive nervous system.

The brain grows more in the first two years than in the whole of the rest of life. It should not be over-taxed during

this critical period. The stimulation afforded by natural handling and mothering is beneficial during baby's early development, but much harm can be done by over-stimulation and meddlesome interference.

Excessive vomiting in the

early months is often the result of bad handling and over-stimulation, while sleeplessness and disturbed nights are also due to the same cause.

A leaflet dealing with this subject can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Please enclose a stamped addressed envelope with your request.



TOP SKETCH shows the ugly side of a weatherboard house. The sketch immediately above shows the improvement by joining the windows with a panel and adding a flower-bed.

THIRD BEDROOM

MRS. PATRICIA BARKER, of Mordialloc, Victoria, has submitted a plan of her two-bedroom home to which she wants to add a third bedroom.

The house is on the building alignment and the only possible position for the third bedroom would obscure the main entrance from the street. Mrs. Barker would like advice as to the best way to treat the extension without spoiling the general appearance.

A third bedroom (see sketches below) would alter the present "L" shape of the main plan to a "U" shape forming an enclosed area on three sides. This enclosed court could be paved and

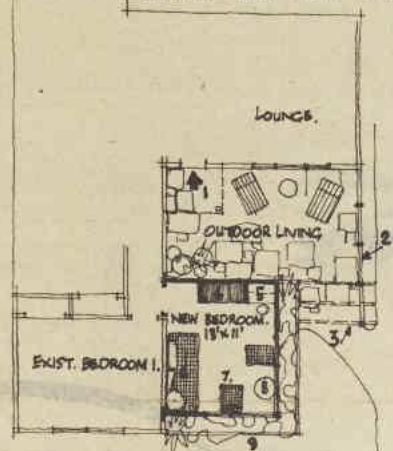
made into a pleasant and private courtyard by the introduction of a trellis screen and pergola.

This courtyard could be a pleasant adjunct to the living-room and, properly furnished, could be an asset in itself arising from the altered plan shape.

The third bedroom has a good northerly aspect. It could be used as a dual-purpose sun-room and third bedroom.

For this reason I suggest that ample windows be put in and furnishings selected with the aim of creating a sunny alternative to the present living-area for such activities as sewing and reading.

DETAILED section (below) of the architect's plan shows the added bedroom, new entrance and living area.



I know, and you know!



that washing is to get clothes clean, but washing alone cannot make your white clothes dazzling white"

says Mary Rawlins

... only

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universe," I said. "Ling Po might have written that."

"Yes, and when the flea bites, the dog scratches," she said. "So it has influence. Even if I have to bite, I'm going to announce my presence and make a disturbance. Somehow I'll assert my existence."

The sight of gigantic nature affects different people differently. It made Miss Vanderlee mad. Somehow I liked that. It made me feel that she would be a difficult girl to cow.

We re-entered the car, and Miss Vanderlee's humor changed. She no longer dared the universe to consider her negligible. She was gay. As we drove along, her interest in what was to be seen was naive and childish. We next parked on Glacier Point, and I walked her past the hotel and up the rocky ramp to the fence that kept over-eager visitors from plunging into the valley below.

"Do you mean to say," she exclaimed, pointing downwards, "that we have driven in a car from there to here?"

It did seem impossible that a motor-car could have reached that dizzy height, but the climb had been over perfect roads with easy gradients, so that one was scarcely aware of leaving the floor of the world and reaching the clouds. Over at our right, fuel was already piled for the Fire Fall that evening. Children scurried here and there, cameras clicked. Miss Vanderlee gazed her fill in silence, then turned to me.

"That's about all the scenery I can digest today," she said. "Is there a spot where we can sit and see nothing—where we can be shut in and get back to normal size?"

I directed her to such a spot—a glade among the trees, carpeted with flowers—and there we sat on the grass and ate our lunch.

"I'm not exactly," said I, "the prying type, but are all the tall tales one hears about Mrs. Potwin near to truth?"

"Mr. Sawtell"—she grinned impishly—"anything you hear about Mrs. Potwin is understatement."

Continuing . . .

"Of course," I said, "I haven't been around the world so much, and I've never been exposed to Boston society, but it does seem to me that your relationship with her is a bit on the eccentric side."

"Eccentric!" she exclaimed. "Mr. Sawtell, 'fantastic' is nearer to it. But," she added, turning twinkling eyes on me, "we both dote on the fantastic."

Her answer did nothing to increase my understanding of the matter. I leaned back on my elbows and stared at her frankly. She pretended not to notice it. I was taking stock of her, and came to the conclusion that her face was lovelier than Katrina van der Poot's; that her architecture, while it did not flaunt itself as the Dutch girl's did, was nevertheless of the first order.

"You are beautiful," I said, without meaning to do so.

"You," she answered, "have reached a sound conclusion." Her eyes widened as she looked over my shoulder at the woods behind.

"What is it," I asked, "a bear?"

"I don't think," she said, and her hands clenched into fists, "that a bear would consider that a compliment."

I rolled over so that I could see—and there, rounding a thicket not fifty feet away, were two men. It was an instant before I recognised them. They were two of the Chicago hoodlums I had seen through the window the night I followed Nature Boy Nussler to his rendezvous. They stopped at sight of us and stared. Then one of them grinned in a way I did not like at all.

"Well, happy days!" he exclaimed. "Looks like we picked a good day for a walk!"

In some ways a man sitting down is at a disadvantage if there is danger of being assaulted. In one way there is a slight advantage—he does not offer a challenge. There is no chip on the shoulder of

The Sinister Strangers

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one lounging at his ease in deep grass, no provocation to immediate violence.

I determined to keep it that way and to behave as if these two Chicago hoodlums were ordinary tourists met casually in the woods.

"Good day, gentlemen," I said, striving to keep voice and manner nonchalant. Then I shook my head at them. "I wouldn't advise leaving trails and roads. It's no trick at all to get lost."

I seemed to disconcert them.

grinned. "You'd have been sleeping out with the bears."

"We ain't lost and we ain't worryin' about no bears," said the first man.

"A couple of weeks ago," I said, "two men from—I think it was Chicago—ventured off the trails. It took us a couple of days to find them. They were in pretty bad shape."

"This mug," said the larger of the pair, "is handin' us a line." He showed yellow teeth in a malicious grin.

"Have a sandwich?" I asked.

"We don't eat with no coppers."



I followed my advantage. "Are you sure you can find your way home?" I asked.

"We'll find our way, all right," one of them said.

"Good enough. Just to make certain, which way is home?" I asked.

The second man half involuntarily pointed. He was correct. The road lay in that direction. I shook my head and smiled.

"See!" I said. "See how easy it is to get turned around?" I pointed off at an angle. "There's your line," I said. "Keep on the way you're heading and we'd have had searching parties out after you." I

"I'm not exactly a copper," I said. "I'm a ranger."

"We don't like rangers neither."

I glanced at Miss Vanderlee. She was eyeing me speculatively and did not betray alarm. Perhaps she did not understand the situation.

"We ain't had no fun lately," the big hooligan said.

"Not any," said the other. "When we come out we didn't figure to have no fun—no till we see you."

"Picnickin' with a good-lookin' broad," said the first.

"But we got luck." He leered at Miss Vanderlee. "How'd you like to see a couple experts

work over a copper, lady? Just for exercise. Yeah. Not to hurt him much, but just to teach him. Like to see that, lady?"

"Seems a silly idea to me," she said.

"If you beat up a ranger you're in deep trouble," I told him. "We can't bother you where you live. But you're inside the park now. Makes a difference. If you committed an assault inside the park you really would be in the soup. Say you were to beat me up—why, we'd call in the State cops and you'd be in the hoosegow."

"I'll bet," said Miss Vanderlee, "you'd never get back home again."

"Keep your trap shut, lady," said the big one, but I could see that he was thinking. The pair looked at each other uneasily. The big one reached a decision. "You've talked yourself out of it, copper," he said. "This time. But there'll be another time."

I pointed. "If you walk that way a hundred yards you'll strike the road. Then keep right."

"Be seeing you," the smaller man said. "Don't forget it."

When they had passed from sight Miss Vanderlee turned a grave face to me. "That was close," she said.

"Uncomfortably close," I agreed.

"You handled it," she said succinctly.

"After a fashion," I said.

"It was a good show," she said. "It was a better show than if there'd been a fight and you licked them. . . . There's chocolate cake and coffee left. Let's finish them off."

That was all she said. Most girls would have palavered about it, but Miss Vanderlee was through with the episode.

"Why," she asked, "did you become a park ranger?" There seemed to be genuine interest in her voice.

"It was a job," I answered.

"That's evasive," she said. "Do you intend to make it a career?"

"I hope so," I told her.

She studied my face with curious intentness. "What does

it lead to?" she wanted to know.

"In twenty or thirty years I might become a park superintendent," I said.

"At what salary?" she asked. I shrugged. "I don't know exactly. I suppose it might be as much as eight or ten thousand. Maybe less."

"Truck drivers make that."

"Probably they earn it."

"Would that content you? Aren't you ambitious?"

"Not financially ambitious," I said.

"Content with security?" she asked. "Sure employment and a pension at the end?"

"Is there no other sort of ambition than financial—to make a lot of money?" I asked.

"You're holding back," she said. "You're satisfied with a career as a ranger. Why?"

"It's what I want to do. It's the kind of life I like."

"Being a nursemaid to a rabble?"

"That," I said, "is only the disagreeable part of it—and even that isn't altogether disagreeable. Maybe these people who come—some of them—don't know how to use a park or how to appreciate it. But they come. Something draws them. Even the worst of them don't go away without a profit to themselves. They huddle and they clutter, but in spite of themselves they can't avoid seeing some of the magnificence."

I was warming to my subject. "Not even the dumbest or most objectionable of them." I went on, "can spend a week in Yosemite without some of it seeping through their hides and working an improvement. Anything in the world that can work even a slight betterment in a human being is worth preserving."

"Well! Well!" said Miss Vanderlee with raised brows. "Eloquence we have!"

I felt myself flushing and a stirring of resentment.

"Maybe that's what you superior people call hokum," I said, "but let's examine hokum. Literary snobs sneer at it. Smart alecks deride it. But

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — August 15, 1956

Continuing . . . The Sinister Strangers

[from page 62]

when you get down to brass tacks, what is it? I'll tell you what hokum is, Miss Vanderlee. Hokum is merely the expression — possibly crude sometimes — of decent human emotions; of the fact that good is better than evil, of the fact that honor and sympathy and love and integrity exist. Hokum, Miss Vanderlee, is religion. It's the one force that prevents the world from destroying itself by greed and malice. So long as hokum exists and our common people love it, the world can't go right to pieces."

"Why, Mr. Sawtell!" she exclaimed. "So you want to be a ranger because the national parks are hokum and you think they're good for people!" She nodded her head with little jerky motions. "So you want to make a career of it."

I had got myself to talking and I couldn't stop, no matter how ridiculous it might make me appear in her sophisticated eyes.

"Miss Vanderlee," I said, "there is no danger to our people so dire and so immediate as the threat to our integrity. Whoever can thrust a thumb into the hole in the dike and help to hold back the flood is doing a worthy deed. Beacon Street may giggle at this, but it's a fact. A visit to this place is attendance at a great revival service."

"This I'll say," she exclaimed: "when you open up, you open wide!"

"I'm sorry," I said, embarrassed, but still resentful. "It wasn't exactly picnic talk, was it?"

"I asked for it," Miss Vanderlee said, "and I got it." Her hand — it seemed to do so involuntarily — reached out and touched my knee. "From me," she said, "no more gibes at your choice of a career. Let's go on to the next item in your revival service. Take me to see the big trees."

We drove down to the floor of the valley to the Mariposa Grove, past the ranger station and the Fallen Monarch and the campground. Near the Grizzly Giant we alighted and walked down the slope to peer at this tree, possibly the oldest living thing on earth. Again Miss Vanderlee surprised me. It was not admiration nor awe that she displayed, it was pity.

"The poor old thing," she said softly. "Once, I suppose, it was beautiful, like those younger trees — young and straight and beautiful."

"Forty centuries," I said, "destroy the first flush of youth even in a tree."

"It looks so — so aged. So lonesome. It has outlived everything—all its companions — by a thousand years. It makes me sad. Probably it was in its prime when the Pyramids were built!"

She was pensive as we walked back to the car. I drove her past huge trees named for States and statesmen and through the Tunnel Tree, where automobiles loaded with tourists took their turns standing in the road through the tree to be photographed. This was probably the climax of their visit—to have their pictures taken to astonish their neighbors back home. The miracle was not the tree itself, but that a motor-car could pass through a hole in its trunk.

"Sort of impious," she said. "But it's an attraction," I answered.

"Of course," she said. "It's an added attraction." She smiled widely. "Like a man walking a tightrope across Niagara Falls."

We performed the rite of driving through the tree.

"Look," I said, as we drove slowly along, "maybe people do absurd things here, but none of them is quite so absurd as coming to Yosemite to hunt

for buried treasure. Tell me, Miss Vanderlee, is Mrs. Potwin serious about it?"

"Don't ask me what Mrs. Potwin is serious about," Miss Vanderlee said. "When she looks her most impressive and stately she may be contriving some nonsense; when she's advertising an eccentricity it's likely to be a very efficient device. Or it may be just to get herself talked about. She loves to be talked about."

"You were interested," I said, "in why I became a ranger. I'm curious about you and why you're a chauffeur, secretary, and maid." I grinned at her and asked, in imitation of her own questioning of me, "Is there a future in it?"

"She's a very rich woman," Miss Vanderlee said.

"But you," I ventured, "are a cultured girl. You're intelligent and you're beautiful."

"Thank you kindly, sir." "Couldn't you," I asked, "find anything more pleasant or rewarding to do than to be a sort of semi-menial for an eccentric old woman?"

"I suppose," she said, with twinkling eyes, "I could have married a stockbroker."

"That," I retorted, "I can't imagine."

"And why not?"

"Humdrum," I answered.

"What sort of man would

It is a commonplace among moralists that you cannot get happiness by pursuing it. That is only true if you pursue it unwisely. — Bertrand Russell.

you suggest I marry?" she asked.

"A policeman, or a statesman, or an artist, or an explorer, or an actor, or a train robber," I said.

"You give me," she said, "quite a wide choice, but must I marry at all?"

"Inevitably," I said.

"How dreary. I think I like ancient Greece better. The smartest girls didn't go in for it. There was Aspasia. Then, in France there were Maintenon and Du Barry. And so on. Kings' mistresses and great courtesans."

"You are trying," I said, "to shock me."

"And succeeding," she said. "which brings us to the end of the cross-examination. The witness pleads her constitutional right."

We drove back to Camp 14. Mrs. Potwin, who had been knitting under the canopy, snapped at Miss Vanderlee as we approached. "You were gone long enough," she said accusingly.

"Not nearly," Miss Vanderlee said cheerfully.

Mrs. Potwin snorted and fixed me with a baleful eye. "Help her get tea," she ordered. "I'm having a guest."

"Who?" asked Miss Vanderlee.

"A charming young man, I understand. I sent a note inviting him to tea. The Sheikh Samari."

"You've a sublime nerve!" said Miss Vanderlee. "Inviting a foreign potentate to tea in a trailer! I'll bet he doesn't come."

"One," said Mrs. Potwin, "will get you ten that he does."

"What's this strange power you exert over men?" asked Miss Vanderlee ironically.

"Well, in this particular case," Mrs. Potwin said, "I was pals with the sheik's grandfather. As a matter of fact, for a week or so I considered entering his harem."

"Why didn't you?" Miss Vanderlee asked.

"Too much competition," said Mrs. Potwin. "When I married a man it had to be whole hog or none. Besides, I despise camels. . . . He'll be here at four-thirty. Go wash your face and pretty up, Joan."

"I'll be getting along," I said.

"You will not," said Mrs. Potwin. "You will stay and keep your mouth shut and your ears open."

"Yes, ma'am," I said meekly. "Sit there and read the paper," she ordered. "A week late, but week-old news from Boston is better than a spot broadcast from anywhere else."

She eyed me critically. "What chance," she asked, "do you think you'd have in a rough-and-tumble with that naked behemoth who goes strutting around here?"

"Nature Boy Nussler?" I asked.

"He's the character," she said.

"Very little chance," I said. "I'd hate to have to try it."

Mrs. Potwin sniffed and fell to knitting. I opened the Boston paper and tried to interest myself in its contents.

A young man turned off the road and stood looking about him. He was of medium height and slender. He wore a checked sports coat and shark-skin trousers and he was one of the handsomest young men I had ever seen. His brown eyes, liquid and intelligent, shone above olive cheeks. His nose, slightly hooked, his mobile mouth, his firm chin, and close-set ears were in the classic tradition. He came towards us, stopped and bowed from the waist.

"Oh, I say! Am I addressing Madame Potwin?" he asked.

Mrs. Potwin stared at him stonily for a moment; then motioned to a camp chair.

"Sit down, sonny," she said grimly, "and quit being a haw-haw Englishman. I'd know you anywhere. Look like your grandfather before reasons of State made him grow whiskers. If it hadn't been for that beaver," she went on, "I might —"

The young Sheikh el Samari smiled and showed white teeth. "Madame," he said courteously, "you are remembered. I have hoped to meet you."

"I should think I would be remembered!" she snorted. "This is Ranger Sawtell." She raised her voice and called peremptorily, "Come out here, Joan! Company's come!"

Miss Vanderlee appeared in the door. "Sheik," said Mrs. Potwin, "this is my maid, Miss Vanderlee."

The sheik, who had not yet seated himself, bowed again, and if he was surprised at being presented to a domestic servant, he did not let it be apparent.

"Charmed," he said. Miss Vanderlee certainly did not look like a maid, nor a chauffeur, nor a secretary. She looked definitely like something out of the top drawer.

"Good afternoon," she said. "Tea will be ready presently."

With that she disappeared inside the trailer. The sheik and I sat down, and Mrs. Potwin continued to stare at him. "Your father's dead," she said bluntly.

The young man nodded. "And that," she said, "puts you on the spot. What's this nonsense about Oxford? And don't snort and grunt when you tell me."

"It was thought wise," the sheik answered, "that I be given an Occidental education. That I familiarise myself with the habits and customs of England. Such knowledge was considered essential. The world,

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madame, has changed since the days of Lord Kitchener."

"With a finishing course in the United States, eh?"

"That," said the young man, "was my own idea. I wished to see all the Western world before—"

"Sure, before," Mrs. Potwin said tersely. "How long have you been here?"

"A month," he answered.

"And what do you think?"

"I think," he said gravely, "that the friendship of this country would be a valuable possession."

"Maybe," she said, "it was all a mistake."

"Educating me in the West? Permitting me to become familiar with its ways?"

She raised her heavy brows. "Will you be content to go back?" she asked.

"I," he said proudly, "am an Arab."

"But," she said, "will you be happy? Filth and vermin and disease and ignorance."

"Perhaps," he said, "I may be able to remove some of the filth and vermin and ignorance. May I point out, madame, that my ancestors were great mathematicians and astronomers—even artists and poets—when the forebears of the Western peoples were painting themselves blue and living in trees?"

His smile was charming and spontaneous, softening the rebuke.

"I have to admit," Mrs. Potwin said, "there's no finer gentleman than the Arab, but can you take it? Haven't these years weaned you away?"

"They have not weaned me away," he said.

"Then," she demanded, "why ape a silly Englishman?"

"That, too, perhaps was wise. Could it not be expedient to be thought a silly Arab?"

"Why did you come to Yosemite?" she demanded.

"Does not every foreigner visit your great national parks? I wished to see your Yosemite, your Yellowstone. It will be a tale to tell to my tribesmen. How a nation has had the great heart to provide such marvellous playgrounds for even the lowliest of its people!"

She continued to press him. "It was your idea," she asked, "to come here?"

"It was my desire," he said.

"To see the sights?"

"And to learn," he replied.

"Listen, sonny," she said almost savagely, "don't try to bamboozle an old girl who had a narrow escape from being your grandmother. What brought you here?"

A wrinkle appeared between his brows. "I do not understand," he said gravely. "You suspect some hidden purpose."

"I'm a suspicious old tabby," Mrs. Potwin replied.

"I assure you," he said, "that I had no purpose in coming to this spot except to see."

"No prearranged meeting?"

"None," he said. "With whom would I meet and for what purpose?"

"Are you," she continued to bore in, "acquainted with a Levantine Greek named Zaharados?"

"I have not that honor."

"It wouldn't rate as an honor. No business with him?"

"How could I have business with a man of whom I never have heard?"

"Or a Chinese gentleman named Li Seow Yen?"

"I know very few Chinese," he said, and made an effort to remember. "I do not recall the name Li Seow Yen."

"How about the Dutchman, Johannes van der Poot?"

"Him I met in the hotel—and his charming daughter. For the first time. Never before."

"But, sir," I interjected, "you sent for him to come to your apartment the other night. One of your retainers summoned

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him, Zaharados was also in the hotel at the time."

He was not offended, only bewildered. He remembered my name, though he had heard it mentioned but once.

"Mr. Sawtell," he said, "I did not invite Mr. van der Poot to my apartment, nor did I see him there . . . This questioning I do not understand, Mrs. Potwin. Has it an object?"

When she spoke her voice was softer than I ever had heard it. "Your grandfather," she said, "was a man of high honor . . . You wouldn't believe that I was once a choice dish, would you?"

"I would believe anything delightful about madame," he said.

"The point is," she snapped, "that I don't believe the breed has degenerated. In spite of Oxford. I'm sceptical. But I can't stop myself swallowing all you say, hook, line, and sinker. It complicates. It scrambles the eggs."

"I'm very much in the dark. Your questions puzzle me. May I beg for enlightenment?" he asked.

She thought it over.



"No," she said presently. "Maybe it's better that I don't illuminate. But one thing I'd advise, sonny. If I were you, me lad, I'd nose around and smell out which of your entourage is giving you the double-cross. Yes. You'd better snoop. If I'm not crazy as a coot—and I'm not—somebody in your crowd is trying to hand you the dirty end of the stick."

"But that is impossible!" he said.

"Listen, you pint-sized Saladin!" she said angrily. "When world politics sizzle and when oil bubbles out of the ground, anything is possible. You've got pretty paws, youngster, and I'd hate to see them singed pulling chestnuts out of the fire."

"Madame," said the young sheik, "you knew my grandfather. Can you imagine him as a cat's-paw?"

"I can't," she said.

"His blood," said the Sheik el Samari, "flows in my veins."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-three," he answered.

"There's your answer," she said grimly. She turned her head and bawled at Miss Vanderlee. "Hey, Joan! Where's that tea?"

"Coming up," Miss Vanderlee said, and appeared in the door of the trailer carrying a tray. I jumped up, took it from her and placed it on the table. She smiled at the sheik.

"We haven't any pomegranate seeds," she said lightly, "but here's a plate of yummy caraway-seed cookies."

"Which," he said, taking in her young loveliness with eager eyes, "I'm sure I shall relish."

I heard the door of the adjoining trailer open and close, and Li Seow Yen rounded the corner of his portable home.

He stood erect, looking at right angles to where we sat. It is not quite seemly to apply the term roguish to Mrs. Potwin, but no other word would describe the expression on her face.

"Hi," she called, in what seemed to me to be an impertinent manner.

Mr. Li turned in his dignified way, and without resentment bowed in our direction.

"Have a cup of tea," invited Mrs. Potwin.

"Many thanks," responded Li Seow Yen. "It is the hour for refreshment."

He walked the short distance, sat in the chair towards which Mrs. Potwin waved a hand.

"Mr. Li Seow Yen," she said formally, "the Sheik el Samari."

"This humble one is honored," Mr. Li said.

"The honor is mine," replied the young sheik.

"Now," grinned Mrs. Pot-

"That," said Miss Vanderlee, "is the philosophy of futility."

"Not so," answered Mr. Li. "It is a statement of the most powerful force in the universe—that nothing can prevail against patience."

"That," said Miss Vanderlee sharply, "is pacifism—non-resistance. That if you sit it out all things will come to an end."

Mr. Li regarded her with grave courtesy. "Where," he asked, "is Iskander Bey? Where is Genghis Khan or Tamerlane? Where is Napoleon? Where is your modern Hitler? Names in a history book."

"But," objected Miss Vanderlee, "they were resisted."

"Resisted, yes. But not destroyed until each had run his course. Had a spear or a bow never been raised against Genghis Khan, he would have run his course. Had no army faced Tamerlane, he would have died and his empire would have vanished. What Iskander conquered disappeared in a breath. In all evil things, my child, there lives a self-brewed poison which will destroy it."

"But to follow your teaching, sir," Miss Vanderlee said, "would be cowardice."

"Do you think," he asked, "that patience does not require courage?"

The young sheik stirred in his chair, his aquiline face set in grim lines, so that one thought of generations of war-like ancestors.

"A man," he said, "must be worthy of his manhood."

"How many," asked Mr. Li gently, "would be alive who are dead if vanity had never been present in the human race—that vanity of men or of nations that compels them to destroy themselves rather than to be thought afraid?"

"But you are so wrong, sir. You are so wrong," Miss Vanderlee said eagerly.

"He is so wrong," echoed the young Arab. "There is splendor in the human race only when it defends itself against odds, or when it offers up its blood and treasure for some ideal. I say, sir—in his earnestness he fell into the Oxford way of speaking—is not the achievement of such splendor the noblest aspiration of man? I mean—I mean how can you argue against that?"

"Youth," said Mr. Li still gently. "The fire and emotion of youth! It is used by old and stealthy and selfish men to serve their ends. It is the tinder that lights the holocaust."

"That," interjected Mrs. Potwin imperatively, "is enough of that. It bores me. Another cup of tea, anybody?"

The Sheik el Samari stood up, smiling now and amiable. He bowed to Mrs. Potwin and looked overlong at Miss Vanderlee. "I am desolated," he said, "but I must take my leave." His eyes turned to me with that odd, searching gaze I had noticed before.

"Mr. Sawtell," he said, "would you care to walk with me to my hotel?"

"Of course," I said, complimented that he should ask me, and presently we were walking towards the road together. I towered over the young Arab by a full four inches, but there was something about him that made me feel I was no taller than he. In this short meeting he had attracted me strongly. I could not tell why, but there was something about him that called out to me, and I had a feeling that there was something in myself that called out to him.

We walked along in silence until we reached the main road

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and extricated ourselves from the huddle of Camp 14. Then he turned to me.

"Were you," he asked, "surprised that I asked you to walk with me?"

"Yes," I answered. "It has been months," he said, "since I have talked to anyone of my own age."

"I'm older than you," I said.

"Of my generation," he replied.

In a pleasant spot under the pines we turned off the road and sat down hugging our knees. The sheik fumbled in the breast pocket of his jacket and found a monocle, which he affixed in his eye. Then he grinned at me.

"What—what?" he said. "Cheerio and all that sort of thing."

"What's the underlying idea?" I asked.

He continued to grin. "I'm a very holy man," he said.

"Does that thing add to your holiness?" I asked.

"It nullifies it," he answered, blinking the monocle into his palm and dropping it back into his pocket. "A very holy man," he said, "is potential trouble. State departments discuss him. They want to know if he's the sort of chap to stir things up."

"That," said I, "I can understand."

"My own political people," he said, "want to know if I'm pliable—if I'll do what I'm told without arguing about it. But nobody takes very seriously a silly Arab who apes silly Englishmen."

"What do you gain?" I asked.

"The chancelleries shrug me off," he replied. "My own schemers touch their brows and grin. So I enjoy myself and nobody worries about me—and I hide my time."

"For what?" I asked.

"For come what may," he said.

"Aren't you," I asked, "talking pretty freely to a stranger—you a potential Mahdi and a lad who might take it into his head to start a jihad?"

"What's your first name?" he asked unexpectedly.

"Linc," said I.

"Mine," he said, "is Haroun."

Continuing . . . The Sinister Strangers

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When we're alone, let's use first names."

"Why this honor to a humble ranger?" I asked.

"I've never had a pal," he said, and his brown eyes were sad. "I'd like one, if even for a few days. It will be a little thing to remember come lonely days."

The boy was hungry for friendship. I could understand that, but I could not guess why he had chosen me. I asked him. He shook his head.

"Who can say? Who can explain? When first I saw you I had a feeling we could be pals. One of those things. Something passed from you to me." He paused and looked at me eagerly. "Did something pass from me to you?"

"It did," I admitted.

"Oh, topping! Topping! Do you know," he said seriously, "that I'm a very astute fella?"

"I don't," I said, "think you're a dumb-bell."

He looked puzzled, and then grinned. "A thing you don't know," he said, and more seriously. "I'm a terrific orator. But I'm keeping it quiet. I could be what you call a rabble-rouser."

"To what good?" I asked.

"Linc," he said, "my people like to be exhorted. I could set the desert ablaze. It's an idea to toy with." His mood changed. "Things have changed where I came from," he went on abruptly. "We used to be poor. Suddenly we are rich. Do you know, Linc, I'm infernally rich? I'm no penniless nomad tribesman."

His eyes narrowed. "If I want ten thousand machine-guns, I can pay cash for them, or a dozen aeroplanes."

"But how would you get them delivered?" I asked.

"Don't be childish," he said. He looked at his wristwatch. "I've got to touch base, as you Americans say. Listen, pal, while I'm here give me as much time as you can. What?"

"Right," I said. And then, by way of warning, "Mrs. Potwin is an astute woman."

"So I judge."

"Who has strange sources of information?"

"I believe it," he agreed.

"Then," I told him, "ponder on what she said."

"Pal," he replied, "I'm two steps ahead of you . . . That Miss Vanderlee is a tasty morsel."

"So," I said, "is Miss van der Poot?"

He grinned at me impishly.

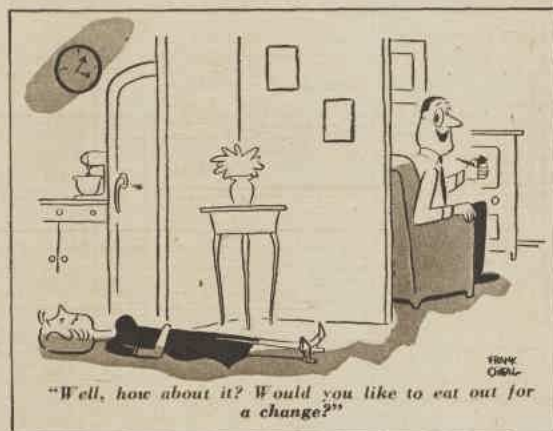
"We still," he said, "go in for harems . . . Toodle-oo, pal. Make it soon."

"See you around," I said, and

and its direction stated. Because of constant vigilance and efficiency, the ravages of forest fire were held to a minimum inside Yosemite.

I chatted for a moment with the ranger in charge before reporting to the chief ranger, who would be at the morning conference in the headquarters building.

I passed the museum and library building, and as I did so a car drove up from which alighted Mrs. Potwin. She eyed me loftily and said good morning. Miss Vanderlee, who was driving, nodded cheerfully.



watched him swing lithely down the road.

Next morning, after I finished my breakfast, I strolled over to the big garage that housed the fire-fighting apparatus of the park. Fire-forest fire—was always a threat that required constant vigilance, and here in a corner was the heart of the prevention-and-control system.

Throughout the park were scattered observation posts from each of which wide areas of mountain and forest could be watched. If tell-tale smoke was seen from one of these posts, it was instantly reported

"Seekers after knowledge," she said.

"Seeker after knowledge," Mrs. Potwin snapped. "You will be typing letters, my snipet." She turned to me. "I understand there is an excellent library here."

"Yes, ma'am," I replied.

"Doubtless I can verify certain conjectures, or even find new facts, about Mr. James D. Savage and his early activities in this region. One of which activities was most certainly the hiding of his hoard of gold."

"If," I assured her, "there are any such facts in print, they will be available here."

Mrs. Potwin snorted and

marched into the library. Miss Vanderlee shrugged. "She's up to something," the young lady said. "I can always tell. She wants to be rid of me."

"She can't," I said, "get into much trouble in the museum."

"Which," she retorted, "shows how little you know about Mrs. Potwin. She could get into trouble in a day nursery. This bit of research comes under the head of subterfuge. She's a sly old darling . . . Are you going to Camp Fourteen?"

"No. I must report to the chief ranger."

She nodded and drove away. I continued on my way. The conference was breaking up as I entered headquarters, and the chief ranger gave me a few minutes of his time. I reported the conversation at Mrs. Potwin's tea party and my subsequent talk with the Sheikh Samari, to which he listened with keen interest.

"Any conclusions?" he asked.

"I believe the young man was speaking the truth," I said. "He is a very likeable person. I'm quite certain he never heard of Zaharados, van der Poot, or Li Seow Yen before."

"But?" prompted the chief.

"I think his entourage or his chaperons have heard of them. I think the sheik was brought here by his people or that, knowing he wanted to come here, a meeting was arranged by them. I'm quite sure the others were awaiting his arrival. I think the curtain has gone up on the play."

"Maybe," the chief said hopefully, "it is merely an arranged business conference and nothing to worry about."

"Neither of us believes that, sir," I said.

"I'm afraid we don't," he said. And then, "This thing is your assignment. Keep at it, but always using discretion. Don't do anything to get us in trouble."

"Yes, sir," I said, and walked out.

I was conscious of curiosity and uneasiness about Mrs. Potwin and her subterfuge to rid herself of Miss Vanderlee's presence. I no more believed

in her pretence of research into the history of James D. Savage and his buried gold than did Miss Vanderlee, and I determined to keep an eye on her. So I walked across to the museum again, which, at this rather early hour, was not thronged with visitors.

I walked through the downstairs room, past the huge slab which reproduced the entire park in miniature, showing mountains, canyons, rivers, lakes in relief; I wandered past the various historical exhibits and Indian relics and paintings, and then ascended the stairs to the library, peering in cautiously.

Mrs. Potwin was there. She had pre-empted a desk and was poring over a book, or seemed to be poring over it. But her attitude was not that of a woman engrossed in what she read. She fidgeted; she looked at her watch; she glanced covertly about her. Her actions were those of one who waited impatiently.

I made myself inconspicuous. In a matter of ten minutes she closed her book, replaced her spectacles in her reticule, and arose. I hurried downstairs and took my station outside, where I could see her emerge without my being seen by her. She came down and did not hesitate, but walked away resolutely, as one with a destination.

I followed at a safe distance. She did not look behind her. By the most direct route she proceeded to Camp Curry, and I began to have my suspicions. These were speedily confirmed. She strode through the open-air theatre, and, without hesitation, to the cabin occupied by Zaharados and his knife-throwing fat boy. With determined knuckles she rapped on the door. I saw the door open and Zaharados, in a gaudy dressing-gown, appeared on the threshold. He spread his hands, and bowed from the waist. If he was surprised by her appearance he did not betray that emotion.

"Ah-h-h!" he exclaimed unctuously. "Madame Potwin—"

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the so-charming Madame Potwin."

"Get out of the way, Lard Ball!" she said harshly. "I'm coming in."

"But, of a sureness, you are coming in. Coffee there is that will be to your liking. I am so honored—so very much honored."

"You," she said, "would be honored by the visit of a horned toad. Don't stand there dripping grease." She stepped through the door and I could hear no more.

I made a swift circuit and approached the cabin from the rear. Fortunately, there was some cover, and I was able to reach the rear wall of the cabin and to crouch under an open window of the living-room.

Mrs. Potwin had seated herself regally in an armchair. Zaharados stood, a dumpy figure, ridiculous in an ornate gown.

"Sit down, Zaharados, and no monkey business," she said rudely.

"So abrupt. Always so abrupt, but charming," the man said, irony in his voice. "The coffee is so good—so fresh, of such an inviting odor. Will madame be served?"

"I'll look at you! I'll talk to you! But, Zaharados, I haven't sunk to a point where I'll either eat or drink with you!"

"Madame is so very frank," Zaharados said. "It is a characteristic of madame, a part of her, and to be expected. But has madame ever considered that to be polite is sometimes much nicer than to be frank? Those who do not know madame as I know her might take offence."

"Offence be blasted," replied Mrs. Potwin. "Now we get down to brass tacks. What are you and that stunted ape, van

Continuing . . . The Sinister Strangers

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der Poot, up to? I've got the broad lines. But, in words of few syllables, what's the caper?"

"I am the tourist only. I enjoy the scenes. There is no caper. This van der Poot—that he is here is only by chance."

"Chance, my foot!" she snapped. "When you two reptiles get within a hundred miles of each other there's bound to be skulduggery. I don't mind skulduggery—I've played with some of it myself. But there are limits. Do you know what an ultimatum is, Zaharados?"

"An ultimatum," he said, "is when one nation wishes to make war on another nation."

"Right you are," she said emphatically.

"And this ultimatum?" he asked with narrowed eyes.

"I don't mind how much you cheat and finagle. I don't care how much you deceive and rob—it's your natural way of doing business. But there are limits. I'm warning you not to pass those limits."

"In what manner would I pass such limits?" he asked.

"You will not harm the boy," she said. "I might have been his mother, or anyhow his grandmother. I won't have him harmed."

"I am a peaceful man and so gentle," Zaharados said. "I would not tread on the little ant. If, in any of my operations, someone is hurt, it is by sad accident."

"There'll be no accidents to young Haroun," Mrs. Potwin said.

"But if there should be?" Zaharados asked silkily.

"Then," Mrs. Potwin said grimly, "duck for the cyclone cellar."

"This is the ultimatum?"

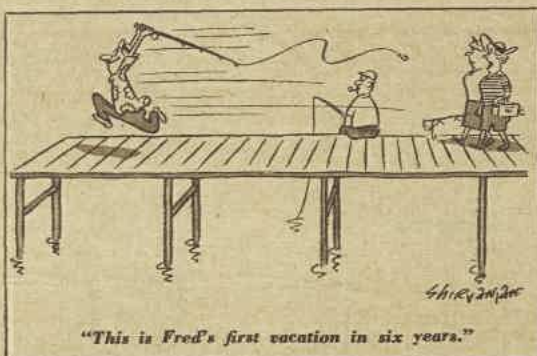
"This is it," Mrs. Potwin said.

"Ultimatums come before war," Zaharados said. "Is there not already war?"

"Cold war," answered Mrs. Potwin.

"In war," Zaharados said, "one seeks allies. There is the Chinese. There is Li Scow Yen. Is he an ally?"

"He is not a neutral," said Mrs. Potwin.



"So we know where we stand, is it not? Yourself, madame, and this Chinese against Mynheer van der Poot and my humble self. We are aligned."

"It stands so," she replied, "not forgetting your mercenaries. Chicago gorillas don't come to Yosemite to look at scenery. Headed by half-naked wrestlers." She paused and frowned at him. "We might," she said, "rig up a truck if you'd send those hoodlums home."

"I admit no Chicago apaches. I admit to wrestler." His little eyes gleamed maliciously.

"They give you fear?" he asked.

"My good Lard Ball," she said loftily, "I am not a nervous woman."

"Ah, yes. Of steel! Of granite! How I admire. So then we have war, eh? But before this war I am the genial host. I entertain you." He clapped his hands, and the fat boy came into the room grinning. "Now," he ordered, "you will entertain madame. With good tricks you entertain her."



The fat boy salaamed. He extended his hand, empty, high above his head. He twiddled his fingers. Suddenly there appeared in them a glass of water, which he placed on the table, covering it with a handkerchief of silk. This he jerked away instantly, and in place of the glass of water there stood a bowl of oranges, and these he picked up one by one to have them vanish as he touched them. He showed his teeth in a grin.

He removed from his sash a knife which, seemingly, he thrust through the palm of his

other hand, and then, with a motion as swift as light, he hurled the glistening blade. It glinted through the air to thud into the log behind Mrs. Potwin's head. It must have passed so close to her cheek that she felt the wind of its passing. I flinched. Mrs. Potwin did not flinch. She merely glanced superciliously at Zaharados and arose from her chair. She advanced upon the fat boy, who cowered.

She half-knelt as she seized him by the ear and laid him across her knee; and then, with sturdy palm, she dusted his breeches until he squealed like some animal. When she was content, she tossed him away from her.

"Don't play tricks on the old lady," she said calmly, and walked slowly to the door.

"That," said Zaharados, "was not seemly. You have offended his honor."

"It's more to the point that I offended his bottom," she said. "You've had your ultimatum, Zaharados. Now we all know where we stand."

"But none of us," he said, "know where we shall lie."

"You know," she said, "that there's enough in this for all of us."

"Rather," he snarled, "than see you profit by one piastre, I would put all to the torch."

"Not good business," she said, her hand on the latch. "Remember what I said. Lay no hand on the boy."

Then she was gone, and the door slammed behind her.

I did not trouble to follow her back to the library, but, after cautiously removing myself from the vicinity of Zaharados' cabin, I strode away in the direction of Camp 14. As I walked the road a car passed me in which sat the Sheikh el Samari and Kat-

rina van der Poot. They waved gaily.

It occurred to me that the young Arab might make a wiser choice of companions. Nothing seemed to be occurring to him but to make all he could of the pleasures of the day. It was difficult, seeing him so lighthearted and in such company, to think of him as a very holy man. But I suppose religious ideals of various races have their own peculiarities.

I cut across to the river, along whose banks in the bright sunshine hopeful urchins were fishing. I paused to watch, and then moved along close to the water's brink. The ripple of the eddies over the rocks was soothing to my throbbing nerves, and I sat down for a moment, my back against a boulder, basking in the warmth of the day.

Presently I got to my feet and sauntered along, and then, again, I halted at the sound of a voice that by this time I knew well.

With her back against another boulder Joan D'Arcy Vanderlee sat, being very gay. Beside her sprawled the all-but-naked body of Nature Boy Nussler. It seemed clear that they were taking pleasure in each other's society.

Suddenly the sun ceased to shine, and some of the shadows that obscured it were shadows of suspicion. What was this girl, chauffeur, secretary, companion to Mrs. Potwin, doing in the company of this peculiar wrestler, a hireling of Mrs. Potwin's enemies? Not only in his company but seeming to enjoy it as she had never seemed to enjoy being with me. I strode away unhappily.

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Bridget

By MONICA EWER

YEARS afterwards he thought that one of the most important decisions of his life had been taken because of a series of minor frustrations. It had started in the morning with hard toast, no hot water, and the singularly unco-operative attitude of his landlady.

At the research station the laboratory boy had broken their only remaining glass hypodermic syringe, and the Sabella pavonina in the respiration flask died.

It culminated in a wet evening when he had no alternative but to stay in his dreary bedroom or get soaked going across to The Crown for a drink and a change of scene.

Of course, there was more to it than that, but the events of the day transformed into a definite plan of action what had till then been only an idea.

Philip Melville wanted a wife, a home, and children. He was almost certain that in a few years' time he would be head of the research station. He was confident that the place would grow and become important, so it looked as if he might have to spend the rest of his life in the village of Little Copping.

He wanted a home. He had found a house, rambling, shabby, attractive, but no use to a single man. His work was exhausting and there were simple pleasures that he craved at the end of the day. In summer he would like to mow the lawn and stake the flowers. In winter he wanted

a comfortable room, a fire, a chance to listen to some good music; and friends and children.

There was not a wide choice of candidates. The laboratory typist was a brainless, giggling eighteen. The local doctor had a dull, unmarried daughter of thirty. At the Manor was a young woman who played tennis so well that Wimbledon swam before her eyes; and there was Bridget.

He liked Bridget—he liked her very much. On the face of it she was not the marrying type, but the kind of girl that everyone likes. One who always wore a cheerful face and was always being ready to help a friend out of a jam. But Philip, who had worked for twelve months beside Bridget, knew that with her it amounted to something more.

She had fine qualities of heart and character. She had constancy. You could trust Bridget as you would trust the Bank of England.

He thought of Bridget most often in her stained white overall, her breastpocket bristling with pens and pencils, working tirelessly. Checking and counter-checking. Always ready to do the dull and dirty jobs. Indifferent as to who got the credit. Generous in her praise of others. Bridget and himself relaxing over their cigarettes at the end of the day. Still in the cluttered laboratory, chatting of this and

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"BRIDGET"

that, while her skilful, ugly hands brought some vague sort of order into the room.

Sometimes, like a young boy, she would bring an apple out of her pocket, bite into it with gusto, leaving at the end nothing but a shred of core. Completely unselfconscious.

Or sometimes taking shifts at night, because temperatures had to be read—coming back and finding her roused and sleepy but with every recording neat and accurate. You could trust Bridget.

That was the credit side, but there was another. Bridget was a big girl, clumsily built. Her mouth was too large, her cheeks too red, and her straight hair was dry and brittle. Her nails were always broken because she used her clever hands as universal tools. But she had a good brain. Even Don Calder, who did not like her, had to admit that she had a good brain.

"In fact, she's all goodness and no glamor," was his verdict.

Philip Melville's answer was noncommittal. "Bridget's all right."

"So is a polar bear—but that doesn't mean I want to live with one."

Even-tempered, she could conduct an argument without getting cross, even admit to being wrong, but she could be fiery when roused on behalf of abstract causes. Although not interested in personal matters, she would fight madly for a theory. And she had a devastating, embarrassing honesty.

Bridget could make a chap feel infernally uncomfortable at times, and yet there was about her some quality hard to describe, something rather like a touch of greatness.

DON said once: "The girl is elemental. If she ever had children—which she probably never will—they'd be a race of giants."

"Oh! Leave her alone."

"I will. I promise. I'll leave her alone. All the same, she is elemental. She makes me think of the eternal verities, and enormous primitive statues that have lost their heads but have laps as broad as the great bed of Ware; and of timelessness and space—and the back of a bus. I have a simple taste in women. I like them high as my heart, and light enough to sit on my knee."

Don talked too much. Most of it was nonsense, yet somewhere there was a grain of truth.

"At least she's reliable. You let the heat go down in that tank last night."

"Reliable! My dear fellow, she's big sister to the boy who stood on the burning deck. Who wants a woman to be reliable? The little dears should be whimsical, fantastic, unpredictable."

"I like to know where I stand. I can read Bridget like a book. No kinks, no complexes. When she does a job I know it will be well done."

"Poor old Bridget. Tragic figure really. Lucky for her that she can take such pleasure in a well-dissected dog-fish."

You could not argue with Don Calder. He was too resilient. Facts bounced off his mind. Nothing you could say made any impression. His rather chilly blue eyes were always full of laughter. He took life as it came and enjoyed it. And there were moments, too, when Don touched greatness, moments in the laboratory when he had an imaginative flash that would clarify the work of months. I'm out of my

class with these two, thought Philip wryly. I just go on being clever and competent and level-headed, and never get within bowing distance of greatness.

But Don was away now, working in the Birmingham area, and writing back enthusiastically. He was having a good time. Philip missed him; he had no one but Bridget for company.

It was a curious proposal of marriage. Not that Philip had not planned to ask her, but even then he was shaken and surprised when he heard himself saying the words. That was the only emotion he felt. But Bridget was so startled as to be at first incredulous. It was an important moment in their lives, but dramatically it was a flop.

They had been dining that evening at the small local hotel, both unwilling to go back to their respective lodgings. They had been talking shop. He found it as easy to talk to Bridget as if she were another man.

They had fallen silent over their coffee and cigarettes, tired after a long day's work. Bridget was thinking of the problem she had been unable to solve and how she would tackle it tomorrow. Philip was thinking of how to propose. Every girl, he supposed, expected a flowery proposal, but the words would not come. In the end it was starkly simple.

"Bridget, will you marry me?"

"What?" Her mind had been miles away and she was not quite sure what he had said.

"Will you marry me?"

She looked at him in surprise. "Are you being funny?"

"No. Why should I be?"

She waited a moment before she spoke. She roused herself from the dreamy condition induced by a hearty meal after a hard day in the laboratory. She considered Philip carefully. The dark, clever, purposeful face, the shoulders slightly stooped from too much bending over a microscope.

"I've never thought about getting married, Philip. I knew that there were too many women in England, and that I wasn't the kind likely to be asked."

"Well, I'm asking you."

"But why?"

"Because I want to marry you, idiot. Because I think we could be happy. What do you say?"

She looked at him again, like a person adjusting the mind to a hard new problem. When she spoke her voice was matter of fact.

"Of course I'd like to marry you, Philip. Any girl would. But I don't think it would be fair."

"Why not?"

She laughed, a shade embarrassed. "Well, I'm not the glamor type. You haven't much choice down here. Old devil propinquity. Afterwards you might be sorry you hadn't waited."

"I've waited for twelve months."

"It isn't even as if you—"

She hesitated, and finished in a rush, "as if you loved me."

"Bridget, we're adult people. We're scientists. We don't have to listen to those old wives' tales about love."

"Perhaps not, but it might give marriage a good start."

"And it often gives it an unhappy ending." This, he felt, was a pointless conversation. Why couldn't she agree and be done with it? Then they



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125 "TOOTH-SAVERS" FOR 3/9—ALL CHEMISTS

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—August 15, 1956

could talk about something else. "What about it?" But the idea was more strange to her than it was to him. She was not to be hurried.

"I still don't feel it would be fair. I'd be taking advantage of you." She looked at him very straight, concentrating on the matter in hand; it was the bright, eager look which she always gave to a problem in the laboratory. "No one else has ever asked me to marry them; no one's even been interested in me. No one else ever will ask me—naturally I'm tempted. I'd like a home and kids, all the natural things, and I'd like a husband like you, Philip. But I don't think it would be right of me to accept. You could so easily be sorry afterwards."

"Let me worry about my side of the bargain. I'm twenty-six. I know my own mind. I want to marry you." He smiled across at her. "Why, Bridget, I've even got my eye on a house for us."

She looked at him doubtfully. "You think I could make you happy?"

"Don't put it that way. I think we'd be happy together."

"Very well," she said gravely. "If you're sure that's the way you want it, Philip. But if you change your mind—before or after—I shall understand."

"I won't change," he said with equal gravity. "Now let's get out of here."

He got up to get his coat, which was hanging at the other side of the room. He congratulated himself that it had all been accomplished with the minimum of emotion. Yet, when he came back to the table he saw that Bridget had taken a slide rule out of her pocket—there were always so many things in Bridget's pockets—and was intently measuring the tablecloth. Her large hands were trembling so much that she could hardly hold the ruler. You never knew with human beings, he thought irritably.

When she saw him she jumped up quickly, grabbed

her coat, and swung out of the hotel dining-room with her heavy tread, chattering about some new equipment for the laboratory.

The next day Philip took Bridget to see the house. It was a late-Victorian house, which rambled and sprawled untidily, with unexpected steps and deep, dark cupboards. It had a fair-sized neglected garden, and a homely, inviting air.

Bridget liked it. "It's the right house for us—the kind of house you can't spoil. If we furnish it all wrongly no one will notice, no one will call us vandals. I even like it for being rather dark. It doesn't seem so public."

He thought in passing that it was a queer thing to say, but perhaps comprehensible. She might well imagine that people would be surprised, maybe even a little shocked, at this marriage. She wanted somewhere to hide.

He entered into negotiations for the purchase of the house and encountered the law's delays. With luck, he estimated, they could be married in two months' time. There was no one to consult. Bridget had aunts, somewhere in the north, and he had some scattered brothers and sisters in whom he was not interested. They decided that it would be at the registry office in the nearest town.

He puzzled a little about what sort of ring to buy her, what would look right on her broad, ill-kept hands. Finally, he went off for half a day in his old car, searched the neighborhood and ran down a signet ring in an antique shop. It had a beryl, set square with a crest carved on the surface. They tried it that evening with a bit of sealing-wax. Two serpents entwined. It gave them a good laugh.

Philip was relieved to find that nothing was altered in

their relationship. Bridget accepted the situation without fuss; she made no demands. They still talked shop, but now they interspersed it with discussions on what furniture they would need. They were quietly content. Philip congratulated himself on his good sense.

At the end of the first month Professor Shaw asked Philip to go for a few weeks to the Birmingham station.

"They're having a bit of bother there, and I think you're the fellow who can help. Don Calder had one of his flashes of inspiration, but he tries to go ahead too fast. There's a flaw somewhere. I want you to check back."

Think of your own faults when you are awake, and of the faults of others when you are asleep.

— Chinese Proverb.

They decided that this should make no difference to their plans. Bridget would carry on with the arrangements about the house. Philip was pleased with the idea of working with Don Calder again. Don was a stimulating type; apt to go off at half-cock, but brilliant in his own way and lots of fun.

Don met him with a car at the station. It took them a couple of miles to exhaust their exchange of gossip. Philip said nothing of his engagement. Don had always treated Bridget as a joke and would be embarrassed to discover that Philip meant to marry her. It would be time enough to tell him when it was done.

The research station was ten miles out of the town.

"Got me a room?" asked Philip.

"I've done wonders for you. You're going to be a guest with one of the senior science lecturers at the university. The chap's a zoologist—has a nice house near our laboratory, and drives into Brum every day. He loves to talk shop in the evening, and jumped at the idea of having you."

"Sounds good. Where do you hang out?"

"I'm sitting pretty with a motherly old soul with a nice garden."

Philip laughed. "You're always sitting pretty, Don."

"Only right for a glamor boy like me."

"Any glamor girls?"

"Plenty."

"Safety in numbers?"

"Exactly. I'm not the marrying type. I wouldn't be any good at loving one woman seriously. Nothing about women should be serious."

"The warrior's plaything?"

Don nodded. There was an unusual gravity in his look as if he were giving the absurd conversation genuine consideration. "While we're more or less eligible bachelors we're in demand. We're interesting, we're attractive. But a husband is the lowest form of human life. Heaven keep me single!"

The car turned into the long drive of a solid red-brick house, with a conventional display of lawn and herbaceous border.

The door was opened by a girl who must have heard the car. "Look," said Don, slowing to a stop. "Wouldn't she wow them in Little Copping?"

Philip looked. The girl was hatless and her golden hair gleamed in the sun. She wore a short, white skirt which showed her tanned legs; she had a tennis racquet in her hand.

"Hail, Atalanta!" called Don. "Hail, Sun Goddess."

Brown and gold and white, the supple figure stood with negligent grace in the doorway. The girl raised a small hand in salute.

"Hail, men of science! Hail, Archimedes!" Her voice was high and flutelike.

"I've brought your lodger."

Resentfully, Philip got out of the car. Conscious of her appraising glance, he instinctively straightened himself. He did not want to look too much the scholar.

"Come in, boys. I've got a gin in pickle for you."

It was a long time since anyone had called Philip a boy. He had been a man at twenty, devout in the cause of science. He had sown no wild oats. Some philosopher had said that for a scientist four lives would not be sufficient for all there was to learn; he agreed with that. His life was dedicated. As he followed the girl into the drawing-room he hoped he was not going to have to take part in verbal slapstick in the very small change of casual conversation, or in the age-old advance and retreat of male and female.

It was a room of chintz, french windows, and photographs in silver frames. She crossed to the shaker and poured their drinks.

"Meet Philip," said Don. "You timed it nicely," he added.

"Yes, the ice isn't melted. Hello, Philip."

He nodded and murmured with just sufficient animation not to be thought rude or eccentric.

"Did you win your game?" asked Don.

"I always win."

Philip was conscious that she was very near him, holding his glass. Her hazel eyes were raised to his in frank flirtatious invitation. Probably no more than a habit. Reflex action, with her, he thought. Biological urge. The old life force.

He could see no flaw in the neat perfection of her features. She smelt of some fresh flower scent. He saw her hand on the stem of the glass, a slim hand with tapering fingers and nails varnished coral.

"What's your name?" he asked.

"Althea." Her voice now was soft and lazy as a summer afternoon. "Isn't it absurd?"

"The original was a lively girl. First she killed her son, then she killed herself."

"But this Althea is different," said Don, raising his glass in her direction. "You'll be quite safe with old Philip here," he told her. "He's wedded to his work."

The girl's head tilted upwards impudently. "I may be safe with him, but is he safe with me?"

Don put a hand for a moment lightly over her face. "You should go veiled. No man is safe with you."

She looked from one to the other. "What do you two see down a microscope that you find so fascinating? What do you do?"

Don waved his arms in a dramatic gesture. "Roughly speaking, we're trying to discover why you tick, and why you roll up."

She turned from him impatiently. "What do you do?" she asked Philip.

"I've been working on Sabella."

"Who's she?"

"She's a worm. Her full name is Sabella pavonina. You'll find her at Plymouth or Millport."

"Don't get him started," Don drained his glass and set it down. "I must go. Be back for you after dinner, Philip—I want you to see the lab."

Don saluted them and ran to the car. All his movements were like that, as if he hadn't a moment to lose. Too impulsive; it spoiled his work.

"Are you like Don?" she asked. "Do you get up in the night to take temperatures and feed things, and pant to know

Continued overleaf



by Dorothy Summers, Home Economist

How one mother stepped up to a new way of living

How to live within a limited budget... with costs up, four children to look after, and a house to keep! That was the problem confronting Mrs. Jim Clark, of Rosedale Avenue, Bankstown, Sydney. It's a problem that most of us face today, for it seems increasingly difficult to live economically, yet still cling to standards we have set ourselves.

"But economising," says Mrs. Clark, "was not my only worry. With four children, mine was a 120-hour week. What I wanted was to make things easier for myself."

The Clarks' personal revolution came when they invested in a home freezer. Mrs. Clark has always been interested in bottling... but now, unlike bottling, she can keep practically all food on hand, ready for use whenever she wants it. Cooked dishes, vegetables, bread, meat, soups were easy to freeze, and they stayed fresh—even for months.

"It's so wonderfully convenient," said Mrs. Clark, as she was showing us some of the types of food she banks away. "I used to go shopping every second day—it's a long walk, too, especially with the babies. Now Jim and I do the major part of the shopping at the market every fortnight."

On the economy side, the Clarks claim that their home freezer—a Kelvinator—pays for itself. Take meat, for instance, which they buy in bulk. The cutting is done by Mr. Clark himself. A 12 lbs. side of lamb is a common purchase. Their last side cost 30/- whereas the equivalent amount, bought in separate cuts from the butcher, could

cost double or even more.

The saving is substantial, and when you add the amount that can be saved by buying vegetables and other produce in bulk, you can see how easily a family can live better without increasing the food budget.



New Kelvinator Upright Home Freezer. All Kelvinator models are backed by Kelvinator's 5-year Protection Plan. Available on Lowest Deposits—Easiest Terms. Choose a Kelvinator Home Freezer for better living.

Convenience, economy, the extra leisure it brings—these are practical benefits the Clarks enjoy with their Kelvinator Home Freezer. The quality of the food they eat is higher; they enjoy out-of-season treats. In every way, it's the means of improving living standards.

Choose from two models

Kelvinator Chest-type Home Freezer (right) holds 210 lbs. of food. Capacity, 6 cubic feet. Offers latest American designed freezer features: special section for fast freezing... two large storage baskets for easy storing and food removal... five-sided refrigeration for effective and dependable freezing... spring action lid—springs up, stays up... powered by famous "Polarispher" sealed unit. £185.

Kelvinator Upright Home Freezer (left) holds up to 312 lbs. of frozen food—capacity, 10 cubic feet—yet takes up same space as average-size refrigerator. Features three fully refrigerated storage shelves—all food is within 6½" of a freezing surface... large storage basket for food-packages of assorted sizes... "Polarispher" Sealed Unit. Price, £199/10/-.



• School lunches call for large supplies of sandwiches... but it's no daily chore with a home freezer. Mrs. Clark cuts sandwiches once a week.



• Mrs. Clark prepares rockmelon, a family favourite which will appear on their table even out of season.



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Career Wives



HEALING IN HER HANDS

"I lead a full but happy life," smiled Mrs. Lipton of 34 Dover Road, Rose Bay. This busy young woman combines the running of a home with the full-time job of physiotherapy. She is still in practice because she finds her work too interesting and stimulating to give up.

Mrs. Lipton was busy massaging when interviewed last week. "My patients have often told me I have very soothing hands," she said. "Naturally, they must be kept soft and smooth, and that's not always easy when there's housework to be done. One important way I guard my hands is by using Persil on washday. Persil is so gentle—it keeps hands wonderfully smooth."

P.136.WW62g

"BRIDGET," by Monica Ewer

what's happening inside a test-tube?"

"Rather more so than Don. I'm a fanatic."

"Why?"

"It's a religion. Absorbing, important." He spoke dryly.

She stood at the window till the car left the drive, and when she turned, her eyes were puzzled.

"It would be terrible to be married to one of you," she said.

"Oh, no. You'd always know where we were — we'd be at work. We're the safe kind to marry."

She shook her head. "I'd want to come first all the time. I wouldn't be content to share a husband with a microscope. Perhaps I'd better look for a man who hates his job."

"They're not hard to find." Philip wanted to escape.

"Oughtn't I to take my bag out of your hall?" he asked.

"I'll show you. Father will be in soon, and I have to change. This way."

He picked up his case and followed her upstairs to a big airy room with a sweep of garden to be seen from the window.

"It's very kind of your father —"

"He's delighted. I'm not much company for him." She stood for a moment looking around her. "I hope you've got everything. Martha is generally very efficient, but I'm not the housekeeping type."

"No. That I can imagine."

She moved closer to him, laughing softly. "I'm no good at anything, so I just have to look nice and talk pleasantly; otherwise no man will want to marry me. Isn't that so?"

"Do you want a man to marry you?"

"Yes. That's my religion, my career."

"I don't think you'll have to work very hard."

"No, but one doesn't want just any man, does one?"

"You earmark him; he'll come without a struggle," he said, but there was nothing complimentary in his tone.

"I'm glad you think so." She moved with fluid grace towards the door. "See you in the drawing-room before dinner. And if you want anything, there's a bell by the fireplace."

She went so quietly, so quickly out of the room that he stood for a moment wondering if she had really been there, if they had really talked such a pack of inflammable nonsense. It was not his type of talk. It was adolescent. He was angry with himself—and with her. He had better be careful; remember that he was an engaged man. Althea was unmistakably a minx.

He bathed and shaved and considered himself carefully in the mirror. He had lived so long in boarding-houses that he had almost forgotten what was expected of a guest. He changed into a dark suit, knotted his tie with care, and hoped that he would pass.

Dr. Winter was in the drawing-room when Philip came down. He was a handsome, rather heavy man of forty-odd, unsleazy, pleasant, eager to talk.

"Let's have a whisky and soda; those mixed drinks are for women. I've heard a lot about you, Melville. Your reputation is well known and Professor Shaw thinks very highly of you. Tell me about this research station of yours."

They talked shop very happily till Althea came into the room. She had changed into a long frock of forget-me-not-blue, and had fixed her hair back from her face to show the

line of her cheek, and the sweet curve of the mouth which talked such nonsense.

"Evening, Daddy. Nice day?" The polite inquiry of one stranger to another.

"Not very. And you?"

"I lunched at the tennis club. I played and won. Teddy Waring drove me home. Don brought our guest."

Dr. Winter smiled in Philip's direction. "My daughter is definitely not the academic type."

"I have other accomplishments."

"And she hates scientists. Thinks they're selfish, narrow, and stuffy."

"Narrow," said Philip. "Maybe she's got something there."

FOR a moment his mind went back over his own past. He was undoubtedly narrow, but it sounded better if you called it single-minded. He could not remember a time when he hadn't had his head in a book. He had condescended to the chaps who played games. People and places did not move him. Only this curious search for exact truth; this exaltation when you had established some tiny fact.

"Narrow," said Dr. Winter, musingly. "We couldn't accomplish anything if we weren't narrow. We have so little time."

"Some day," said Althea, looking at the two men with a glance of amused tolerance, "you and your like will wake up and find yourselves dead, and nothing—noting will ever have happened to you. No dreams, no raptures—not even any good plain fun."

It seemed to Philip that there was a cold patch in his inside. There was something alarmingly true in her accusation. It would be disastrous to discover, as a grown man, that you had wasted your youth; and degrading to have to try an inexperienced hand at the business of being like everyone else.

He managed to say with a smile. "Looks as if we're marked men."

Dr. Winter complacently finished his drink. He had long ago decided that his daughter was a chit to whom one need pay no attention.

Dinner was announced. The long summer evening lit the big comfortable dining-room; the slanting rays of the sun fell on the heavy mahogany and the sideboard full of silver. Obviously, Dr. Winter was a man of private means, for university science held no great financial rewards.

During the meal Althea was very quiet, and from time to time Philip found his attention wandering from the conversation. He wondered what went on behind the smooth forehead. He had known very few girls.

He was glad when Don came to take him to the lab. He felt at home again among the worn benches, the racks of test-tubes, green shaded lights, the smell of formalin. This was his world — clean, exact, uncompromising, exquisitely impersonal.

Late that night, before he went to sleep, Philip wrote Bridget quite a long letter—all about Don's work on the function of haemoglobin in chironomus.

He could not always be in retreat with Don in the lab, and he knew, almost from the first, that the air of Dr. Winter's house was charged with emotion. He resented being surrounded by demanding femininity; it was warfare in

which brains were not much help. It was a frank appeal to the senses, and by the end of the first week he knew that he was half-bedecked. Althea had developed into a person—a person of some account. She had conceived a distaste for science, but could talk well and wittily on other subjects. In her wide circle of friends she was a natural leader; she dominated and despised each one of them.

"You have them all on a string," he said during one of the many casual gatherings at cocktail-time.

"Yes, but who wants that riff-raff on a string?" She glanced at the sons and daughters of the neighborhood, the students from the college. "When I go round with a string I want a Caesar or an Anthony at the other end."

He had laughed, but uneasily. He recognised in himself desires he had not known before. Her mouth was inviting, her cheek was soft, her figure made to be held in a man's arms. He had believed that he was too cold, too dispassionate for such things, and was surprised that he found it hard to keep his head. His behaviour was formal, unfriendly, occasionally almost rude.

"Why don't you like me?" she asked him suddenly one day.

"Plenty of reasons."

"Tell me."

But he could not tell her, for the more important reason he had only just dared tell himself. Althea tried to reduce him to the stature of men he despised. They came to Dr. Winter's house like moths to the flame; young men from the university, young executives from industry, all prepared to take part in the brittle chatter, full of innuendo, with no one saying the thing he really had in mind. They followed the pattern of courtship; advancing, retreating, wasting time—the precious stuff of life. Althea tried to make him conform, and it took all his strength of will to keep hold of his own integrity.

"Tell me," she repeated.

He shook his head. "It isn't interesting or important."

A MAN could not always be at the laboratory, and Don had a habit of locking the door at six o'clock and calling it a day. Don liked to be in any fun that was going.

There was a measure of safety in crowds, but Philip and Althea were alone that evening after dinner. Her father had gone to a meeting and Don was playing bridge. Philip had been boorish in self-protection.

In the drawing-room after dinner she looked at him in a new way. She had lost some of her assurance, and seemed young, even vulnerable. Telling himself that it was an act did not stop the pull at his heart strings.

"You haven't any heart," she wailed softly, like a hurt kitten.

"I never said I had."

She took his hand and drew him out into the garden, silvered by the moon. The moths flew softly, and evening primroses filled the air with sweetness. Maybe the medieval johnnies were right to fear the moon, he thought. Maybe we don't know all its powers. It was the moon tonight that made everything so unreal.

They stood quite still, looking across the garden. She pressed her shoulder against his arm and her voice was honey-sweet.

"I like you so much, Philip," she whispered.

"I'm glad." His voice was dry.

"Is that all you can say?"

"That's all I can say."

She sighed lightly, a breath in-drawn and expelled; a little movement of the air that made his flesh tingle. "Romantic type?"

"No. Strong, silent."

She turned her face to him, her head tilted back so that her lips were his for the taking. "You don't deceive anyone—except perhaps yourself."

She had won. His control collapsed; he took her in his arms and their lips met. She was surprised at the urgency of his kiss; her breath came in little gasps and her hazel eyes looked dark in the moonlight. The small, muscular body that was so swift and strong was deceptively soft and yielding.

"Philip — I didn't know — I only guessed —" she murmured.

Her words brought him back to his senses. You could fight words, they were tangible things. He pushed her away from him. "You don't know, now," he said harshly. "You asked me to kiss you. I did. That's all there is to it."

"But, Philip —"

"You trail your charms before me. You make this house a hotbed of emotionalism. You are like a bagman with something to sell—but I'm not interested."

Indignation lit her eyes. "What's the idea?"

"I had no idea—it was all yours."

Her mood changed. She laid her head against the sleeve of his coat. "Oh, Philip, you are hard to tame."

He straightened himself. "Let's stop talking nonsense and get back to the house. Or get out the car and I'll take you to the pictures—or we'll go down to that roadhouse and I'll buy you a drink."

"No," she said softly. "No. I'll be good." She stood still, looking thoughtfully at the garden. "I'll be patient."

He did not like the word. She thought that the battle was concluded.

"Very stubborn," he said. "Don't you know when you're beaten?" He turned away.

"I'm going inside." He had a feeling that he must get away from the moon.

Back in the house they turned on the wireless; Althea sat on a rug at his feet and they listened to music. She was alarmingly quiet. He kept his hands clenched hard on the arms of the chair. It was all he could do not to touch the soft gold hair so near his knees. When he unclenched his hands he found that they were stiff. This was one battle that he must win.

At the end of three weeks he had done all he could to help Don over the sticky spot in his work. It was time to go home and he was impatient to be gone.

"It's been a pleasure," Dr. Winter said, dismissing his thanks and hesitant offer of payment for his board. "Come any time. You're welcome. I'd like to have had a son like you, but I'd make do with a son-in-law."

Philip felt hotly uncomfortable. "You're very kind." His voice was stiff.

He had not told Althea that he was going. He was anxious to avoid another scene. Her father told her when she came into the drawing-room before dinner.

"Philip says he has to go tomorrow."

Her beautiful eyes were reproachful. "Tomorrow!"

"BRIDGET," by Monica Ewer

"He has work to do. We shall miss him," she said softly.

After dinner she announced that she would drive Philip to Pine Woods. He must not leave the neighbourhood without seeing the view from the clearing. Under her father's benevolent gaze it was impossible to refuse. Dr. Winter merely thought that he was promoting a charming romance.

She drove fast and silently, sitting rather forward at the wheel. Philip sought in himself for courage. He must not let himself think what life might be like with Althea. Everything made easy and comfortable with Dr. Winter's blessing; plenty of the young he liked best, and this exquisite work creature to have and to hold. This was mere midsummer madness; what he had with Bridget was a long-term plan, he told himself.

This temporary desire could be mastered. There were girls you could jilt, but not a girl like Bridget. There were girls who lightly got engaged and broke it off as lightly; there were girls whom you could go and ask to call it a day. You could not do that to Bridget.

He had hardly noticed where they were going and was surprised when the car stopped at the edge of the wood.

"Along the path there," she said. "They have made a clearing so that you can see all over the valley."

She led the way. The clearing had a rough bench, a litter basket, and a small plateau of flat ground before the wood sloped steeply away again. Enough trees had been felled to show how the land dipped and rose. The sky was red with the afterglow of sunset and the place felt isolated. The air was pine-scented; there was no sound except the occasional sleepy twitter of birds.

A spark of clear thinking left in the confusion of his senses made Philip realise how carefully she had set the scene. She moved closer to him.

Resolution died; he did not even try to resist. He took her in his arms. How could he let all this loveliness pass out of his life? He felt the rising tide of intoxication.

"This is crazy," he whispered. "Crazy but sweet. You know it's sweet, darling."

No one else called him "darling"; her voice made it a caress. One got tired of doing right. A conscience was ridiculous in a grown man. Better men than he, men with more to lose, had not been able to hold out against the temptations of the flesh. And yet something that he had imbibed somewhere put up an argument for duty. Over the years he had struggled for clear thinking. It was as much part of his equipment as the string of letters after his name. He released her gently.

"This is goodbye," he said. Reason was reasserting itself.

"But why—why? You could stay."

"No. I have to go."

"Do you love me?"

"Perhaps I love you," he said slowly, and it was the first time he had admitted that much, even to himself. Love was a word he despised, a word he never expected to use. "Perhaps I only desire you. It makes no difference. I've got to go away."

"Why?"

"Never mind—just take my word for it."

"It isn't sense. Why must you go?"

He had a curious reluctance to say Bridget's name; an atavistic feeling that if he said it he would be giving Althea the

power to hurt her. An aged barbaric superstition for the modern man of science, he thought.

"There's someone else?" she asked.

"Yes."

"But there can't be—not if you love me."

"One can exaggerate the importance of love."

"But if you don't love her as you love me—what has she for you?"

How could he answer what he barely knew himself? Rest, contentment, companionship. Dull words—inadequate words to express his feelings for Bridget. Such complicated feelings that even if he had wanted to make them clear he would not have known how to do it.

"You wouldn't understand," he said.

"Don't be so—superior, inaccessible."

"That's how I am—and you don't like it."

"I can take it. I want you, Philip," she said slowly, with almost the air of someone about to conclude a sensible bargain. "I never felt anything before; it was always just a game. Marry me, Philip, please."

"No."

"You're going to marry someone else?"

"Yes."

"I hate her," she said softly, viciously.



He put his fingers against her lips. "That's no way to talk." She seemed young and wilful. "Some day you'll marry someone else."

"Oh, yes, but it won't be the same."

"But it might be better. You'll forget—we'll forget."

He wondered whether that was true. "Let's get going."

Next day Don drove him to the station. "You're going to miss all this back in Little Copping," he said. "You might even miss the lovely Miss Althea Winter."

It struck Philip as strange that Don, who was an extrovert and a careless talker, had not discussed Althea before. "Dr. Winter seems all ready to endow a scientific son-in-law," he said. "You a candidate?"

Don was silent for a moment. He took a hand off the wheel and fished in his pocket for cigarettes. "Light me one," he said, throwing the packet to Philip. "Naturally, I've given the beautiful Miss Winter some consideration."

"And you concluded?"

Don shook his head and stretched a hand for the cigarette. "I don't think she'd have me, and anyway—"

"Yes? Anyway?" Philip turned to him.

"Wouldn't a fellow be taking on something pretty terrific?"

"In what way?"

Don negotiated a corner before he spoke again. "The girl to marry," he said pontifically, "is the girl who thinks you're more important

than she is. That's not a creed to which our Althea would even pay lip service."

There was no denying that Don had made a point. He must have given the matter some thought.

"If ever Althea decided that she wanted me," he concluded, "I'd have no say in the matter. She's a female spider, pure and simple."

After the heady excitement of the past three weeks it seemed strange to be dining opposite Bridget in the familiar surroundings of the local hotel. Strange and quiet, and rather dull. And because he had changed, because so much had happened, it seemed queer to Philip that Bridget had not changed at all.

They had plenty to tell each other, reports on progress in laboratory and house. Bridget had dealt with builders and decorators, had found a daily woman to help, and organised things at the laboratory so that they could be married on a Saturday and be back on Monday. They would not even lose a working day.

He fell silent, thinking of this marriage without excitement, this house without dreams. Before he had only known placid friendship. Now it was all different.

"Philip?"

She must have read some-

thing in his face. He raised his head guiltily and smiled. "Yes?"

"It isn't too late, you know."

"Too late for what?"

He knew what she meant; she was offering him a life-line.

"Too late to call it off, with no hard feelings."

"Why should you think I want to call it off?"

"I don't know exactly." She frowned slightly, drawing her thick dark eyebrows together. Then her voice gained in authority. "Please don't do anything quixotic, Philip. Marriage is for an awfully long time."

"I'm not the quixotic type."

"All right." She was never one to indulge in long-drawn useless argument. "Just remember that it would be easy to call it off now. Hardly anyone knows—no one cares. I'd much rather you did it now than find out later that you'd made a mistake."

"We're going to be very happy, so stop talking nonsense. Let's walk up and see how our house looks in the moonlight."

But tonight there was no magic in the moon. Bridget had wandered over to their entrance gate, and now she gave a great hoot of laughter; gaily laughter that for a moment filled the stillness of the night.

"Philip! Come here, quick!" she called. "What do you think our house is named?"

She had pushed back a strand of ivy and there was the name, carved on the gatepost—Balmoral. His laughter mingled with hers, arm-in-arm

they strode back to their lodgings, still giggling happily over Victorian taste.

Philip had to report on his work to Professor Shaw. He was busy, so there was very little time for thinking; very little time for him to look over his shoulder. The three weeks had become a dream: Bridget and Little Copping were the reality.

They were married very quietly on a Saturday morning, with a couple of office workers from the town hall for witnesses. Bridget wore a dark blue coat and skirt, and a white silk blouse which seemed unwilling to stay anchored at the waist. She wore no hat. She answered the registrar in a clear, confident voice.

Philip thought vaguely that there should be some celebration afterwards, but Bridget had seen a snack-bar on their way from the station. She was hungry so they had coffee and sandwiches, and caught the afternoon train back. They went straight to their new home.

It was pleasant, even though it had the look of a house in which no one had lived. There was not much furniture, but what they had was good and comfortable. Neither had many possessions, and there were no ornaments, no pictures, no wedding presents to put in place. They had decided that no one at the laboratory should be told till after the event.

The walls of the big sitting-room had been lined with bookshelves at Bridget's suggestion. Most of them would be empty for a long time, but Bridget gazed, enthralled.

"Wonderful!" she breathed. "More shelves than books."

"And in five years' time we'll be stacking 'em on the floor."

"And in ten years' time the house will be full of books and we'll live in a tent in the garden."

They laughed companionably. Philip thought, not for the first time, how lucky it was that they agreed about the things that really mattered.

While Bridget got the tea Philip walked round the garden. He would buy himself a lawnmower and some tools. He had always wanted to have a garden. Roots in the soil, hands in the earth, it was natural, satisfying—a game you could play by yourself. Under the neglect there was a pattern, and with the pride of possession he started to plan his acre.

Once or twice another garden came back to memory. Althea standing by a bed of heavy-scented lilies; Althea play-acting with a basket, cutting flowers for the house; Althea playing tennis with Don on the old grass court, tanned, slim, and graceful. When he thought about her he did not remember anything particular that she had said or done; all he remembered was the slim body, the invitation of her parted lips, the swing of her skirt against her bare legs. Such trivial things should be easy to forget.

Over tea, Philip looked round with satisfaction at his first home. "We must get a really good radiogram," he said.

"And a desk. It doesn't seem natural not to have a desk. A big square one."

He laughed. It was so like Bridget to want a desk.

That night, in the intimate darkness, she said to him suddenly, "Philip, did you know that I love you?" Then confused, shy, diffident, she added, "I just thought you might like to know."

"Come to think of it, you never said it before."

"No. I thought if you knew

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"There," said Jennifer, getting up from her knees. "I think that's straight all round. No—wait a minute, I'll just fix this front pleat. Right."

"Thanks very much, Jennifer," smiled Sue. "Don't know what I'd do without you. Now I'll put the kettle on. I've got some scones for you. And some strawberry jam and some cream!"

Jennifer rolled her eyes. "There goes my diet!"

"You don't need a diet. I'm the one who does!" called Sue gaily from the kitchen. "I say, Jen—the children seem awfully quiet. Give them a call, will you?"

"Hope they're not up to mischief," remarked Jennifer. She went down the back steps. "Dave—id! Nancy! Where are—"

"There was a gasp and then Sue heard Jennifer calling grimly. "Sue! Just have a look at them!"

Sue flew down the steps, took one look and clapped a hand to her head. "Oh, no!" she wailed.

The garage door had been left open and right there on the workbench had stood a tin of red paint. It had been full. Now at least a quarter of it was on the garage floor and the rest distributed in fairly even quantities on the persons of the two children who looked up innocently at their mothers.

"Nice paint," said Nancy, smiling engagingly and looking as though butter wouldn't melt in her mouth. "Us been painting like Daddy."

"Ugh-glugg," said David, in confirmation. He drew a red, dripping finger thoughtfully down his cheek.

Their mothers bore down on them silently and led them into the laundry.

When it was all over, they sat morosely drinking their tea. David plucked at Sue's skirt.

"Lolly," he said and smiled a smile that would melt the heart of a statue.

"No," said Sue, firmly. "You've been a naughty boy!"

David's bottom lip dropped.

"Oh, let him have one," said Jennifer.

"As a matter of fact," Sue said, "I haven't got a sweet in the house."

"I've got some Vit-O-Fruits," said Jennifer. "They're in my purse."

Nancy, get mummy's purse from the bedroom.

"Vit-O-Fruits? What are they?"

"They're made by the Walco people," said Jennifer. "I get them for Nancy because they contain vitamin C. As a matter of fact, each packet contains 70 milligrams of vitamin C—more than the normal daily requirement. Thank you Nancy. Now here's one for you and one for David."

She passed the roll-pack to Sue.

"Vit-O-Fruits," read Sue, "containing vitamin C. Mm. Can I have one?"

"Go ahead," said Jennifer. "They're delicious. You know, to get your minimum daily intake of vitamin C, you'd have to eat three quarters of a pound of fresh peas, beans, tomatoes or potatoes, one huge orange and three apples! And don't forget that vitamin C is destroyed in cooking. Nancy just won't eat oranges, as you know, so I make sure she has her Vit-O-Fruits every day. If she wants sweets, she gets Vit-O-Fruits—a really nice sweet and so good for her, too. Four flavours—and she loves them all. They're only sixpence a pack, you know."

"Were d'you get them?" asked Sue.

"Anywhere—confectioners, grocers, kiosks and so on."

"I must get some for David," said Sue. "He's just at the sweet stage, so Vit-O-Fruits would be just the thing for him."

"They'll do him the world of good," Jennifer said. "vitamin C builds up a natural resistance to rheumatism, colds, respiratory and virus infections."

"Did you close the garage door?" asked Sue suddenly.

"No," said Jennifer, in a strained voice. "I thought you did!" For a moment they gazed at each other in horror, then with a rush they flew down the back steps.



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you might feel bound." She sighed happily. "But now you can know, now that you're my husband." Her voice was thoughtful. "It's good for a person to know they're loved. It gives them confidence. It would always be something in the kitty if everything else were lost."

It was his cue, but he had no words to say.

Life settled into an easy rhythm. Bridget was a comfortable housekeeper, though her work was still the most important factor in her life. Luckily, she managed to like and be liked by Mrs. Glossop, who came to help, and there was always plenty of plain, well-cooked food on the table. Bridget was not interested in domesticity; thought it a waste of time; there were no frills, but the home was quiet and pleasant. And gradually their work ate into most of their leisure hours. They were doing a paper on "The genetics of the ciliate protozoa."

"Always marry a co-religionist," said Philip one evening, as he tidied up their work for the night.

"Two one-track minds. Good thing we're running in the same direction."

Bridget acquired a slow serenity, a new assurance. If there were anything missing in this marriage she did not seem to notice it. Or was it just that she knew how, and when, to hold her tongue? Before he married her, Philip thought he could read her like an open book. Now it occurred to him that some of the pages were stuck together. They discussed everything except their personal relationship.

Two months after marriage she was pregnant. She was radiant with delight. But she would not allow it to interfere with her work, and when she could no longer go to the laboratory, she brought work home. Her spirit shone in her face. Looking at her sometimes, he thought of a rough carving of a peasant madonna. He was pleased that there was

"BRIDGET," by Monica Ewer

a baby coming — he hoped it would be a boy. She never even considered the possibility that it might be a girl. Its future parents referred to it affectionately as Little Embryo.

Don wrote to tell them that he and Althea were to be married. Philip was surprised that he felt no jealousy. It had been a pricking of the flesh, but it was over; with luck they would never meet again. Dr. Winter had got his scientific son-in-law, and he would push Don into profitable jobs, perhaps even into commercial science, and Don would not resist. It was all very suitable.

Philip handed Bridget the letter. She read it slowly, unusually slowly, for she was a quick and accurate reader.

"That was the girl where you stayed, wasn't it?"

"Yes."

"Is she pretty?"

"Very."

She folded the letter carefully and put it back in the envelope. "Poor Philip," she said, so softly that he only just caught the words.

Philip had expected that Bridget would go into the nursing-home in town for the birth of the baby, but she dismissed the suggestion.

"Why, no, I'd like Little Embryo to be born here in our home—in his own home," she told him.

"But isn't that rather old-fashioned. Nowadays—"

"I'll be all right. We'll speak to the district nurse. And old Dr. Luke will look after me."

"I don't want anything to go wrong."

She smiled at him warmly. "You want a son. It's nice for me to be able to give you something you want. And don't worry. Lots of women have babies at home."

She seemed very sure. Sometimes she made him feel young and inexperienced. Except occasionally about her work,

she never needed advice. Quietly she went her own way, doing what she thought best. She was never indecisive. He suspected that she had strength which had never yet been called into play. Life had not presented her with any problems, but if they came she would know what to do.

She had been right as usual; she had an easy time. Dr. Luke came downstairs to have a drink and tell Philip all about it.

"No trouble. Fine, big-boned woman."

"Yes." To Philip it seemed the language in which you might discuss a horse.

"Yes. A splendid eight-pound boy. Your wife can have lots of babies. Never have to worry about her."

Now, thought Philip, when he went upstairs and looked at the red-faced scrap of humanity, now we have everything that two sensible people need, and we are two exceptionally sensible people.

The boy was dark, like his mother; a strong, cheerful baby and Bridget seemed to know how to manage him.

She loved the baby. She even let the work slide a little so as to spend as much time as possible with him. Philip was faintly jealous.

"You mustn't spoil him."

"No. I won't. It's just that I never had anyone who was all mine before. Anyone who was dependent on me for their happiness."

Again he had no words. Happiness was something active. She did not give him happiness. She gave him quiet and security and ideal companionship — things other people might have given him—not the things you get exclusively from a wife. He felt for her a great affection. This might have been their golden wed-

ding, not the second year of their marriage.

She watched the baby kicking on the rug before the fire. "We've watched things grow in tanks and test-tubes. Maybe there's something to be learned, too, from watching something grow right under your feet."

"Wouldn't it be terrible if when he grew up he wanted to follow the arts?"

She laughed, a warm, gurgling, deep-throated sound. "In that case I would strangle him with my bare hands." She looked for a moment at the hands that lay on her lap — large, broad, reddened, and rough.

Six months later she was expecting another baby. "We've lots of room in the house for more. This one will be company for little Phil."

Sons were a man's immortality. They would carry on the experiments that he was bound sooner or later to leave half-finished. Philip was pleased. They had no extravagances, no expensive tastes; they could afford a brood of sons.

A week later Professor Shaw called Philip into his office. He did not know that this news would come as a shock.

"Turner is leaving us," he said. "I'm getting Don Calder back."

For a moment the room swam before Philip's eyes. The fires that had been so carefully banked were not, as he had imagined, cold and dead.

"Back here?" he said stupidly.

"Yes. I hear he married Dr. Winter's daughter. There's a furnished house on the Valley Road. It's five miles out, but he's got a car. I've put in an offer."

"I see."

"What's the matter? You and he used to be rather thick."

"Nothing's the matter. I was just surprised."

"I know why. Because I've

said that Don Calder tries to go too fast? I haven't forgotten that. You'll have to keep an eye on him. We'll get him back to our ways, and he has that useful touch of inspiration."

He didn't know why, but before he went back to tell Bridget he drove out to Greenlawns, the house on the Valley Road. He tried to picture Althea living five miles from Little Copping and ten miles from the market town of Wilbury. She wouldn't like it. And the house was small and rather ugly.

As he drove back he wondered how he would feel when he saw Althea again. No one else had ever roused in him that flash of passion. His security, he realised now, was something artificial, with no satisfactory foundations. Althea would have no scruples; she would be a light-hearted home-wrecker. No one was going to help him. All alone he would have to save himself.

When he told Bridget she looked up, quickly attentive, as if she realised that this news was of importance to both of them.

"Althea is coming here," she echoed slowly.

"I told you. Don is going to work at the laboratory again."

"That will be nice for you," she said carefully.

"You don't suppose I wangled his transfer, do you?"

"No. I hadn't thought of it till you suggested it. But why not? He's your friend."

"And yours. You worked with him, too."

She smiled. "Don hadn't any illusions about me. He thought I was funny."

Philip had never guessed that she knew. "Nonsense! It was just that—that Don made a joke of everything."

"It doesn't matter — not any longer." She stood for a moment, listening. "I think

I hear the baby. I'll go and look."

He could have sworn that the baby made no sound; she was going to reassure herself that she had this security, this love at least. You could never be sure what line Bridget would take about anything.

Two weeks later Philip went down to meet the Calders at the station. Bridget refused to go.

"I don't want to be seen—like this," she said, and it seemed reasonable. Not that Bridget minded being seen in the street or by their friends or neighbors. But she did not want to meet Althea at such a disadvantage.

As the train slowed into the station Althea jumped off, ran to Philip, and threw her arms round his neck. He had forgotten that she was so lovely, so gay and uninhibited.

"Philip, darling, isn't it wonderful that we can all be together again?"

Embarrassed, he unclasped her hands from behind his neck.

"Lay off, Althea. This is a small place, and highly conventional."

"Oh, leave him alone," said Don irritably. "How are you, Philip? You look terrific. We're panting to see our new house."

"I've got the car."

"Althea moves about like a travelling circus. We've stacks of luggage."

Althea put her hand into Philip's. "He's so cross. I bet your wife travels with lots of luggage, too."

It struck Philip with surprise that he and his wife never travelled at all. She did not own more than one suitcase.

"I think old Bridget might have come to meet me," said Don. "She's put my figures right more often than I care to say."

"She sent you her love. She couldn't come; she's expecting another baby, you know."

"What, again?" said Althea, smiling.

"We've got a large house,

Continued overleaf



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and we like kids," said Philip stoutly.

"Good old Philip!" said Don carelessly. "Gosh, look at all that luggage!" He struggled to shut the boot. "Dr. Winter is giving Althea a new car. It's being driven down from the works tomorrow."

Good for Dr. Winter.

Don's face was half hidden, but his voice was gruff. "A model father-in-law," he said.

Somehow the luggage was all stowed in the car, but not without a certain amount of recrimination between Don and Althea. She elected to sit next to Philip, and they started for the new house.

"Let's stop on the way and buy something to drink," said Don. "We must have a couple of toasts."

At the hotel they collected gin, vermouth, and whisky. Old Mr. Rogers, the landlord, who served Philip with an occasional beer, looked curiously at Althea. She insisted during the negotiations on holding Philip tightly by the arm. By tonight, he thought irritably, the village would be wagging their tongues and their heads.

The five miles did not take long to travel, but when they arrived Althea refused to get out of the car.

"I'm not going to live there," she announced. "It's awful! I'm going home."

"Don't be an ass," said Don. "We'll find something else soon. We've got to live here for the moment."

"It's horrible," said Althea, looking disgustedly at the house and sitting very straight in her seat.

Don came round, opened the door of the car, and uncereemoniously jerked her out of the seat. "That's enough," he said. "Philip isn't impressed." "Come on, Althea," said

"BRIDGET," by Monica Ewer

Philip. "It's not so bad inside. And I want a drink."

She threw Philip an affectionate glance. He gave her the key, and she unlocked the front door and took a shuddering glance around. Don did some kitchen foraging and produced glasses. They fortified themselves with a quick drink before attempting to unload the car. Althea looked lovely and forlorn standing amid her belongings in the house she was going to hate.

Philip felt again that treacherous wave of emotion. He found that he had almost forgotten what it was like. They chatted a little, exchanging news; then Philip thought that it would seem rude not to leave.

"I must be getting along," he said.

Althea looked up at him. "Running away?" she whispered scornfully.

He shrugged. "If you want to put it like that. Goodbye, Don. See you at the laboratory in the morning."

He drove back fast, like a man getting away from danger. He had not thought that he would feel like this again. The line of her cheek, the way she moved. It was absurd for a grown man to care about such superficialities; especially a man who had denied that there was such a thing as love, who had felt himself superior to other men.

Bridget had the dinner ready. She asked if they were all right; if Althea liked the house.

"She hated it. I expect they'll find somewhere else presently."

She did not ask any more. She told him some story about

young Phil, then the conversation died. Neither of them made any effort to revive it. Bridget believed, comfortably, that everyone was entitled to his own silence.

After dinner Philip lay back in his chair, his mind on the problem of Althea. He wondered how long it would take him to lose this stirring of the senses.

He glanced across at Bridget. She was curled untidily in a chair, reading a scientific journal and marking a passage from time to time with her pencil. Her face was screwed up in concentration; she wore a faded wool frock. He sighed and turned away. There was a symphony concert on the wireless. He switched it on, softly. It was Wagner, that old sensualist. He turned it off again.

PRESENTLY,

Bridget unfolded herself and laid the journal down. She glanced in his direction as if she had intended to comment on something, then evidently thought better of it.

She moved round the room, half-heartedly picking up the bricks that Phil Junior had dropped. She was never very interested in the appearance of a room: she was satisfied if it were comfortable.

At the door she paused. "Philip, could you get the baby's cot down from the attic? I want to fix it for his new brother."

"No hurry, is there? I'll get it later on."

"I'll help you. It's tricky getting it down those narrow stairs, but I'd like to have it ready."

"All right. Tomorrow."

She closed the door softly, and he heard her going up to the nursery. He sat for a long time downstairs by himself, deliberately waiting till he thought she would be asleep.

A week later Althea invited them to a house warming. Bridget refused to go.

"I'd rather not," she said firmly. "I'll meet her when I have my second son in his pram."

He did not press her. He was unwilling to expose her to the curious stare of those wide hazel eyes. And Bridget was intuitive. No matter how carefully he behaved she might suspect something if she saw him with Althea. Perhaps she suspected something already. You could never be sure with Bridget.

His mind went back to the days when he had thought her simple and frank, and had imagined that he knew all about her. He had been a fool. She was subtle and secretive. Maybe he would never really know her.

Althea had a theory that any party would be a success if you provided enough drink. The house seemed full to suffocation. Don had always been the kind that knew everybody, and Althea, though newly-arrived, had added her quota. There was the laboratory crowd, but there were also people from some of the bigger houses in the neighborhood. Philip was surprised to see so many unfamiliar faces.

Don came over to refill Philip's glass.

"Impressive party, Don. Going it, aren't you?"

Don looked across the room. His blue eyes were curiously blank. "Althea's money. Her old man makes her an allowance. This is not all the reward of pure science."

"I really hardly thought that it could be."

"Aren't I the lucky fellow?" said Don, in his light, mocking voice. "All that youth and beauty, and her own money as well. How's Bridget?"

"She's all right."

"Good old Bridget." The blue eyes seemed to look back down the years. "Funny old Bridget. Why does she keep herself like a nun?"

"I've told you," said Philip. "You did a clever thing."

"When?"

"The day you married Bridget." Don walked away and lost himself in the crowd.

It was late and the party was getting mellow when, at last, Althea drew Philip aside.

"I'm tired," she said. "Let's go into the morning-room for a quiet cigarette."

He was on his guard. "Ought you to leave your guests?"

She glanced round the room. Everyone was talking at once; most of them she barely knew. She looked at them as Circe must have looked at the swine. "They're all right."

The morning-room was very small, but it seemed pleasant and airy after the crowded drawing-room. Althea sank on to the sofa; she leant back and sighed.

"You were a lying man of science," she said softly.

"When?"

"You told me that we would forget." She shook her head. "I didn't."

"But you got married," he reminded her.

"I thought that would do the trick. It didn't."

He shifted uneasily; the room felt cramped. "Well, it's too late for us to go into all that now."

"Why? I made a mistake. I'm doing my best to set it right."

"Very well," he said evenly. "Only leave me out of it."

"You made a mistake, too." "Stop talking nonsense." His voice was sharp.

"You only call it nonsense, Philip, because you're afraid to face the facts."

"What do you call the facts?"

She was sweetly reasonable, as though she were explaining something to a rather stupid child. "Why, Philip, the fact that we love each other."

"We do not." He seemed to be shouting. He stood looking down at her, his dark face angry. "Althea, human relationships are often difficult—don't play the fool and make them harder than they need be."

She patted the sofa beside her. "Don't tower above me, and don't be so self-righteous. If we've both made a mistake we can put it right. There's nothing world-shattering about that."

"I've made no mistake."

"Do you love this Bridget?"

"I don't love anyone. It's a stupid word. Bridget is my wife."

"Philip—" Her mouth dropped. She was like a hurt child.

"Listen," he said. "You're married to Don. I'm married to Bridget. I have a son. Very soon I'll have two sons. Our lives are settled. I'll have no part of this foolishness."

He turned away, walked to the door, and shut it noisily be-



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hind him. In the sitting-room he joined the group that surrounded Don.

"I've got to get moving," he said.

Don walked with him to the car. "Remember the old days? Science was pure. Now—"

"Well, now?"

"Laboratory workers should be bachelors or married to Bridget."

Don had had quite a lot to drink. Anyway, it was too late at night to be resentful. By tomorrow Don would have forgotten what he had said. Philip got into the driving-seat.

"Lovely party. Goodnight, old man. See you tomorrow."

Don raised a hand in salute, "Unless I cut my throat first."

This wasn't like Don at all. There must be something radically wrong somewhere.

His own house was very quiet. Philip paused for a moment in the hall. Bridget's raincoat lay on a chair with the baby's ball and the dog's lead. Books and journals were piled up on the table. There were no flowers; Bridget cared only to see them growing. There was a cup and a vacuum flask of coffee on a tray. It was not a beautiful hall, but it had the atmosphere of home.

Bridget was asleep, and she scarcely moved when he switched on the light in the bedroom. Philip stood for a moment at the foot of the bed. There were so many things he would never be able to say, but perhaps his thoughts would reach her. He wanted to thank her for two happy years. In all decency he could not do less.

The village hummed with news of Althea. Pretty Mrs Calder—she had been seen out riding with Major Anderson's son—she had been seen at the Crown with a stranger from London—she had been seen in slacks—she had played tennis in shorts. She was a law unto herself.

It started as the softest murmur, but in a village a whisper carries a long way. And Althea defied gossip, did nothing to conciliate public opinion. Perhaps she wanted to make Don's position impossible, and so escape from Little Copping.

Some days, looking very smart at the wheel of her open car, she would fetch Don from the laboratory. She always tried to catch Philip alone. Several times he had avoided her successfully, but that day, a week after the party, without being actively rude, he had no alternative but to stop by the car. He and Don had had a trying day's work and neither of them was in the best of tempers.

"Hello, stranger." Althea looked at Philip with maddening tolerance. "When am I going to meet your wife?"

Meet her to measure weapons; to see if Bridget's armory were as bare as she suspected. He wanted to say "never," but that would be absurd, and would only start an argument. "Wait till the new baby is born," he said.

"She's not very friendly."

Philip fought to keep his temper. "It's just that she isn't going out. She'd rather wait."

"You haven't even asked us round," said Don. "What's wrong with your house? Drains? And what's wrong with Bridget? She never used to be so elusive."

"I'll talk to her. I'll see what I can fix," said Philip vaguely.

"Come on, Don," Althea said suddenly. "We're obviously bad pre-natal influence. Let's get going."

They were annoyed, but Philip found that he did not care. It was up to him to protect Bridget. Althea's loveliness was like a blinding light; Bridget would be dazzled,

"BRIDGET," by Monica Ewer

afraid. The contest was unfair. Afterwards they would have to meet; in a small place it was inevitable, but by then Bridget would be better able to stand up for herself. Once Althea's curiosity had been satisfied she would leave Bridget alone, because she would not find her good company.

Suddenly he smiled, thinking of the two women. It might be Althea who would be shaken by the encounter. But nothing must be risked till his second son was safely delivered.

Next day Professor Shaw confided that he was worried.

"Don't know what's wrong with Calder, but he's changed. Doesn't seem to have his mind on his work."

"He's married now."

"So am I. So are you. Done you a lot of good." The professor pushed down the tobacco in his pipe and lit it. "Don't you notice any difference in Calder?"

"No."

NOTHING like a thumping good lie while you were about it. But, of course, he noticed a difference. Don was nervous and unhappy, his humor had taken a bitter twist, and he was drinking too much.

"Well, you and he were always great friends. If you haven't noticed anything, perhaps I'm imagining things. But lately his work has been poor. I wish he'd settle down." The professor was worried.

"He will," said Philip soothingly.

That evening Philip got home unusually early. The baby was crawling on the hearthrug, not yet bathed, there was a pile of laundry on the sitting-room table, and a smell of onions from the kitchen. Bridget, in an old overall, attempting to do too many things at once, looked cheerfully disorganised.

"I'm glad you're early, Philip. The baby's so often asleep when you get home."

"Mrs. Glossop gone?"

"Yes. She went after lunch. It's the day for the Women's Institute."

"I wish you'd get a girl for these last weeks. Phil Junior is too heavy for you to be carrying around."

"I'm fine," she said, her mind obviously on other things. "I haven't started the vegetables. What have you got in the garden?"

"There are some young cabbages."

"Perfect."

He left her sorting the laundry and went to get the garden knife from the pocket of his old tweed jacket. As he came out on to the landing he heard the front-door bell ring. He stopped, cautiously. If it were someone he did not want to see—some local housewife looking in to borrow something—he would go out to the garden by the kitchen door.

He saw Bridget cross the hall and open the door.

"Could I see Mrs. Melville?"

"I am Mrs. Melville."

"Oh, I'm so sorry. I'm Althea Calder. I did so want to meet you—and I was passing—so I thought I'd just make an informal call."

Bridget's voice was grave. She did not sound at all flustered. "That was very kind of you. Will you come this way?"

Philip raced downstairs. Althea—the little devil. Bit of luck he had got home early.

"Hello," he said. "What brings you here? The same sun as fetches out the adders? This is a surprise."

She stopped half-way towards the door of the sitting-room and her color rose. She

had not expected to find him at home. "Why, Philip, I thought you'd be working."

"That was where you were wrong. Step right in, Althea, and have some grocer's sherry."

Bridget made no apology for the state of the room. She took a pile of books off the chair and invited Althea to sit down.

"This is Philip Junior," she said. "And you've come at just the right time—that's if you like seeing babies bathed."

"Up to now, not one of my pastimes—but one should try everything once."

"We'll give him ten minutes more," said Bridget placidly. She turned to Philip, who was drawing the cork out of a bottle of inferior sherry.

"There's some gin at the back of the cupboard."

"Althea prefers sherry."

Althea opened her lips to protest and closed them again. She looked steadily at Bridget. "Really, Bridget—I may call you Bridget, mayn't I? You see, Philip and I have been such friends that I feel as if I knew you well already—and, after all, you knew my husband before I did—"

"Please call me Bridget."

She sat down on the rug beside the baby. Her head was bent towards the child, and her shock of hair hid her face from Philip.

He thrust the glass of sherry into Althea's hand and mixed himself a whisky and soda. Bridget wasn't drinking. Philip offered Althea a cigarette and paused to light it.

"You were saying?" he asked coldly.

"I was going to tell Bridget that she mustn't hide herself away. Why, my dear, anyone would think Philip was ashamed of you—the way he makes excuses for your not being seen."

There was a second of oppressive silence; a second in which Bridget stretched a hand towards the child, moved him from the corner of the bookcase back on to the rug. "I was waiting till the new baby was born," she said quietly.

"But surely not with such old friends. Don was quite hurt."

"Poor Don!" said Bridget, looking at Althea's bright face. "He's brilliant," she went on unaccountably. "Once we spent weeks on a job, then Don solved it for us in a flash."

Bridget puckered her heavy eyebrows. She was marshalling the details of the case as she would for Philip or the professor. "It was puzzling; we couldn't understand why—"

Philip stopped the explanations. "Don't tell Althea the details. She doesn't understand anything."

Bridget laughed, looking up at the other girl. "Why, she doesn't need to understand anything. She's so lovely."

Color flamed in Althea's face. "I hope you're not as narrow as Philip. There are other things to understand besides science."

"Of course," said Bridget easily. "And one learns a lot after marriage. How the apple gets into the dumpling, and what to do when the baby has wind."

"What a prosaic view."

Bridget shook her head. "The baby and the apple dumplings are an integral part of marriage," she said. "Philip likes apple dumplings. Does Don?"

"I haven't an idea." Althea's voice almost betrayed her impatience. Her small foot tapped; she was tense with irritation. "Don likes femininity and glamor."

"Then he must be very happy."

"And Philip likes apple

dumplings. He must be happy, too."

Bridget smiled. "We have our own apple trees. Do you like your new house?"

Althea glanced round the untidy room. "No, but then in no house could I produce such a display of domesticity as you've achieved."

"Isn't it time that baby had his bath?" said Philip abruptly.

Bridget gathered the child into her arms. "Long past his time," she said, smiling down at him.

"I'll carry him."

Althea got to her feet. "I mustn't keep you. I said I'd fetch Don at the laboratory."

"Next time you come," said Bridget, "I hope to have another baby to show you."

"That will be lovely. So nice of you to receive me—so informally. And thank you for the drink." She glanced at the glass of sherry which she had left untasted after the first sip.

Bridget walked with her to the front door. "I'm glad that we've met. You've always been rather a myth to me."

"Frankly," said Althea, laughing, "I hardly believed in your existence, either. Philip was so reticent."

She got into her car. Her smile had not faded. "Good-bye," she called. "I'll tell Don—all about it."

Philip walked upstairs with the baby. Bridget had won the day. He was proud and pleased, and mortified at the same time. He wondered if Althea had learnt a lesson. But he knew that it would not end there. She had underestimated her opponent; she would not make the same mistake twice. And she would be very angry. It wasn't often that she lost a battle.

Bridget filled the baby's bath and tested it with her elbow. "Unscientific," said Philip. "Where's your thermometer?"

"Broken."

She sat down, ready to receive the baby in her lap. They couldn't keep silence about the visit. Philip spoke first. "Sorry about the gate-crash."

"It wasn't your fault. It had to happen some day. And I'd rather have it behind me. I don't think I've ever seen anyone more beautiful."

"No, but—" He stopped, for he wanted this glimpse into her mind; he wanted her to talk.

"And she's not stupid. A little obvious, perhaps, and unsensible, but not stupid. Pass me that towel, Philip." She lowered the baby expertly into his bath.

"You liked her?" he asked.

"No. But then we've nothing in common." She bent her head so that he could not see her face. The baby splashed his hands and water went over her overall. She smiled at the child, a secret, intimate smile, as if they were very close in thought. "He's getting big, isn't he?" she asked.

That closed the subject of Althea. She said no more, and he could not find an unobtrusive way of bringing Althea's name back into the conversation.

But that night, last thing before going to bed, when he was still sitting reading, she laid a hand for a moment on his shoulder.

"Poor Philip," she said softly. Then her voice resumed its normal tone, and she added, "Don't forget the window before you come upstairs, will you?"

On Monday, Bridget reminded him about the cot in the attic and he promised to bring it down when he got home in the evening. But that evening he had to stay late at

the laboratory, and the matter slipped his mind.

On Tuesday morning, Don came in looking white and shaken, and when he picked up a slide his hands were unsteady.

"Hangover?" asked Philip.

"Emotional hangover."

"You'd better go home. Look at your hands—you can't work in that state."

"You'll explain to the prof?"

"Yes. I'll say you were ill."

"He won't like it. I'm in Dutch, anyway. Yesterday I made a schoolboy mistake in a column of figures."

"Why not get a grip on yourself?"

"Why not stop preaching?" All right. He shrugged his shoulders. "I'll go."

Philip forgot about him. He had an absorbing piece of work on hand which left no time for personalities. He went on working when the others left and did not notice the time. Much later, when the door opened, he glanced at the clock and saw that it was eight-thirty.

Althea was standing there, and for once she was not laughing.

"You've got to come with me," she said.

"Don?" He remembered how Don had walked away, like a desperate man. Don, who was so impulsive.

Althea did not answer. She led the way to the car and, without another word, Philip got in beside her. She drove towards her own home, but half-way there she turned up a side road.

"Where are you going?"

"Anywhere — this is as good a way as another."

"But Don—?"

"What's wrong with Don?" Althea's tone sounded very off-hand. "This is the kindest thing I ever did to him."

"Stop driving," he said sharply. "What has happened to Don?"

"Why should something have happened to him?"

"But you said—"

"No, I didn't. That was your own idea."

"Then why the kidnapping act?"

"Because I have to talk to you."

THE road widened a little and she drew the car in under the hedge, switching off the headlights. Philip felt confused. He waited for her to tell him what it was all about.

"I'm leaving Don," she said. "He was one of my mistakes. You don't need to be loyal to him any more."

He pushed aside the underlying suggestion. "Does Don know you're leaving him?"

"More or less. Don't worry — Don will probably be pleased — we do nothing but quarrel. I don't owe Don a thing."

"You married him of your own free will. He's your responsibility."

"I did not want to marry him when you left. It seemed the next best thing to do. He looks nice, and he was fun—but not now. He's changed."

"You mean you've changed him—wrecked him—just as you would like to wreck me. But I'm through. You understand that now, I hope. I'm absolutely through."

"Not now—not now that I'm free, Philip."

"You're talking nonsense. We staged our last scene long ago."

"Listen"—her voice was reasonable — "we've only got one life. We might as well be happy. You can't fool me, Philip. You love me."

"Not any more."

"That's what you think you ought to say. But it isn't true."

She moved closer to him. "I dare you to kiss me," she whispered. "You're afraid."

"Stop it, Althea. We're grown-up people with responsibilities."

"You see, I'm right. You are afraid."

For answer he pulled her to him. He had to discover whether there was any truth in her assertion. Her arms went round his neck. And then he knew that the kiss meant nothing. Everything was over. He put up his hands and took her arms away. It was a good feeling to be free at last.

"Now stop behaving like a child," he said. "Where's Don? As I said, we have responsibilities."

Her voice was shaky. "If you call Don a responsibility, you're right," she said. "But from now on he's nothing to do with me. And as for Bridget—"

She paused significantly. "Darling, you must have been crazy."

Philip was surprised that he felt so angry. How dare she—and then he remembered the crest on the beryl signet ring. Two serpents entwined. He sat up very straight.

"Start the engine. We're going back."

"Stop ordering me about."

"Then stop playing the fool."

"Why did you marry her, Philip? In heaven's name—why?"

"Because I like to have the best."

"You're crazy."

"Don't argue." He bent to switch on the headlights and turned the ignition key. "We're going back to your house. I want to see that Don is safe."

"What is all this about Don?" she asked sulkily as she swung the car into the road.

"He looked like death this morning. I'm anxious."

"He drinks too much; that's why he looks like death."

"You madden him; that's why he drinks too much."

"After today he'll be somebody else's responsibility. You are a fool, Philip."

They drove on in hostile silence. When they came to the house there was no light, but they could hear the telephone ringing. It had stopped by the time they got the door open. There was no one in the house.

"You'd better see if he's taken a suitcase."

"I might find a note pinned to the pillow — is that the idea?"

"You might find almost anything," he said grimly. "Want me to come with you?"

They searched the house. There was no clue, nothing seemed to have been touched since she had left earlier in the evening.

"He'll come in later. Don't fuss, Philip."

"We've got to find Don. We'll go back to the village."

It was awkward; he had to be discreet. He did not want to advertise the fact that Don Calder had disappeared. It would do him no good with the professor.

There were four public houses. Philip drew a blank in them all. "We'll try the water meadows," he said, and they drove to where a little stream trickled at the bottom of a sloping field.

"You don't think he's done anything stupid?" It was the first time that Althea had betrayed anxiety.

They got out and looked at the trickle of water. They felt rather absurd. No one could drown himself in this shallow flow.

"Now what?" she said.

"The laboratory," said Philip shortly, then relapsed into silence.

It was getting late and the laboratory was dark. Philip had his key. Conscientiously he

Continued overleaf

went through every room, but the place was deserted.

"Where the devil can he be?" he said getting back into the car.

"He may have taken a train somewhere."

Philip was unwilling to ask at the station except as a last resort. It would excite gossip. "We'll go to my home next. Bridget may be worrying. I must explain to her. Then if we still can't find him we'll ask at the station."

"And then?" It was as if she had washed her hands of the whole affair.

"I don't know. Then we'll think again."

She laughed softly, without mirth. "It seems stupid to take such pains to find a husband you want to lose."

Philip did not answer. It had occurred to him that Bridget might have some idea where Don could be; she was intuitive about people. He was very tired. He wished he could go home and forget all about it.

"You needn't feel guilty," said Althea. "If anyone is blamed, I'll get the major share."

It was only a few minutes by car. As they arrived, they saw that there were lights in the upstairs rooms, but none on the ground floor. A disconsolate figure was crouching on the front step. It was Don. He raised a tear-stained, fuddled face.

"What the devil are you doing here, Don?" Philip demanded angrily. "We've been looking for you everywhere."

"He's drunk," said Althea. "Help him into the car, Philip, and we'll drive him home."

Philip looked at his own house. First of all he must see Bridget. It was queer that there was no light in the sitting-room.

"BRIDGET," by Monica Ewer

"Did you go inside?" he asked Don.

The answer came thickly, tearfully. "I came to see Bridget. They wouldn't let me see her. Good old Bridget—she'd have understood. Now she's dying, and no one will ever understand."

"What did you say?"

"Don't pay any attention to him, Philip. He's maudlin. Why should she be dying?"

"You said she was—"

He couldn't bring himself to repeat the word. "Who said so?"

"Lots of people."

"Oh, shut up," said Althea. She jerked Don to his feet.

"Take his other arm, Philip."

He did not hear her. He was busy putting the key in the lock. As he banged the door behind him, Mrs. Glossop came running from the kitchen.

"Oh, sir, where have you been? We've phoned everywhere. The poor mistress—"

He shook the tearful woman. "What's happened?" he shouted.

"She tried to get the cot from the attic. She fell. She knows, sir, the poor creature. Before the doctor came she knew. She said to tell you thank you for everything. To tell how happy you made her, poor soul."

"Is the doctor upstairs?"

He did not wait for her answer. The doctor must have heard him, for he came out on to the landing, and held up a hand to ask for quiet.

"I'm sorry about this, Melville. We're doing our best. You mustn't give up hope."

"But she can't die—she can't."

Dr. Luke shook his head. He was not a young man. He was very tired. The relatives were

always more trouble than the patient.

"Women do die, you know, and she had had a bad fall. Go downstairs. I'll come as soon as I can. We have an excellent nurse. We're doing our best."

"Thank you, Doctor," said Philip automatically, and turned downstairs again.

He hardly knew what he was doing. He went into the big sitting-room; her books and pencil were still by the chair, but the toys had been tidied away. He stared around blankly. She can't die. She knows I couldn't manage without her. It wouldn't be like Bridget to die when I needed her.

He walked uneasily up and down the room with the empty bookshelves. Now I shall never be able to tell her about tonight's experiment. Pinus

Tectus Boie—it was when he was checking the humidity with an Edney paper hygrometer that he discovered the grain of fact that was the treasure they sought. She would have been so pleased. They would have had supper on a tray by the hearth, going over the experiment inch by inch. And later he would have gone with her to look at Phil Junior.

"I always liked watching things grow," she had said one night, straightening the little body under the bedclothes. "It started when I was very small. With tadpoles. I never thought I would watch the growth of a little tadpole of my own."

She can't die. He repeated it to himself like a charm.

They had planned to repaper the nursery, to give it a frieze of sea-horses. Only

yesterday they had inspected their young apple trees and decided to pick the crop in two weeks' time. They had planted an oak last year for Philip Junior; they were going to plant an ash for his brother.

"Economy," she had said. "Nature's weather gauge. We save the price of a barometer."

He could not stop his restless walking, though he was deadly tired. She can't die because I can't live without her. And what would become of Phil Junior? If she didn't want to live for her husband, to carry on with this one-sided bargain of a marriage, surely she would live for her son.

He remembered their wedding night, and her shy avowal that she loved him. She must have changed her mind about that long since. But she would have gone on doing her duty by this loveless marriage. Only death had taken pity. Death was going to release her from her bargain.

Now, when it was too late, he knew all the words that he might say. He had told her that love was an old wives' tale, yet when a man was beaten to his knees he came back to love. She had said herself that "it was good to have love in the kitty." Bridget had known. Bridget always knew.

Shameful memories came back to him. That day he proposed, acting on the assumption that she would want to marry him. He had got himself an unpaid housekeeper and had given nothing in return. He had been a taker all along the line. He had thought he could read her like a book. What arrogance he had displayed, what stupidity. But he would make it up to her—he

would be different—if only she would live.

"Melville!" It was the doctor calling sharply. Philip raced upstairs.

"Only a word or two—remember she's exhausted. She hasn't even asked about the baby yet. Nice little thing. Nearly seven pounds."

"Thank you, Doctor."

The nurse's hand was on his arm, guiding him towards the bed, her voice soothing, professional. "Now here's your husband, Mrs. Melville. And the baby is fine. A seven-pound girl."

"A girl!" Bridget's lips just formed the words; she put her hands over her face and a long shudder shook her body. "Oh, no," she moaned softly. "Not a girl. Poor little thing. Oh, not a girl!"

The nurse looked puzzled as she moved aside to let Philip take her place.

"Darling, you gave us such a fright."

She turned and smiled at him. "I'm sorry. I'm clumsy. I always was." She caught her breath, and went on so softly that he had to bend his head to hear what she was saying. "And I'm sorry about the girl, Philip." She put a finger on his cheek. "Perhaps she'll look like you."

"Bridget, if she's like her mother she'll do fine. Do you know something?"

"What, Philip?"

"When I thought you might die, I knew I couldn't go on living. You see, I love you."

She smiled then, and he thought for a moment that she looked almost beautiful. "What a kind thing to say."

He did not know whether she believed him, because you could never be sure with Bridget. But now he would have time to show her that it was true.

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F4251. Chic slender-line sleeveless sheath-dress. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3 2-3rd yards 36in. material. Price 3/9.

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F4254. Glamorous lace-trimmed lingerie set. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7½ yards 36in. material, 1½ yards 36in. lace, 2½ yards 36in. net, 4½ yards 6in. lace, 3½ yards 4in. lace, and 2 yards 4in. lace. Price 4/9.

F4253. Smartly styled late-day dress has a bow trim at centre-back. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½ yards 36in. material and ¼ yard 36in. contrast. Price 3/9.



F4249



F4250



293



F4253

F4251

F4252

F4254

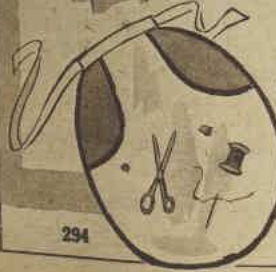
NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 293—SHORTIE PYJAMAS. Two-piece pyjamas obtainable cut out ready to make in no-iron plisse. The color choice includes pink, sky-blue, lemon, pale green, and white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 49/2, 36 and 38in. bust 51/6. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

No. 294 and 295. PEG APRON AND NEEDLEWORK APRON. Both garments are obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice include headcloth in pink, blue, lemon, green, and grey; all the colors are combined with white. The bias binding is not supplied. Price 9/11 each. Postage and registration 1/3 extra.

No. 296—ONE-PIECE DRESS. Pretty styled one-piece dress is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is printed Bonnie Prince caesar haircord. The color choice includes green and white, blue and white, red and white, and lemon and white. The bias edging is not supplied. Sizes 32 to 34in. bust 49/9, 36 and 38in. bust 53/6. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks after date of publication.



294



295



296

"All in together"



Youngsters love to splash around together in the bath. But remember, bath-time can do more than clean... a little Dettol in the bath-water is most refreshing. Children spark up at once—and so will you. Yes, Dettol is very refreshing in the bath, and of course, fragrant Dettol is harmless to everything but germs.



Dettol is used in our great hospitals, and is the chosen weapon of modern surgery.

Do as your Doctor does... use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning... in the room from which sickness may spread... in the all-important details of bodily hygiene (especially in the bath)... in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential. Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic... a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.



DETTOL



Safe, pleasant to use and highly effective. AVAILABLE ONLY AT ALL CHEMISTS

Mercolized Wax brings you...

Beauty while you sleep!



AT BEDTIME, massage pure Mercolized Wax gently into your skin. Feel it soften and smooth the texture of your face.



WHILE YOU SLEEP, Mercolized Wax rejuvenates "tired" facial tissues... smoothes away tiny lines and wrinkles... dissolves dry skin particles.

IN THE MORNING, wake with a fresh, clear skin... softer and younger-looking... thanks to Mercolized Wax. Face the new day with new beauty... new radiance.



AS A MAKE-UP BASE, for complexion beauty all day long. Mercolized Wax is non-greasy... makes skin smooth and velvety. Mercolized Wax nourishes and stimulates... penetrating deep down into the pores... dissolving dry skin particles... and revealing your skin in all its natural radiance.



Mercolized Wax
cream

THE IMPROVEMENT ON FACE CREAM A DEARBORN Quality Product—LONDON, SYDNEY, CHICAGO, BUENOS AIRES.

Insist on
VENCATACHELLUM
THE WORLDS BEST CURRY



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Crisp, crunchy peanuts coated with delicious, creamy Nestlé's Milk Chocolate!

Chocolate-coated macaroon made doubly delicious by the addition of fresh, luscious pineapple.



If you're fond of coconut, you'll love this chocolate-enclosed caramel. It's super! Buy a Nestlé's Mellow Caramel at the same time. It's another winner.

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(buy four for 2/-)



Ginger Macaroon, encased in Nestlé's, the most "chocolaty" milk chocolate ever perfected!



These inexpensive, taste-thrilling Nestlé's "specials" form the biggest and best selection you'll find anywhere in Australia. They embody all the quality that has made Nestlé's the most famous name in the chocolate world.

For all the family!



Another taste-thrill for coconut fans! Try it. Kiddies love it--so will you. Coated with Nestlé's Milk Chocolate, of course.



Nutty Fudge, "dreamed up" by Nestlé's for chocolate enthusiasts who are nuts about nuts. The best 6d.-worth you've ever bought.

all good to eat often

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, with
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and
PRINCESS NARDA: Listen to the story of the castaway who claims to be Dr. Lake, the scientist who had vanished into space a year before

in a rocketship he had built from plans sent from Jupiter. The castaway claims his rocketship was captured by a giant spaceship. Inside, in a specially pressurised compartment, he had his first view of the men from Jupiter! NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED

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BARBERS! CUSTOMERS APPRECIATE YOUR USING HYGIENIC KLEENEX TISSUES. AND KLEENEX UNDER THE COLLAR, KEEPS LOOSE BITS OF HAIR FROM GETTING DOWN THE NECK. USING DISPOSABLE KLEENEX SAVES YOU A FORTUNE IN LAUNDERING, TOO.

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DON'T PUT A COLD IN YOUR POCKET

ALWAYS USE HYGIENIC, DISPOSABLE KLEENEX TISSUES—SO KIND TO SORE NOSES.



Now children enjoy taking cod liver oil emulsion!



New ORANGE FLAVOURED Lane's gives them 3 kinds of goodness

Children love the new orange flavoured Lane's Emulsion. And every spoonful does them good 3 ways—(1) with Cod Liver Oils, rich in vitamins, (2) with tonic Hypophosphites, (3) with the EXTRA nourishment of fresh farm eggs. Start Lane's now, to build up healthy bodies, resistant to coughs, colds and winter epidemics. From chemists and stores (plain or orange flavoured), 4/6.

CUT BAD COUGHS with plain Lane's containing CREASOTE. Bad Coughs, Sore Throats and Bronchitis, in young or old, need the original soothing, strengthening, Lane's, plain flavoured, containing Beechwood Creasote to cut the cough.

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TEENA® by Linda Terry

THE KIDS HAVE A THING GOING AT TH' GYM—THEY WANT US TO COME OVER.



Fashion FROCKS

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

"TAMEA."—Large pockets, above-elbow sleeves, and skirt fullness are featured in a smart one-piece for summer. The material is a printed, no-iron discipline cotton. The color arrangements include sage-blue and green on white; rose-pink and green on white; red and green on blue; blue and green on pink; red and green on aqua; red and blue with green on lemon.



Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £4/4/6, 36 and 38in. bust £4/7/3. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 68/3, 36 and 38in. bust 69/9. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

"LEXY."—Empire-inspired one-piece made in a beautiful floral-printed cotton linette. The color choice includes pink and blue on pale grey; rose and green on blue; and blue and lemon on pink.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 77/9, 36 and 38in.



bust 79/11. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 51/6, 36 and 38in. bust 54/3. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

• NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 77. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

[ADVERTISEMENT]

BEAUTY FOOD

By
MARGARET MERRIL

If you want to look your best and have a clear complexion, it is essential to avoid poor digestion even to the slightest degree.

Poor digestion is one of the causes of dull skin, to say nothing of the effect it has on the eyes, hair and breath.

Eat the right foods and let the sunshine into your personality as well as your good looks. This is quite easy. An over-acid diet, for example, harms the digestive organs, which in turn have their effect on the function of the entire system.

To avoid this, balance your diet to include more than 50 per cent. alkali foods, remembering bread, cake, cereals, meat, fish and eggs are acids and most fresh vegetables, potatoes and fruit, including oranges and lemons, are alkali. —Yes, even citrus fruits will help you check acid! Do this and watch your skin improve, your eyes sparkle and your breath sweeten. You will feel so much healthier, too. When you eat bread, be sure it is brown to get an extra supply of that valuable substance, niacin.

If you eat the right foods and above all in this climate, keep your complexion protected against wrinkle dryness with oil of ulan, you will maintain your good looks for life.

(Copyright: Margaret Merrill Beauty School.)



JUST TELL THE WIFE
to buy FORD PILLS
in the larger economy
Family size, and
get over twice
the quantity
for only 5/6
EVERYWHERE

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SUMMER starts all through the WINTER!



with
Special ENERGOL
VISCO-STATIC
MOTOR OIL

LABORATORY TEST SHOWS UNIQUE PROPERTY OF **VISCO-STATIC** BRAND OIL

THE REASON WHY Special ENERGOL Visco-Static Oil ensures Summer starts right through the Winter and reduces engine wear by 80%, is graphically illustrated at right.

Equipment for the laboratory test comprised two glass battery jars each holding three tubes — one filled with conventional Winter-grade oil, one with Summer-grade and the middle one with Special ENERGOL Visco-Static Oil.

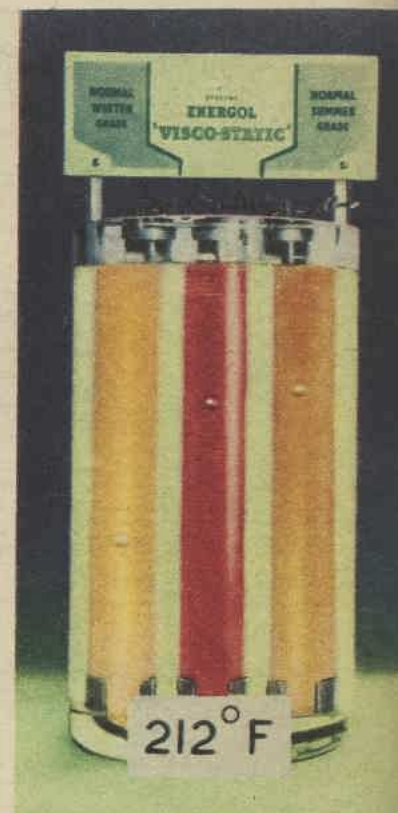
At the top of each oil-filled tube an electro-magnet held a ball bearing so that, when the switches were opened simultaneously, the balls were free to fall in the oils.

In the freezing-point bath (right) it will be seen that the ball in the tube containing Visco-Static Oil is falling at the same speed as the ball in the tube filled with conventional Winter-grade oil, while the ball in the Summer-grade-filled tube is falling very much more slowly.

In the boiling-point bath (far right) the reverse is taking place. The ball in the Visco-Static Oil is keeping pace with the ball in the Summer-grade-filled tube, while the ball in the conventional Winter-grade oil is falling much more quickly.

The "Three Ball" test proves, beyond doubt, that Special ENERGOL Visco-Static Oil has a low-temperature viscosity (or thickness) equal to that of Winter-grade and a high-temperature viscosity equal to that of a Summer-grade oil. It's "never too thick, never too thin" and provides proper lubrication over a very wide range of operating temperatures. That's why Special ENERGOL Visco-Static Motor Oil is worth so much more than the extra it costs.

Special ENERGOL Visco-Static Oil is specially recommended for new and well-conditioned engines.



PHOTOGRAPHS ILLUSTRATE VISCO-STATIC'S UNIQUE PROPERTY

In the freezing-point bath the ball in the Special ENERGOL oil drops at the same speed as the ball in Winter-grade oil, while the ball in the conventional Summer-grade oil falls very much more slowly.

In the boiling-point bath the reverse takes place, the ball in the Special ENERGOL keeping pace with the ball in the Summer-grade oil, and the ball in the conventional Winter-grade falling much more quickly.



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MUCH MORE
THAN THE
EXTRA IT
COSTS!**

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